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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE

AN

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL

JANUARY 1898, TO JUNE 1898.

VOLUME XXXIX.

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Donahoe's Magazine.

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MEN AND THINGS.

By the Editor, Henry Austin Adams, M. A.

The beginning of a New Year suggests to my mind the timeliness of a chat with our subscribers. I trust that in the six months of my editorial management I have made my hopes and ideas sufficiently clear. I know what I want, and I think I have made myself fairly well understood.

But you, my dear readers, need not to be told that Donahoe's is still very far from being what we are going to make it — with your help, please God.

I think that in all modesty we can already claim that we offer, from month to month, as varied, living, and able reading matter as the Catholics of this country can find in any publication published as a Catholic paper.

But what I claim with the greatest pride is that Donahoe's stands for one principle — the need of having a secular literary magazine, in which Catholicity shall be the informing spirit and safeguard, rather than the subject matter of the articles themselves.

I am profoundly convinced that this is the right principle, and I mean to press closer and closer to it from now on.

And I have had singular marks of approbation.

Their Graces, the Archbishops of New York and Philadelphia, have written in the kindest terms; and only the other day the Most Reverend Archbishop Katzer, of Milwaukee, surprised me by writing to me to subscribe, and to assure me of his enthusiastic support.

Among the stockholders in the Magazine Company are His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, the Bishops of Providence and Springfield, and many of the most prominent clergy and laity of the country.

Our subscription is growing very healthily, and needs only the good will of the old subscribers to be carried far into the happy state of permanent security and strength.

I feel that I ought to tell my readers how much I owe to the associate editor, Miss Mary B. O'Sullivan, and the untiring members of the staff of co-workers.

All of us pledge for the coming year our best and most enthusiastic efforts to carry the Magazine very much nearer to the standard which we have always in heart and mind.

The ablest Catholic writers will

appear during 1898, and we have under way several plans for the treatment, by our best-known authors, of living questions.

I want and invite suggestions. Let us together create and maintain a book so strong and so beautiful that we can feel proud that it is also Catholic. It will require hard work and much money to do this; but I have every reason to believe that we can and shall do it. *Prosit!*

My recent utterance on the subject of woman has brought me many letters from many kinds of people. From Chicago comes a savage criticism from an extremely clever woman who writes such a bright letter that I feel tempted to keep up the discussion in order to elicit such peppery and searching and delightful response.

But I shall not take back an iota of my first statement. I stick to it. Such a woman as Mother Carroll is a withering and deadly answer to the new woman's claim that, to be useful in the literary, sociological, and scientific worlds, a woman must depart from her holy antique sanctuary of modest retirement and womanly reserve. I am such an enthusiast about woman's work, and believe so firmly in woman's magnificent mission in this world of ours, that, God being my helper, I will do all in my power to keep alive, in my own heart and the hearts of my friends, the ideals which these unsexed furies of to-day are trying so hard to deface and defame.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, the successor of Henry Ward Beecher in the pulpit of historic Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, is, I presume, the foremost Protestant divine in America. A grave, learned, thoughtful man of deep convictions, he holds immense audiences Sunday by Sunday with a firmness of control, and, no doubt, with a lasting effectiveness which no other popular preacher of to-day would claim. Just at present Dr. Abbott is engaged in delivering on Sunday evenings a course of sermons on the Sacred Scriptures, and, inferentially, on the Christian religion.

His method is of the most approved "scientific" kind — "made in Germany," and consists of an attempt to reduce the revelation of the infinite God to the narrow confines of what is deducible from the *data* of finite reason. The result is interesting. Sunday by Sunday, St. Paul and St. John and God the Holy Ghost are arraigned at the bar of Plymouth Church, Cranberry Street, Brooklyn, and learnedly shown their errors and pardonable mistakes. Nor is our reverend Dogberry irreverent. By no means! When he has to show the Holy Spirit some mistake, he does so with all possible politeness. When he strips the beautiful, sad Nazarene of all divine attributes, his voice trembles, and he kisses Him, and says "Rabbi!" Here is a sincere, pure man, groping about for truth. God help him! Was ever so pathetic a picture of the blindness of "understanding," and the darkness of "intellectual light"?

POOR OLD CRISPI! Despised and rejected and defamed! With Italy bankrupt and no man to show a way out. Political enemies hedging him in on every side, this once great "statesman" finds himself in old age alone and baffled and disgraced. Not only has he fallen as a public man, but he has now to face the charge of personal dishonor in connection with the scandals surrounding the ruined Neapolitan Bank. The enemies of the Vicar of Christ are not always happy.

THEATRE-GOERS have good reason to take courage. There can no longer be any question about the reaction which set in a year or more ago in the direction of the fine, romantic, winsome comedy, and against the mephitic death-damp of the absinthe-epigram school of toads and bats and basilisks, the "great playwrights."

Plays like "Heartsease," and "The Prisoner of Zenda," and "Rosemary," and *id genus omne*, have the breath of the morning in them, and shall restore the bloom of health to our rapidly fading cheeks. All honor to the noble ladies and gentlemen of the noble profession of Players, and to the playwrights and managers, who are thus letting the light and fresh air back into that vitalest source of a people's imaginative life, the theatre.

IN AN ARTICLE in our December issue we inadvertently allowed some inaccurate statements to pass under our eyes, and take this opportunity to correct them. In speaking of the revered head of the Catholic University, Rt. Rev. Dr. Conaty, our contributor stated that the Monsignor had been called to his exalted post from a pastorate in Springfield; and that Dr. Garrigan, the Vice-Rector of the University, had singularly enough been Dr. Conaty's assistant in Springfield.

Of course every one knows that Dr. Conaty's parish was in Worcester, and that Dr. Garrigan came from Fitchburg. We regret these inaccuracies, and beg the pardon of the distinguished ecclesiastics for having made such blunders.

A SUBSCRIBER writes begging me to name the ten novels which in my opinion are the greatest — which, of course, I shall be very careful not to do.

My opinion is chiefly valuable to myself in the matter of what is a great novel. To name ten would be to multiply my foes. But, at the risk of losing friends and reputation, I am going to name *one*. In my humble opinion the greatest novel ever written, the one which I would keep, if only one were to be left to us, is — I say it without a second's hesitation — Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*.

SLEEPLESS AND UNTIRING I watch and wait for those great short stories that do not seem to come.

Forty people per week write to me inquiring if I would like a series of articles on "The Madonnas," or "Famous Shrines," or "A Trip to Our Corner and Back."

But nobody sends me the throbbing and moving story of the plain men and women about us.

LOOBY.

By William Emmett.

When I first saw Looby he was stealing! He won my sympathies at once.

This was not due to a looseness of morals on my part; nor was it that I have acquired the habit of regarding even the most trivial violation of our statutes with levity or indifference; far from it. You, although I am sure, the most exemplary of citizens, would have sympathized also had you seen him; unless indeed it should happen that you belong to that unco-righteous class, whose hide-bound respectability is impervious to the influence of palpable, radiating, contagious enjoyment. And this brings me to a statement which will, I am afraid, aggravate the enormity of Looby's crime; for not only was he taking that which did not belong to him—but he was actually smiling over it. . . . And such a smile! I question if you have ever seen its like! It went through me like music.

Was it any wonder that just then an unprincipled drop, which had been latent, possibly, for many generations in the family arteries, should have surged up and made itself patent in an answering—nay, even an approving—contraction of my facial muscles, as Looby's eyes caught mine and comprehended me in their quaint, compelling radiancy? Yes, I smiled back at Looby! Then I stood and watched him speeding along until he disappeared around a corner, and in the deeps of that machine, which represents my vital organ, there stirred from some rare-visited nook an unfamiliar feeling; a feeling which, after much effort, I found too elusive to be analyzed. The only consciousness I could deduce from it was a vague sensation of envy. Yes, envy of Looby! Not of that particular form of amusement to which his merry little soul had yielded on this occasion,—for I don't fancy I should have cared for it, even if there had been no other consideration—but of the whole-hearted completeness of his joy—and the unmixed delight of his indulgence in it.

And what a picture he made! What a fantastical blending of extremes! as he balanced on the rear axletree of the fashionable equipage, his long skirts floating gracefully on the breeze, and the easy, irresponsible gladness of his bearing contrasting indescribably with the pose of the richly clad woman and the gorgeous arrogance of her flunkeys.

On his head—or rather, over it—was a hat which had seen better days, but which, like the bountiful garment that draped his diminutive form, was intended, presumably, to see very many more, and was built on a scale to admit of an amazing amount of growth before the wearer would be capable of filling it; while from his shoulders, hung by a leather strap a basket which danced airily from side to side with the motion of the vehicle.

And this is what Looby was stealing that afternoon, when he flashed so briefly on me for the first time,with his grotesque little figure, and the breezy, irresistible grin that haunted me from time to time for months afterwards, and which I never saw in my mind's eye without an answering smile.

My next meeting with Looby was a more protracted one, and we became acquainted. It was in the spring of the following year that he walked into my office one evening, with an assortment of newspapers in the basket at his side.

Being engrossed with some writing, I did not look up as he entered, but in answer to his cry of "Papers, sir!" named a couple. As he placed them on the desk beside me, I felt in my pocket, and, finding no coin, glanced at him as I asked if he could change a bill. For the moment, in my abstraction, I did not recognize him, and the quaint little face puzzled me with its familiarity. But as the quick, refulgent smile answered my look, his identity came back to me, and the following dialogue ensued:

"I ain't got no change, sir,—leastways I can't give it you, 'cos it wouldn't leave me none. But it's all right, y' know (reassuringly) ye're good for it. And I'll bring ye de papers every night (beaming persuasively), eh?" Who could resist it? In spite of myself the corners of my mouth twitched with risible emotion.

"All right, my boy! (with forced gravity). See that you come every night!"

"Don't be afeared, mister! I allus keeps me bisness ingagements" (with dignity).

"Oh, indeed. What is your name?"

"Looby."

"What?"

"Looby."

"Oh, Ruby!"

"No, -Loo-oo-by!"

"Um; how do you spell it?"

A pause, during which Looby looks solemn and hitches uneasily one leg of a large pair of trousers, with a liberal English turn-up.

"Well, y' see, it ain't got no spellin' —I ain't made up how to spell it yet" (with the air of a prime minister). "It ain't no common name, mine ain't. None o' the boys got no sich a name." (Beaming again.)

"I should think not. What's your other name?"

"Wot other name?"

"Your family name. Don't the other boys usually have two names?"

"Oh, me fambly name!" (Reflectively). "Well, I ain't got no fambly, y' know! But I guess Farren's de oder name. Dat's me aunt's name—Mrs. Farren. I axed her oncet if it was my name, too, but she plugged a stick o' wood at me an' wanted to know if it wasn't good enough for me Gee, ye can't monkey wit her! I didn't ax her no more, 'cos I guess Farren's good enough."

"Your father and mother are not living, then, Looby?"

"I dunno. I never seed dem. I been livin' wit de ole woman long as I remember. She ain't de kind wot tells ye much of yer fambly hist'ry. She don't say much—but she's a hustler, she is."

"Yes; what does she do?"

"She's a 'cleaner,' takes care o' de rooms, y' know, in our buildin' over on little James's street. Say (suddenly) ain't ye goin' to take no oder paper from me—go on: you got lots o' money. Here's one (producing one of the half-dime 'dreadfuls'). Gee, dere's some daisy stories in it. You'll like 'em—pon me word, I read dem meself. I don't read very well, y' know, 'cos I only started learnin' last year: but I can read dem stories and say, dere fine!"

Looby placed the paper he commended beside the others, and favored me with a diffusive beam that would have wheedled the birds from the trees. Then he counted carefully on his stubby fingers, informed me that I was his debtor to the extent of seven cents, warned me against "takin' de papers from no oder boy"—hitched his trousers cheerfully, fixed me with a parting glance of his twinkling eyes and toddled away, whistling, as happy and careless as a lark, if not so musical.

The next evening, and very many evenings afterwards, Looby came at the appointed time with his smiles and his papers, until I learned unconsciously to look for the coming of the quaint little figure, and to welcome it as one does a stray beam of sunshine in a gloomy place.

Always about the same hour, his noisy footsteps and his discordant whistle would herald his approach, and presently, when I swung around in my chair, he would be standing before me in his favorite posture—balanced on one foot and with the other scratching his shin caressingly, his hands thrust behind him, beneath the ridiculous coat tails, and his impish visage wreathed in transcendent good humor.

"Well, Looby, my man, and how are you this evening?"

"Fust rate, thank ye, mister! An' how's yerself?" would be the not too respectful reply.

Several months passed, and the October winds were stripping the trees, when one evening Looby brought me word that his visits were to cease. He told me in his cheery, childish way—and with not a little pride—that he had secured a position as newsboy for the Railway News Company, but he did not yet know on which train he was to be placed.

When he had done, a silence fell between us. The little chap began to look a trifle solemn, and he fidgetted uneasily from one foot to the other, and scratched each leg with grave impartiality. It was the first time I had seen Looby's face without its sunshine, and it pleased me then, and often afterwards (though perhaps his solemnity was no more than a reflection of my own) to trace it to regret at our parting.

Presently I held out my hand, and, saying, "Goodbye, Looby, and good luck to you, my man!" left a bank bill in the tiny palm. Looby looked from the bill to me and back again to the bill. Then the quick light leaped to his face. "Is it for me?" he asked doubtfully; and as I nodded, the pudgy fist was doubled over it with eagerness.

As he turned to go, I asked him to come and let me know on which train he was to begin his new duties, and he gave me his promise.

But Looby did not keep his word; and my gloomy office knew his radiance no more. But often, as the evening drew on and the shadows began to gather, I would turn towards the door and see him again, looking back from the threshold—as he did that night—and flashing his wonderful smile on me, before he slipped into the darkness, and with a "Goodbye, mister!" was gone.

II.

During the course of the following year my health, which had been none too good for a time, grew something poorer, and threatened serious consequences.

Acting on the advice of my doctor, I determined to relinquish temporarily the cares of business and to pay a long-promised visit to my old friend, John Howden.

Many years before—at the time of the first rebellion—Old John (as he was known to his friends) had gone West, and, becoming enamored of the country and the free, unconventional life, had remained there. He was now living in one of the beautiful valleys of the "Gold Range," in British Columbia. And so it came about, that one fine evening early in June I stepped from a little, old-fashioned "back-wheeler" at the foot of Lake Wetastigan, within a mile of the old "Wetastigan Mission," and set foot for the first time in the promising town of Hiabasca, which then comprised as its principal buildings a saw mill, a general store, a livery stable and an hotel.

Here, to use his own words, he "staked his claim," and was presently keeping a small general store and acting as universal purveyor to the miners and half-breed and Indian ranchers, for a score of miles around.

Thus old John became a power in the land, and soon began to make periodical visits to the East, with the object of purchasing supplies, and

thus we renewed the friendship of our younger days. And we never met that he did not urge me to go and make a stay with him, when, he promised me, I should see a country and get a taste of life the like of which I had never dreamed of.

One month later I sent word to my solicitor to wind up my business estate, and settled myself for an indefinite period as a member of my old friend's family circle, and a permanent resident of the loveliest province in Canada.

As I rode out from the tangle of young cotton and pine woods, near the summit of the bluff, which, to the East, hangs dizzily over the paintless, but varied architecture of Bayou City, I came of a sudden on the prettiest picture conceivable, and, reining up my pony, stood to admire.

The trail at this point takes a sharp turn, and ascending briskly a steep, treeless incline—silken-grassed, as it is only in the pine country—halts on a narrow plateau, or table, which stands bold and free above its surroundings. To the East, as I have said, it is but a sheer step to the main street of Bayou, and this step you are not unlikely to take should you be a stranger to the spot, for the summit is hardly broader than a pony's length, and if you consider the extraordinary energy that a stout-hearted "Cayuse" brings to a stiff climb, the contingency is not improbable.

On this elevation, as on a pedestal, with a setting of the wildest splendor, that which arrested my attention might have been a monument to a type of western life, and of such, indeed, it was a charming representation. From where I stood, the figure of horse and rider was finely etched against the luminous morning sky, and from the girl's tiny cowboy hat, with its coquettish feathers, to the slender limbs and sweeping tail of the pony, the outlines were superlatively graceful, the proportions beautiful.

The girl might have cuddled in a band-box; the pony could have been muzzled with a teacup.

I wish I could make you see this miniature Diana as she is in this impression of my memory, for here, in the saddle, you have her at her best, the complete little mountain witch she is. Her eyes are a soft, deep brown—which, in excitement, seems to turn to black; her hair is darker than her eyes, and breaks from under the broad grey brim in rebellious profusion. If you should ever see her at large on a speedy trail, you will note the trick she has of tossing it back from her ears—just as her pony does. At such a time, too, you could not fail to remark two gleaming rows of teeth set between the reddest lips you ever saw on an olive skin; but most of all, I think, you will be stirred by the poise of the lithe young body, swaying with the motion of a sapling in a gust of wind, to the pony's stride.

As she turns and see me, she is off, with a dig of her stirrup-heel into the animal's side, and a cry of "Push along, Mr. Slowboy"—down the farther side of the plateau; and before I can scale the slope she is lost again in the undergrowth.

Somewhat trying is this wayward sprite at times, if you are in the mood for company and an easy pace; but thoughts are fine company this sunny morning, and I jog along contented enough for the unspeakable thrill I drink in with the fume of the resinous air. An intoxication of breeze and odor is about, and music is not wanting with the song among the pine-cones—to say nothing of the vocal range exploited by the torrent that brawls its way, in a succession of silver cataracts, down to sleepy Bayou.

But if words are needed to nature's symphony, they come to me presently, on the softest of June winds.

My mountain-witch is singing as she rides; singing as the lark sings, with all her throat and lungs; singing as the torrent sings in a riotous tumb-

ling rhythm, giving voice to the untrammeled joy of the woods, and the breezes, and the sunshine.

IV.

At the head of Blocktail Canon we stopped for lunch. Our fare was produced by Fenzy (an abbreviation of Firenze, from Florence, the girl's real name), from the "grub-bag" which hung at her saddle-horn.

Having appeased our hunger, Fenzy took my revolver and amused herself with some target shooting, while I stretched myself on the grassy sward, and discussed a fragrant pipeful with much satisfaction, and that sensation of languorous enjoyment to be obtained only after having passed several hours in the saddle.

High above me the cool, dark arches of the pines shut out the sunlight and hung the solemn stillness of a cathedral over the place, the effect of which was not lessened by the arcade of massive, pink-fretted columns. What is there in nature more noble, more impressive, than the stately redwood? Where in the architecture of the world will you find this marvellous combination of Doric and Gothic luxuriance? What masterpiece of human art can equal the beauty of these tapering pillars, tinted with the flush of many suns towering in graceful strength for a hundred feet to their capitals of spreading foliage—moist, green, mysterious.

As we tightened the saddle-girths before continuing our journey, Fenzy leaned over and patted my pony's nose. "Dear old Pinto," she said in a caressing tone; "she's a good old thing, she is. I used to ride her, you know, before I got my 'Bonnie,' and she's the sweetest-tempered darling in the valley. But she's getting old and lazy now, and, oh, she doesn't like a bit the dance my 'Bonnie' leads her sometimes."

She pulled the Pinto's ears playfully as she spoke, and the mare stretched out her pink and white nose and sidled nearer, with a whinny of pleasure. The brown colt noted this by-play with evident displeasure in the corner of his wicked eye, and as the mare approached, he turned suddenly with his lips drawn back, and made a vicious bite at her.

The girl was delighted. With a croning ripple—half laughter, half exclamation—she caught the colt's head between her hands, and, throwing her arms around his neck, hugged him rapturously.

"Oh, my Bonnie," she cried, "was you jealous, you wicked boy? Was you afraid I loved Pinto better nor I love you? Oh, dear, no, you foolish thing. I love Pinto for 'Auld lang syne' and her soft old loving heart; but I love you, my Bonnie, better nor all the ponies in the world, I do, you fiery-heart.

With that she relinquished her hold, struck the beast sharply across the nose with her fingers, and vaulted to the saddle with the skill of a circus-rider, as he bounded away with a whisk of his tail, and a flourish of small, unshod hoofs.

It was nearly three o'clock when we started down the canon. The sun reached us through the tall pines in long, slanting rays that deepened the rosy color of the trunks. A soft breeze swept up the pass and cooled the air—and thickened it with perfume. On the rocky surface the trail was no longer to be distinguished, and the ponies picked their steps with the dainty action of a sword dancer. Fenzy, a few yards ahead, was singing a paraphrase of an old song, which she improvised as she sang:

"My Bonnie rides over the Mountain,
My Bonnie rides down through the Pass,
My Bonnie's a stout-hearted Pony
And . . . he carries a light-hearted lass.

My Bonnie has four snowy stockings,
My Bonnie has four pretty feet—
A silver-white star decks his forehead
And never was Pony more fleet . . .

The sun had sunk behind a western peak; the purple was creeping into the high, distant hollows, and a brooding hush hung over the crimsoned lake, when, having refreshed ourselves with its waters, we turned our faces towards the foot-hills across the valley.

Even the child was quiet now, in response to nature's mood, and, for my part, I yielded to the spell with ready will and relaxed into a sweet lethargy of mind and body; a species of cataleptic ecstasy than which I know of nothing more delightful.

On the second terrace, where the level trail pushes through a thicket of tender saplings, the sting of the moist switches against my face roused me from this stupor of enjoyment. Fenzy was not in sight, and knowing she must be ahead, I roused the mare into a gallop. The little animal answered with alacrity, and we swung along at a stirring pace, dodging the leaning branches but getting none the less, now and again, a bath of showering drops.

As we emerged on a long, sloping glade, I caught a fleeting glimpse of Fenzy in the distance as she entered the pine-wood which begins the ascent of the mountains. A moment later I heard her cry, and almost instantly she reappeared.

I shall never forget the scene that greeted my startled eyes as she rode toward me.

Here was my brave little friend, her hatless tresses streaming behind, her eyes flashing, and her teeth set between her drawn lips—tugging fiercely at her pony's mouth in a fruitless effort to turn and to face the danger.

And here was I, with my stupid heart in my mouth, sitting like one transfixed and gaping at the strangest sight I ever witnessed. But I was not given much time to gather my wits for the band of wild mustangs (each with a pair of devils shining in his blood-shot eyes — and a dozen, maybe, lurking in his heart), headed by a grey stallion of magnificent proportions, was sweeping down on us like a troop of charging cavalry.

As the brown colt drew near, the mare, who had stood motionless for a frightened instant, wheeled suddenly and bounded from the trail into the heart of the thicket. In a moment the colt was by her side, and the two animals plunged desperately through the tangled brush, which they knew, instinctively, afforded comparative protection.

And now something occurred that chilled me with horror, but for which I had, afterwards, reason to be deeply thankful.

Fenzy was on my right and slightly ahead, and, as a crash of breaking timber in our rear announced that the band had entered the wood, I turned in my saddle to look.

When I turned again the brown colt was riderless!

The thought which came with the first sickening thrill was to pull up, and the action followed the thought swiftly, as I turned once more (this time to the right) and caught a quick view of the girl dropping to her feet in safety; a large fir-branch swinging back to its place — and a fearful medley of hoofs and heads in the background.

Of what followed I have but an indistinct memory! I remember my frantic pull at the bridle — the violent shock as the mare reared, poised for an instant, and lurched forward to her knees, — throwing me on her neck. As she righted herself and sprang forward again, — the collision with the colt (who had stopped. like the plucky little beast he was, to look for his mistress); then, the maddened herd of brutes, and — a frenzy of confusion.

I remember snapping my revolver two or three times before I realized that "Fenzy" had emptied it, then clubbing it and striking right and left at the heads that reached great, wicked rows of teeth at the Pinto's throat; — then a fever of plunging and panting and snorting; a gleam of eyes; a beat-

ing and waving of hoofs and manes. Presently — through the din, a strange hallooing and shouting, that carried no meaning to my distracted mind; — a sudden, sharp report; the hoarse scream of an animal in pain; and finally, a stunning blow, and a roaring in my brain, as the mare, reeling sidewards on her haunches in an effort to regain her balance, dashed me with violence against the trunk of a tree.

* * * * * *

When I recovered myself the mustangs were gone, I was still in the saddle — to my great surprise — and the Pinto was standing quietly; but trembling in every limb.

My head buzzed and swam so that I could hardly see, and with a terrible feeling of weakness I leaned again on the pony's neck. When I looked up two figures were hurrying towards me. One of them I saw, with a great gasp of relief, was Fenzy and she was evidently unharmed.

"Mr. Locke," said she, pulling forward a queer-looking figure of a boy, "this is our Hero!"

In a second my mind flashed back to the City — back to a gloomy office, up two flights of stairs, and I knew it must be a vagary of my addled head — or I was dreaming.

"Looby!" I muttered.

"Smiles!" said Fenzy, through her tears.

"The divil!" cried Looby. "Who is it?"

VI.

"Isn't he the brave little horse?" said Fenzy, with enthusiasm. "Did you see the way he stood up to that wicked fiend of a stallion and all those others kicking and biting around him? But oh, my Bonnie! What would you have done if 'Smiles' hadn't come? They would have killed you, the cruel cowards! And, oh, 'Smiles' — what are we to do now? See how he's bleeding!"

It was odd to see the trustful look she gave the little chap who was no bigger than herself — hardly so big, indeed, — and the quaint air of a delighted importance with which he received it, his eyes fairly dancing the while.

But on this occasion, at any rate, Looby was not unworthy of her trust.

"Gee, we can fix that in about two shakes," he said; and he trotted away among the trees as fast as his heavy boots, and abbreviated, but ample "chapparels," would permit. Looby's personal outfit was no less remarkable than it had been in his city days.

When he returned in a few minutes he had something in his hands.

"What is it?" asked Fenzy eagerly.

"Cobwebs. Have you got a hankerchif?"

At this a quick light came into the girl's eyes and of a sudden, before you could take your breath, she had fallen on the boy's neck — on the neck of this strange, homeless waif — and had kissed him twice.

"There," she exclaimed — and she looked at me defiantly.

Looby looked frightened.

"Oh, Gee," he said, and then expression failed him. He wasn't accustomed to this sort of treatment. As for me, — old bachelor, and all — I could have taken them both in my arms and kissed them. But I only turned away and presently fell to wondering how it was I had not cared for children years ago — and then a kind of pity for myself crept in that I had no one to . . . not even . . .

Two "hankerchifs" — Frenzy's and mine — made a temporary bandage for the pony's neck, and when it was adjusted we prepared to start again. While we did so, Looby gave us the details of his coincident and opportune arrival.

I give them in his own picturesque idiom.

"I came across't yesterday wit' Fader Peecard to take a load over. I heerd yez was gone about seven, dis morning an' I wanted to skin right

after yez but de Fader wanted me to do something so I didn't git started till nine. But Gee! didn't I lick de ole Bronco den. He didn't like it a bit, but I give it to him good an' you bet I made him shake hisself.

"Yez was just started agen wen I got to de bottom, but wen I went acrost and begin to come up dis side, I couldn't get a squint of yez. But soon as I climbed up here, on to de level, I ketched a sight o' you, Mister, 'way in front, stannin in de open.

"Den sudden I see de Pinto jump like mad into de wood, an' in a minnit I see dem crazy mustangs tearin' behind like dey was goin' to eat ye. Gee! I guessed dere was goin' to be a fuss so I just turned plumb roun' an' skinned after 'em, hollerin' fur all I was worth. Y'see I knowed dat gang o' mustangs, 'coz I chased dem more'n once before, and I knowed dey was dead-scared o' burnt powder. Dey was doin' a great song an' dance wit de Pinto an' mister, when I come up, — but wen I looked fur de rest o' de outfit I see de boss gray an' de little colt, clawin' each oder — an' de gray was just leanin' fur de Pony's neck, so I tought it was time to play.

"Gee! yer ought to see him shake his head wen I put one in his nose — an' I guess ye heerd him squeal.

"Well, he didn't wait to finish de scrap, an' de gang went wit him — which I knowed dey would — an' dat's all. But, Gee Gosh! it was loaded dice agen de brown colt if he'd stayed!"

VII.

There was a very young, bright moon climbing a very dark arch of sky, with never a cloud in it, when we rode down between the solemn Pines towards the "Mission" whose lights blinked like a cluster of diamonds below us. And there was a very young and equally bright pair of children, bubbling with talk and laughter, just in front of me; and a pair of light young heads teeming with the romance of an adventure and the mysterious joy of their condition. And it was a very much relieved man that moved soberly behind, and feasted his common-place fancy on the prospect of a hot dinner and a glass of "Grog."

As we parted from Looby where the road turns away to Hiabasca, near the old Mission-house, I taunted him with having a fickle memory for old friends.

"Gee!" he cried. "Wasn't I surprised wen ye called me Looby. 'Cos no one out here don't know dat name, 'ceptin' de Faders — an' dey can't make nottin' of it. Sure, I'd never known ye agen! But ye didn't have dem big whiskers wen I seed you before!"

The soft moonlight fell on Looby and transfigured him. It gave a lustre to his rough clothes — from greasy sombrero to shiny "chaps"; it polished the barrel of his gun, and the brass of the ragged stock saddle, and it turned them all to the rich trappings of Romance. But, more than all, it enhanced the sparkle of his eyes and the compelling magic of his smile.

And Looby ambled off on his big bony broncho, which looked the bigger and bonier for its diminutive rider, — a very miracle of a boy! — singing gaily:

> "There was a man in Baltimore
> Who had whiskers nine by four——"

"So that is the youngster you call 'Smiles?' I said to Frenzy as we cantered easily homeward between the snake-fences that enclosed the long, narrow avenues of newly-planted fruit trees — "strange!"

And is it not strange how curiously, and how cunningly, the strings of fate draw some of us together?

I thought of that day — which seemed now so far away — when the smiling-faced boy first startled me from the stupor of my colorless life.

"Mr. Locke," asked Fenzy, thoughtfully; "what did you call him?"

"Looby!"

"'Looby!' What a funny name! Looby —'Smiles!'"

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

By J. J. Mangan.

Grattan and Flood! Illustrious names that conjure up the only sunny days in Ireland's stormy history! One in their love for native land; wide as the poles in all things else! Grattan of the brilliant imagination, the ardent temperament, the untiring energy;—Flood of the classic mind, the logical sequence, the epigrammatic phrase! Grattan whose prose was a poem;—Flood whose speech was a syllogism! Grattan with the lofty soul of a Brutus;—Flood with the mental poise of a Cicero! Each brave as a lion, patriotic as a Hofer, animated by the purest love of country; and yet withal, each endowed with more than the common share of humanity's weaknesses! Our genial Autocrat, who could use his mental scalpel as tenderly as the material blade, was wont to remark that "we must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much," and experts tell us there was never yet a flawless gem; so if this noble pair, in an unguarded moment, allowed their mutual emulation to degenerate into envy, it was only another way of testifying to each other's greatness.

"The seed ye sow another reaps," sings the poet, and just as Swift and Molyneux planted the harvest that Flood so plentifully garnered, so he in turn sowed the seed and devotedly nurtured the budding national spirit which blossomed out for Grattan. To show what Grattan owed to his great rival, we will briefly sketch Flood's public career from 1761 to 1776, during which time he was the most prominent figure in the nation's political life. He found the Irish parliament a parliament in name only, a pliant and subservient tool for the sole use and behest of the British prime minister, totally devoid of national spirit, having no principles to maintain, and, consequently, no rival parties to maintain them. His first task was to raise up a party in opposition to the government, and analogous to that which obtains in the English House of Commons. He based their opposition on certain fixed principles which should not fluctuate with the intrigues of a pro-British privy council, nor be abandoned at the caprice of an English prime minister; and this is his principal claim to glory: that he was the first to found an Irish legislative phalanx, compact and coherent, which under his leadership, snatched repeated victory from the hereditary enemy, and which, later, under the standard of Grattan, and backed by the armed Volunteers, eventually wrested the entire legislative freedom of Ireland. His birth and social position enabled him to rally to his banner the great commoners and nobility of the country, and his principles aroused the dormant spirit of Irish nationality that sometimes slumbers but never dies.

For fifteen years he was the idol of the people, their champion against the selfishness of an alien government, their bulwark and defence; when suddenly, at the summit of his aspirations, he accepted office under that government, and his voice was heard no more for many years. "Our lives," says George Eliot, "make a moral tradition for our individual selves, and to have once acted greatly seems to make a reason why we should always be noble." Flood's reason for his action was that he could do more for the people by holding office than by being in opposition; but, unfortunately for his fame, the step he took is always

open to the suspicion of interested motives.

One year previous to Flood's sudden eclipse, Henry Grattan had entered parliament, fired with the ardor of a paladin to do doughty deeds for native land; so that, though Flood was lost to her for the present, Erin could well say looking at Grattan, "*nec deficit alter aureus.*" His first great service was the removal of the restrictions bettering the trade of Ireland, tied down as she was by the jealousy of England which diminished the resources of the country and paralyzed the energies of its people.

His next and greatest work was to lay down the principle that Ireland of her own inherent right should be self-governing, and her parliament free and untrammeled to legislate for her own interests. He determined that the enthusiasm that had given birth to the Volunteer movement, should not evaporate in empty jubilation, and, with masterly tact, he concentrated the attention of the people on the necessity for immediate action. He was the first to point out to them that England's difficulty was Ireland's opportunity, and that, as England was now menaced on all sides by foreign foes, the time was most favorable to press home their just claims. They rallied to the call with fierce joy that at length they could demand where so long they had vainly pleaded, and as the Volunteers had a hundred thousand loaded muskets to point their arguments, the sort of moral suasion that Grattan now put in practice against England was as peremptory as it was exigent. In a word, Grattan held the destinies of the Empire in the hollow of his hand, to make or to mar as he listed, so that in such a case the success of his demand was a foregone conclusion. Fox, the English prime minister, was forced to yield, but, with his accustomed shrewdness, made a virtue of necessity by stating that "unwilling subjects are little better than enemies," and that he would rather see Ireland wholly separated from the British crown than kept in subjection by force. So on that memorable 17th of May, 1782, he himself in the English House of Commons moved to repeal that obnoxious statute, the sixth of George the First, by the abrogation of which, Ireland, for the first time in her history, controlled her own affairs and governed her own people by a parliament which was free and independent of all outside interference, and which was equal in all rights and privileges under the crown, with that at Westminster.

Thus did Grattan achieve the work of Ireland's legislative independence, and win for himself a place in the hearts of his countrymen as their truest and greatest benefactor. Fame was his in unstinted measure, and wealth was pressed on his acceptance as a more material testimonial to his transcendent genius by a grateful parliament and a loving people.

But it must not be forgotten, and Grattan would be the last to grudge the admission that for all that he had accomplished during the first ten years of his parliamentary career a debt was due by him to his great rival Flood. He built upon the foundations which Flood had raised, and he availed himself of the national spirit which Flood had called into being. He was aided by events which Flood could not have foreseen by any exercise of diplomatic statecraft. And so it is not surprising that Flood, who had grown gray in the cause, should have felt the sting of envy when he saw the results of his own unrewarded labors transmuted to Grattan's personal glory. Hence arose the estrangement that afterwards led to the celebrated rupture between them. To add to the tension, Flood was now forced, at all times and in every place, to listen to the praises of his great competitor, so that in pure self-defence he was compelled to seek some means of regaining his lost pop-

ularity. That which presented itself to him as the most obvious means of encompassing this end was to demand from England a still more sweeping renunciation of her claims to legislative authority over Ireland than even Grattan had achieved. He thought he perceived a flaw in the armor of Irish independence, and hastened to point it out to his countrymen, who, being so recently enfranchised, were quick to take alarm at anything which might endanger the perpetuity of their newfound freedom. Flood's reputation for legal acumen, and his past services to Ireland, aided materially in bringing about public opinion to his point of view, and he advocated his idea with such consummate ability both in parliament and out, that in two months the fickle people had displaced Grattan from his pedestal and substituted Flood thereon. The Irish are prone to run to extremes, and Grattan soon found that his popularity was ebbing. Moreover he refused to believe that the reasonings of Flood, which were so logically conclusive, were anything more than the cavillings of a jealous mind; and in dealing with the question he exhibited a peevish exasperation which caused him to lose considerable ground with many of his former admirers. He could not contain his anger, and took the earliest opportunity to vent on Flood the vials of his wrath. This opportunity soon presented itself, and the ensuing altercation was perhaps the most remarkable that had ever occurred in any legislative body.

A few days previously Grattan had taken offence at some words used by Flood in addressing the Connaught Volunteers. A challenge to a duel was the result, as promptly accepted as offered. Both were men of the coolest and most undoubted courage, and had not the civil authorities interfered to stop the combat, it would probably have been fatal to one or both principals. They were therefore perforce compelled to reserve the explosion of their mutual animosity for the conflict of debate which afterwards took place between them in the Irish House of Commons.

This occurred on the 28th of October, 1783, upon occasion of a motion by Sir Henry Cavendish, recommending retrenchment. Flood, who was not feeling well, rose to make a few remarks on the motion, as he conceived it did not go far enough. His remarks were not specially directed at Grattan; but, harmless as they were, Grattan seemed to see in them fresh insult, and, rising when Flood sat down, he thus assailed him with all the withering powers of his vituperative denunciation:

"Sir, you are much mistaken if you think that your talents have been as great as your life has been reprehensible. You began your parliamentary career with an acrimony and personality which could have been justified only by a supposition of virtue. After a rank and clamorous opposition you became, on a sudden, silent—you were silent for seven years—you were silent on the greatest questions—and you were silent for money! In 1773, while a negotiation was pending to sell your talents and your turbulence, you absconded from your duty in parliament—you forsook your law of Poynings—you forsook the questions of economy, and abandoned all the old themes of your former declamations—you were not, at that period, to be found in the House—you were seen like a guilty spirit haunting the lobby of the House of Commons, watching the moment in which the question should be put, that you might vanish; you were descried with a criminal anxiety retiring from the scenes of your past glory, or you were perceived coasting the upper benches of this House like a bird of prey, with an evil aspect and a sepulchral note, meditating to pounce on its quarry. These ways—they were not the ways of honor—you practiced, pending a negotiation which was to end either in your sale or your sedition. The former taking place, you supported the rankest measures that ever came before parliament. The embargo of 1776, for instance. O, fatal embargo! that breach of law, and ruin of commerce! You supported the unparalleled profusion and jobbing of Lord Harcourt's scandalous ministry—the address to support the American war—the other address

to send four thousand men whom you had yourself declared to be necessary for the defence of Ireland, to fight against the liberties of America, to which you had declared yourself a friend. You, sir, who delight to utter execrations against the American commissioners of 1778, on account of their hostility to America; you, sir, who manufacture stage thunder against Mr. Eden for his anti-American principles; you, sir, whom it pleases to chant a hymn to the immortal Hamden; you, sir, approved of the tyranny exercised against America; and you, sir, voted four thousand Irish troops to cut the throats of Americans fighting for their freedom, fighting for your freedom, fighting for the great principle—liberty. But you found, at last, and this should be an eternal lesson to men of your craft and cunning, that the king had only dishonored you; and, having voted for the worst measures, you remained for seven years the creature of salary, without the confidence of government. Mortified at the discovery, and stung by disappointment, you betook yourself to the sad expedient of duplicity; you try the sorry game of a trimmer in your progress to the acts of an incendiary; you give no honest support either to the government or to the people; you, at the most critical period of their existence, take no part; you sign no non-consumption agreement; you oppose no perpetual mutiny bill, no altered sugar bill; you declare that you lament the declaration of rights should have been brought forward; and observing, with regard to prince and people, the most impartial treachery and desertion, you justify the suspicions of your sovereign by betraying the government as you had sold the people; until, at last, by this hollow conduct, and for some other steps, the result of mortified ambition, being dismissed, and another person put in your place, you fly to the ranks of the Volunteers and canvass for mutiny; you announce that the country was ruined by other men, during that period when she was sold by you; your logic is, that the repeal of a declaratory law is not the repeal of a law at all, and the effect of that logic is, an English act affecting to emancipate Ireland, by exercising over her the legislative authority of a British parliament! Such has been your conduct, and at such conduct every order of your fellow-subjects have a right to exclaim. The merchant may say to you, the constitutionalist may say to you, the American may say to you, and I, I now say, and say to your beard, sir, you are not an honest man."

As during a violent thunder storm we gaze at the warring elements with fearsome looks and nervous dread, so sat and gazed and listened the Irish House of Commons. Members scarcely breathed in the intensity of their feelings, and when Grattan sat down, all eyes were turned on Flood, who slowly rose, and looking Grattan squarely in the eye said:

"The right honorable member can have no doubt of the propriety of my saying a word in reply to what he has delivered. Every member in the House can bear witness of the infirmity I mentioned, and, therefore, it required but little candor to make a nocturnal attack upon that infirmity. But I am not afraid of the right honorable member; I will meet him anywhere, or upon any ground, by night or by day. I would stand poorly in my own estimation, and in my country's opinion, if I did not stand far above him. I do not come here, dressed in a rich wardrobe of words to delude the people. I am not one who has promised, repeatedly, to bring in a bill of rights, yet does not bring in that bill, or permit any other person to do it. I am not one who threatened to impeach the Chief Justice of the King's Bench for acting under an English law, and afterwards shrunk from that business. I am not the author of the simple repeal. I am not one who, after saying the parliament was a parliament of prostitutes, endeavored to make their voices subservient to my interest. I am not one who would come at midnight, and attempt, by a vote of this House, to stifle the voice of the people, which my egregious folly had raised against me. I am not the gentleman who subsists upon your accounts. I am not the mendicant patriot who was bought by my country for a sum of money, and then sold my country for prompt payment. I am not the man who in this House loudly complained of an infringement made by England, in including Ireland in a bill, and then sent a certificate to Dungannon that Ireland was not included. I never was bought by the people, nor ever sold them. The gentleman says he never apostatized; but I say I never changed my principles; let every man say the same, and let the people then, if they can, believe them. But if it be so bad a thing to take an office in the state, how comes the gentleman connected with persons in office? They, I hope, are men of virtue; or how came the gentleman so closely connected with Colonel Fitzpatrick? I object to no man for being in office; a patriot in office is the more a patriot for being there. There was a time when the glories of the great Duke of Marlborough shrank and

withered before those of the right honorable gentleman—when palaces superior to Blenheim were to be built for his reception; when pyramids and pillars were to be raised, and adorned with emblems and inscriptions sacred to his virtue; but the pillars and pyramids are now sunk, though then the great Earl of Chatham was held inferior to him; however, he is still so great, that the Queen of France, I dare say, will have a song made on the name Grattan. It is said I supported Lord Harcourt's administration. It is true, but I never deserted my principles, but carried them into the cabinet with me. A gentleman who now hears me, knows that I proposed to the Privy Council an Irish mutiny bill, and that not with any view of a parliamentary grant. I supported an absentee tax; and, while I was in office, registered my principles in the books of government; and the moment I could not influence the government to the advantage of the nation, I ceased to act with them. I acted for myself. I was the first who ever told them that an Irish mutiny bill must be granted. If this country is now satisfied, is it owing to that gentleman? No. The simple repeal, disapproved and scouted by all the lawyers in England and in Ireland, shows the contrary; and the only apology he can make is, that he is no lawyer at all. A man of warm imagination, and brilliant fancy, will sometimes be dazzled by his own ideas, and may for a moment fall into error; but a man of sound head could not make so egregious a mistake; and a man of an honest heart would not persist in it after it was discovered. I have now done; and give me leave to say, if the gentleman enters often into this kind of colloquy with me, he will not have much to boast of at the end of the session."

Such is the brief but totally inadequate history of the celebrated debate between these two Titans. Never was there in any legislative assembly a scene of such gladiatorial interest as the one which transpired on that eventful evening. Never combatants so evenly matched. Grattan's onslaught was the "fury of a patient man" who had nursed his wrath and bided his time. The torrent of his wrath fairly carried him away, and for once he so far forgot himself as to taunt his opponent with an unfortunate personal deformity. Flood was more deeply moved at this than at anything else that Grattan had uttered; yet it is not visible in his reply. "A man deep-wounded may feel too much pain to feel much anger," says a gifted soul who had suffered deeply herself; and Flood's speech is singularly free from invective, that barbed weapon of angry minds.

Great hearts — patriots of the ancient heroic mould — ye sleep "safe in the hallowed quiet of the past"! Your fame is secure against the reach of accident, where neither flattery nor hostility can affect it! You have been judged by the impartial tribunal of history, uninfluenced by the petty passions of your own day; and full justice has been rendered to your virtues, your genius, your patriotism; and if you had a weakness we care not, it only makes us love you the more!

British Parliament Houses, from the Thames.

EXCITING SCENES IN EUROPEAN PARLIAMENTS.

By P. O'Neill Larkin.

The recent uproarious demonstration in the lower house of the Reichsrath, Vienna, when the president of the House was compelled to flee from the violence of a parliamentary mob, adds one more stirring chapter to the history of eventful sessions of European parliaments.

The exercise of a nation's power through regularly elected bodies is the natural development of a governing process instituted in the remote ages, and gradually elaborated to meet the needs of advancing civilization. The Greeks and Romans stand before the world exemplars of legislative and executive ability in the age when Athens and Rome were the two great European capitals, but the true home of parliamentarism is England.

The House of Commons is really unique among the legislative chambers of sovereign states. It is unique in its origin and development and in the scope of its powers. In many important respects it is unlike any other legislative body. To look at it simply as we look at the House of Representatives of the United States is to fail to comprehend its true character. Both houses are representative, elected directly by popular vote, and exercise various important functions common to both; yet there exist many notable if not radical differences between them. The House of Commons is a growth, an accretion of the centuries during which, little by little, like a coral island, it has developed to the present condition; while our House of Representatives sprang into existence, like Minerva

from the head of Jupiter, armed and equipped for active work.

The popular House has become supreme not only in the sphere of legislation — it has also virtually assumed the supreme executive authority which it exerts through the Cabinet.

It is a significant fact that for a hundred years no important measure which has been once passed by the House of Commons has failed to become law. Its will to-day is dominant, conclusive, irresistible. It is a law unto itself — supreme. No judicial tribunal can thwart its voice on constitutional grounds. It is itself the most important part of the British constitution in action. Every act of Parliament is a part of the British constitution unless it has been repealed. The position which the House of Commons has obtained shows precisely the height of the democratic tide in Great Britain.

February 13th, 1893, was one of the most eventful and momentous days in the history of the English House of Commons. The Home Rule bill was introduced on that day. Through the kindness of an Irish National member of the House, I enjoyed the rare privilege of witnessing the memorable proceedings from the gallery reserved for strangers. Admission to this gallery is by a ticket procured by a member of Parliament, but inasmuch as the gallery seats less than two hundred people and there are six hundred and seventy members of Parliament, any one of whom on ordinary occasions can procure a ticket, the members were obliged to draw by lot tickets of admission for February 13th. Mr. Gladstone drew a blank. The Irish National members secured only a total of sixteen tickets, of which I received one. For this ticket I was offered $75 by an enthusiastic Englishman in the coffee-room of the Westminster Palace Hotel on the evening of the 12th.

The doors of the strangers' gallery were opened at ten o'clock in the morning. I was on hand among the first and after quite a scramble secured a front seat. The doors of the House were kept closed by order of the speaker, an unprecedented order, so that no member was allowed to enter until the clock struck twelve. We in the gallery had a two hours' wait, affording ample time to examine the empty chamber. It is oblong in form. A central aisle extends from the entrance door at one end of the oblong to the clerk's table in front of the speaker's chair at the other end. On either side of this aisle are four rows of benches, which are intersected in the middle by a narrow gangway from right to left.

This arrangement divides the benches into four sections of four rows each, two sections on either side. Not more than four hundred members can be seated at the benches on the floor of the House. The side galleries, elevated a little above the floor, under the galleries proper, can accommodate about one hundred and twenty additional members. The total membership of the House being six hundred and seventy, the sitting accommodation is sadly inadequate on great occasions. Some ninety members are absolutely unprovided for, and if they put in an appearance as they did for the introduction of the Home Rule bill, they must content themselves with standing around against the walls or whereever they can find room, or sit on chairs blocking up the aisles or dispose of themselves like schoolboys by sitting down on the steps leading up to the speaker's chair.

The peers' gallery, the ladies' gallery, and the one reserved for the foreign ambassadors, were filled to overflowing. Lord Aberdeen, now Governor of Canada, and Lord Roseberry, since Prime Minister, occupied front seats in the former. Mrs. Gladstone had a front seat in the ladies' gallery. A word here in parenthesis about Mrs. Gladstone's personal appearance. She looks as much like Mr. Gladstone as it is possible, in my opinion, for a

GLADSTONE INTRODUCING THE HOME RULE BILL.

woman to look like a man. They look for all the world like twins. I have seen them close together and apart, and the general resemblance is most extraordinary — it strikes everybody. Some one has said or written that the partners in a happy married life grow to resemble one another more and more as they grow older. If this be well founded the Gladstone co-partnership must have been a most happy one.

The eventful hour of noonday arrived and the doors of the House were thrown open from the inside. For hours outside in the corridor hundreds of the members had been waiting— banked up solid against the doors. Then came a wild rush to secure seats. It is first come first seat secured in the House of Commons at the opening of Parliament. A tumultuous mob, crushing, pushing, punching and yelling, surged over the House in two minutes. The Irish National party kept pretty well together, most of them being muscular young men; but William O'Brien, then representing Cork, was detached from his colleagues by an onslaught of Tories, and after being whirled hither and thither along the aisle for some moments he was eventually landed high and dry by a Tory wave in the very midst of the Tories, where he laughingly took the first vacant bench, which he occupied all day.

Dr. Tanner, the irrepressible member for Mid-Cork, decorated with a very opulent green neckscarf, worn in honor of the great event, led the swift advance of the Irish phalanx with such physical prowess and consummate skill that with the exception of Mr. O'Brien the Nationalists secured seats close together. The seats were filled up with marvellous rapidity, but the result was peculiar. Usually the members of the different parties sit together, but on this occasion they were strangely mixed up. Mr. O'Brien was in the midst of the Tories, while Col. Saunderson, getting into the vortex of the Irish rush, was seated in the very centre of the Nationalists, who kept congratulating him for getting at last into good company. A number of other Tories were driven headlong to the same vicinity by the compact charge of the Nationalists, who seeing the hopelessness of attempting to cross the current to their own side of the House succumbed to fate and sat where they were stranded. The honorable gentlemen who had failed to secure seats on the floor, that is to say, above or below the gangway, scurried away into the members' galleries. At five minutes past twelve o'clock every seat was occupied except those on the treasury and front opposition benches; these by time-honored custom are strictly reserved for the ministers and ex-ministers.

It is not extravagant to say that a desperate struggle to escape from a crowded building on fire could scarcely have surpassed the mad rush which had been made for places. Several members bore on their persons marks of the scuffle. One old man whom I watched with alarm— Mr. Wright from the district of Leigh —was thrown down and would have been trampled to death but for the powerful sinews of John Burns, the labor representative of Battersea, London, aided by one of the Irish members, who got the old man upon his feet and helped him to a seat.

What a wild, strange scene it appeared as I watched from my point of vantage! I close my eyes as I write and the whole thing is again before me.

In the course of my life I have been present at one prize fight, one cock fight and at some political caucuses where rival chairmen tried to throw each other from the platform while their supporters pushed, struggled and yelled, and I can truthfully say that at none of these assemblages have I seen rougher or more unseemly con-

duct than on that 13th of February, 1893.

Charles Dickens many years before found material in American peculiarities to fill a good-sized volume with gross exaggerations of American habits and customs, but there in the very legislative chamber where he served for many years as press reporter a performance took place which for rudeness could not be excelled. When the rush was over and seats secured, honorable members gradually left the House, placing their hats on the benches to show that the seats were pre-empted for that day, a custom which is scrupulously observed and never violated. Many of these members as they walked out were wiping the perspiration off their necks and faces, indicating the exhausting struggle they had made.

At three o'clock the chaplain said prayers. Then a few motions carried over on the motion book of the House were put by the speaker, who declared them carried. Then a long pause, during which a subdued buzz of conversation pervaded the House and galleries, when suddenly a great volume of sound like the roll of ocean breakers on an unseen shore enveloped and filled the chamber, instantly arresting the attention of every legislator and onlooker. That deep diapason of sound came from outside. It continued to grow louder and deeper for the space of some minutes until it finally burst forth in the palace yard just outside the building. It was a mighty continuous roar from the tens of thousands assembled there and along the streets proclaiming their love, veneration and admiration for the grand old statesman who was on his way to the House to present the international treaty of amity and peace between Ireland and Great Britain — the Home Rule bill. His tedious way to the House through the almost impassible crowd which filled the streets to do him honor all the way from the official

Outer Lobby of the British House of Commons.

quarters in Downing street to the palace yard was a gigantic ovation, earnest and deep, which no other man in England would be given.

At 3.35 the Irish Chief Secretary, John Morley, entered the House, receiving a warm recognition. He took his usual seat on the second bench from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir William Vernon Harcourt. Between the two an empty seat yet remained to be filled. Every eye in the House and galleries was directed towards it. Its occupant had not yet arrived, but the tidal wave of sound which smote the building again and again heralded his coming. The crowded building was hushed to silence. The atmosphere seemed charged with the magnetism of a great event. Tory and Liberal-Unionist, Liberal and Nationalist seemed alike affected. The denizens of the galleries felt the singular influences.

In a moment the spell was broken. Passing quickly from behind the Speaker's Chair Mr. Gladstone moved to his seat. The well-known figure had barely emerged from behind the chair when every Home Ruler in the House was on his feet. Ringing cheers pealed out again and again until the men sank back in their seats exhausted. Mrs. Gladstone from the front of the ladies' gallery smiled graciously, keeping her eyes fixed upon her husband. She looked as though communing with herself she was saying, "All this honor is for my William down there and the cause he is going to present."

At 3.45 o'clock the Speaker in a clear voice heard distinctly even to the galleries called Mr. Gladstone, who immediately arose. Again the cheering was renewed and kept up as long as his supporters could cheer. The last to succumb were the Irish Nationalists. The hour for their country had come, and her British champion was there to present her case—her demand.

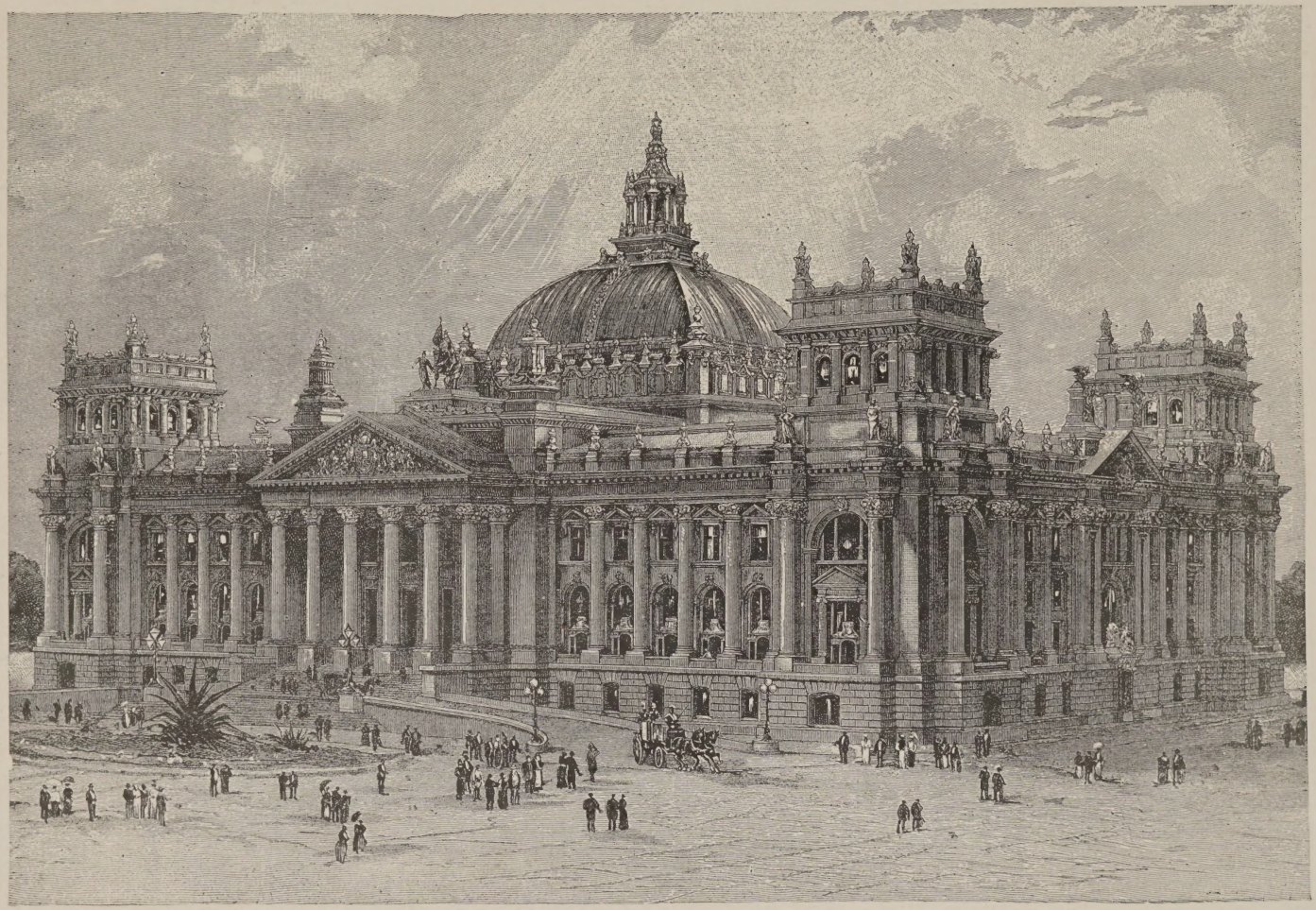
Then the grand old man began. In low, measured and solemn tones, somewhat husky for a few minutes, he opened; he referred to the Home Rule bill which he had introduced in 1886 as an effort to do what in his opinion was justice to the Irish people.

"We said at that time," said Mr. Gladstone, "we had arrived at a point in our transactions with Ireland where two roads parted; you have to choose between the one and the other. One of them is the way of Irish autonomy; the other way that of coercion."

Slowly and impressively the speaker unfolded the history of coercion in Ireland since the act of the legislative union between both countries in 1800, and concluding that chapter of his subject he turned so as to bring the whole membership of the House within the range of vision, and said in low but clear tones of profound pathos: "Equal laws, rightly or wrongly, you have not extended to Ireland. The pledge of the union has not been fulfilled. The consideration which helped to purchase or to extort the union from Ireland has never been paid, and the broken promise is written, indelibly written, in the history of your country."

As he proceeded delineating the wrongs perpetrated upon the Irish people in the name of law—law which was forced upon them by the superior might of England—the subject seemed to have taken complete possession of him; the voice grew flexible, warm and indignant, or pathetic, and at times dropped down to a low pleading whisper of infinite plaintiveness distinctly heard by every auditor in the building, and listened to with rapt attention. And the kindly-looking face of the gray-haired old lady, his wife, in the front of the gallery, followed him through all. His wife was one of his most interested listeners.

Referring to the boast of the opposition that the great majority of the



New Reichstag Palace, Berlin.

members representing English constituencies were opposed to granting Ireland Home Rule, he drew himself up to his full height and asked, as if questioning England at the bar of the world, "What I want to know is whether England is resolved to be permanent in that sentiment of denying to Ireland that full equality we request on her behalf?"

Then he called attention to the fact that the majority against Home Rule returned in England alone in the election of 1866 was two hundred and eleven, while the majority returned against it from England in 1892 was but seventy-one. And then looking across directly at Mr. Balfour, the Tory leader, with an air of triumph he exclaimed "Two-thirds of your majority have vanished. I want to know what will be an effective guarantee for the permanence of the remainder?"

When he closed with that magnificent and feeling peroration which those who heard can never forget, his venerable mobile features became placid and fixed, and a strange, far-away look seemed to come into the eyes as if he were speaking to an audience outside the House of Commons, outside of England, beyond the present generation as he said: "On my own part I never will and I never can be a party to bequeathing to my country a continuance of this heritage of discord, which has been handed down from generation to generation with hardly a momentary interruption, for seven centuries — this heritage of discord and all the evils that have followed in its train. To these nations I say, let me entreat you — if it was with my last breath I would entreat you— to let the dead bury the dead; to cast behind you every recollection of bygone evils, and to cherish, to love, to sustain one another through all the vicissitudes of human affairs in the times that are to come."

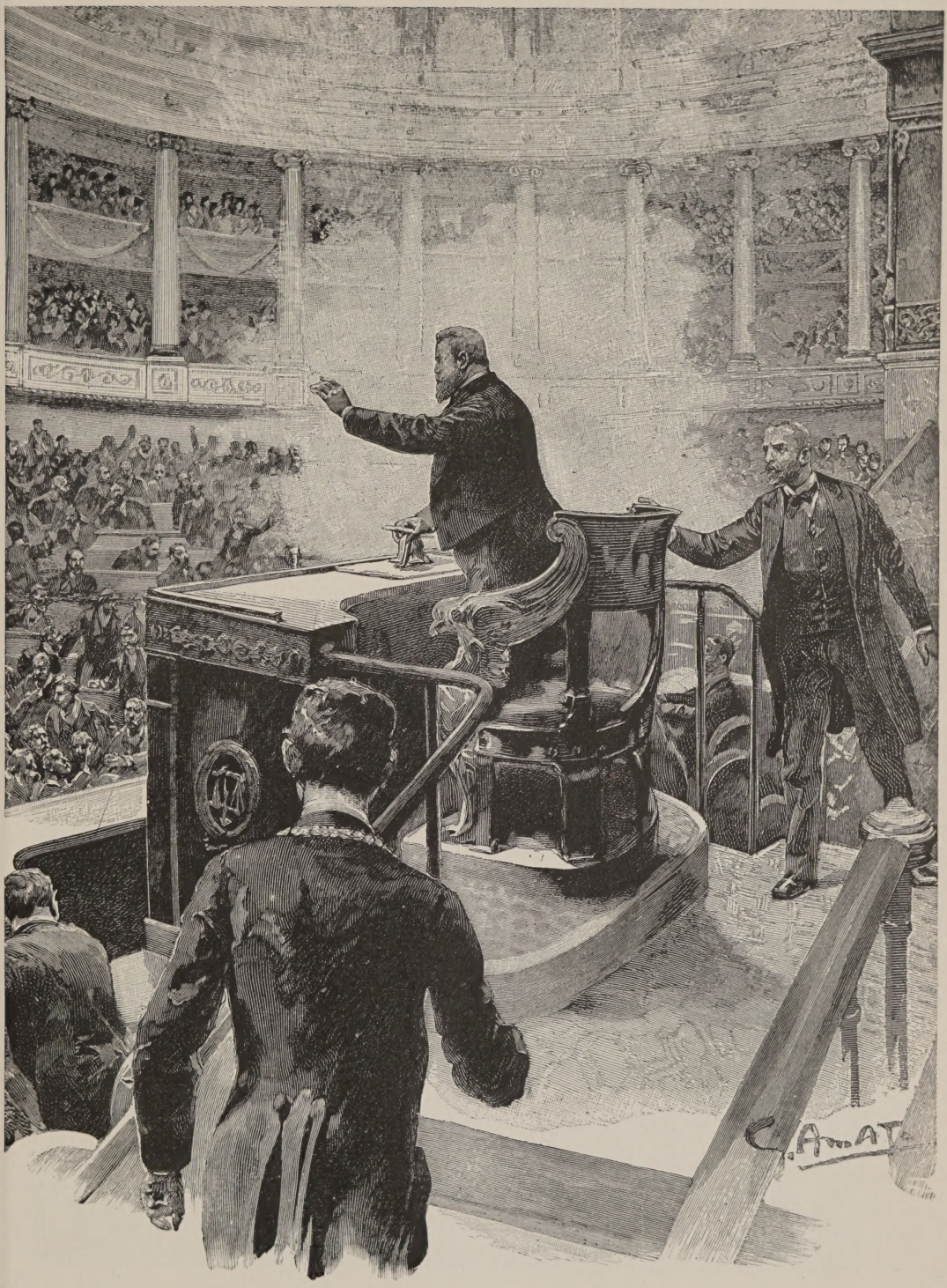
When Mr. Gladstone, thoroughly exhausted, resumed his seat the House cheered him loudly. It was a grand cause, and the venerable advocate was worthy of the cause. He retired from the House with Mrs. Gladstone, who had followed him closely from the opening to the close, nodding her head from time as he emphasized a point, as though she was saying, "that's it, William! you're right! nobody can gainsay that."

It was a memorable scene on a memorable occasion which those who were present will never forget.

This scene, having for its central figure the aged statesman pleading for the oppressed, profoundly stirring the noblest impulses of humanity, stands out in strong relief against the demonstration of malignant passion that marked the close of the year 1893 in the Chamber of Deputies. Here amid the trappings of parliamentary pomp, and despite the presence of numerous gorgeously-attired officials, was perpetrated one of those dastardly deeds that now and again outrage law and menace public safety. From his elevated tribune President Dupuy, unconscious of impending danger, was addressing the chamber, when suddenly a bomb hurtled overhead and striking the cornice of the public gallery exploded, showering its charge of nails and iron fragments down on the assembly. For a moment intense excitement prevailed, but when the smoke cleared and investigation proved that no lives had been lost order was restored, and M. Dupuy announced the continuance of the session and calmly resumed the thread of his discourse.

Four deputies and many occupants of the gallery were wounded, among the latter the Anarchist, Vaillant, who had aimed the bomb at the president, but was thwarted in his purpose by the courage and presence of mind of a woman. Suspicious of his movements she had seized his arm, thereby spoiling his aim, and saving the life of M. Dupuy.

With a view to safeguard the public against further violence the min-



THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

M. Dupuy, President of the Chamber, announcing the continuance of the session, after the explosion of the anarchist bomb, Dec. 9, 1893.

istry subsequently introduced bills to modify the press law by making incitement to crime a felony, to forbid the assembling of enemies of law and order, and to increase the penalties for unlawful possession or manufacture of explosives.

In the Italian parliament this momentous year in the history of modern parliamentary sessions witnessed many stormy debates on the notorious Bank Scandals. The reading of the report of the investigating committee, composed of seven deputies selected from all parties, gave rise to a tumult compelling the suspension of the sitting. When this session opened Nov. 30, the House was no sooner called to order than the reading of the report was demanded, and when it was made known that many of those involved, including President Giolitti, Grimaldi and Crispi had been severely censured, the ministers were assailed with fierce invective and volleys of abuse. Giolitti and his colleagues met the censure of the committee by at once presenting their resignation to the King, protesting that their honesty had been ruthlessly discredited, and declaring that they would meet their assailants as members of parliament, not as ministers under the ban of suspicion. This movement was regarded by the Radicals as an effort to avoid impeachment, and the uproar that ensued caused the session to be again suspended.

The ministry having retired without being regularly assailed the King found himself without a leader on whom he could call. Subsequent efforts of Giuseppe Zanardelli, President of the Chamber, to form a ministry on a non-partisan basis resulted in failure, and on December 14th, through Crispi's tactics, a cabinet was constituted with Francesco Crispi as Premier and Minister of Interior.

On reading over the report of the opening of the regular session of the new Reichstag, Nov. 16, 1893, the first impression one receives is that the royal parliamentarian, the Emperor William, is a first class humorist. In

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VIENNA.

THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT.

his speech he announced the introduction of measures to regulate financial relations between the empire and single states, and to provide for additional expenditure occasioned by increasing the military forces, and thus equipped with men and munitions of war, he concluded by unctuously praying that with God's aid the blessings of peace may be preserved to Germany.

Count Hompesch's motion to revoke the order of expulsion from Germany of the Jesuits, issued 1872, gave rise to the most animated debate of this session of the Reichstag, and resulted in a vote by which the motion was carried by 173 to 138, a notable triumph over the conservative members, all of whom with the exception of two voted against the Jesuits' return.

So closed one of the most exciting debates on this momentous question, so long and so stormily discussed by the German parliament.

EPITHALAMIUM.

By Conde B. Pallen.

Come happiest calend in the count of time:
Let jubilant song usher thy golden hour;
Of all thy circling sisters, from the prime
Of Eve's chaste nuptials in the sacred bower
Of paradisiacal innocence and love,
Most gracious shalt thou prove.

Thy brooding moment holds all future days,
As in the tender egg of nesting dove
Lies the sweet hope to come warmed by soft rays
From Love's own heart and only pleased to bring
Life to its joyous spring.

Mark this most blest, amongst all time's compeers,
Of past pursuit the now accomplished goal,
The happier dawn that lights the wakened soul
To vaster regions in the round of years,
To larger hopes and dearer fears;
Till Love outgrows all measured marge and leaps
The rim of time to God's eternal deeps.

THE ECONOMY OF ELLEN JANE TOPHAM.

By N. J. Welles.

Any one at Greyton had but to think of Ellen Jane Topham to have her image come instantly before the mind. She always wore gingham dresses, a trifle too short and a width too narrow in the skirt. Her aprons and sunbonnet suffered from the same scrimpy disease, as did everything else that Ellen Jane laid her hands to perform. She was clean, it was one of her characteristics to be clean. Jacob Walton said she was the cleanest woman in Greyton, and everybody knew Jacob was a fit judge. He always went to the back doors on wash days and visited the women while they rinsed and blued their clothes. If there was a rocking chair convenient, he sat in it and talked and talked. If there was a remark made that could possibly be construed into an invitation, he staid to dinner, and what better opportunity could a person have to judge?

Jacob Walton was authority on more subjects than cleanliness. He knew exactly how old Mrs. So-and-So's parlor carpet was, for ten chances to one, he saw the man drive up with the roll and came over to see it undone. It was passing strange how far he could see such things. He could tell how often Mrs. Someone-Else cleaned house and if she was bothered with moths or ants. His authority on such subjects was unquestioned, and if he said that Ellen Jane Topham was the cleanest woman in Greyton everybody else said so and was perfectly willing to place her on the pinnacle cleanliness would create, if only in their own minds.

But even the notoriety of cleanliness did not keep Ellen Jane from scrimping; some people said, it added to it. Leastwise, there were two people who grew wonderfully tired of having things scrimped; these were Josiah Topham, Ellen Jane's husband, and the hired man. Josiah didn't mind that she scrimped her dresses; he wasn't much for dressing, anyway, and thought a few yards, more or less, didn't matter so much. Nor did he object when she bought the sitting-room carpet six inches too small, thereby saving one dollar and twenty-five cents on the cost of it. He agreed with her that it might stretch, and if it didn't wear out before, sometime cover the floor. Neither did he seriously object that she cut his shirts after such an abbreviated pattern that he had to constantly watch the band of his pantaloons. What he did mind was scrimpy food. Ellen Jane's biscuits were always hard and her pie-crust always tough. Though they kept the best cows in the county and milk came in in gallons and cream went out in quart jugs — what wasn't made into butter — the biscuit had the same inflexible spirit. Though Josiah had lived twenty-two years with Ellen Jane's economy, he no more enjoyed it now than in the beginning.

When the berries were ripe and Josiah would fill a bright tin pan with fruit and bring it into the kitchen for a "mess" of pies, he thought of the pies he used to get — made from the first berries, not after they had become cheap — and the kind Elizabeth Rollins still made — plump as a partridge, and juicy as an oyster, with all the sugar necessary. O, if Ellen Jane would only make such pies!

The time was, early in their married life, when he had remonstrated with her. But the horrified look that came into her face and the injured air with which she treated him for days afterward, were more than Josiah Topham felt able to bear, even for berry pies.

Of late years, each season, he had carried a panful of duchess apples over

to Elizabeth, ostensibly for neighborliness, but in reality to be rewarded with an invitation to stay to dinner and eat of good apple-pie, as much and as long as he wished, and be allowed to pour as much cream over it and pile as much sugar on top of it as his starved palate craved.

Nowhere, but in meeting, did Ellen cease to scrimp. There, she filled up a whole pew, spreading out her narrow skirt as far as it would go, and scattering her hymn-book and Bible over what room remained. Neither was she scrimpy in her prayers, or her speeches at "experience" meetings, nor in the bowing of her head while other people were praying — she was only scrimpy with the contribution-box.

When the frail little basket that held the "offerings" was passed her way, she looked as though it was something to be afraid of and kept at arm's length, and sat stifly back holding a mutilated dime or two copper pennies high in the air and dropped them leisurely on the pile of coin. When it was over, she closed her eyes, and some people said she prayed for their profitable usage. Though I don't know how they knew, for she only moved her lips, as she might have done if praying for rain or a dry harvest.

Josiah didn't care much for sermons, but as the preacher they now had was low in his entreaties, he went and sat behind Ellen Jane and dropped a twenty-five cent piece — that people always wondered how he managed to get and keep out of his wife's sight — into the basket, in an unobserved manner, and then fell asleep while the preacher preached and the people sang.

Mrs. Topham had been known to become charitable and to find clothes old enough to give away; but Josiah dreaded these attacks, as they were always followed by a particularly scrimpy season.

It is related in Greyton that when Ellen Jane's mother died, she cooked for the funeral callers herself, disliking that any other should have the measuring out of her stores, and marked down in blue pencil on the kitchen wall the probable number who would come. And they do say that an equal number of spoonfuls of cake batter — that had first had all the butter and as much of the sugar squeezed out of it as she could bring herself to take — were dropped into patty-pan tins and baked. Grandma Perkins, who was there to help her, said she was real "cut up" that Tom Summers' folks should bring their four-year-old boy and give him two cakes, when he had not been counted on and no provision made for him.

It was a fortunate thing for Josiah that he took kindly to garden truck and vegetables, for these things could not be scrimped.

The ground would feed them and the sun would warm them up and they would grow, despite anybody's desire to save. But after they were grown and cooked there wasn't as much butter to put on them as he wished there was, and more than once he had taken a piece from one of Ellen Jane's half-filled jars and hid it in the haymow. Not a large piece, to be sure, for she would miss a large piece, but some, and in time he would put some more with it, and when at last an attraction would call Ellen Jane out for an evening chat with a neighbor, a large plate of butter was waiting for his disposal.

Then was Josiah jubilant. He would promise anything she might demand: get the milk for the calves ready for morning, churn or wash the dishes, always ending by promising to call for her promptly at ten o'clock. O, but the joy that could be crowded between seven-thirty, the time Ellen went, and ten o'clock, the time Josiah went after her! Time to build a fire in the back wood-lot and roast green corn, ears upon ears of them, and bake stacks of new potatoes. No matter to him that the village buyer had a special price out for new potatoes, it

wasn't money that Josiah Topham wanted now, but a good time. A real good time with nothing to stand in the way of his enjoyment, not even butter.

At such time, he was quite as young as the "hired" man, and while the roasting was going on and the delicious odors filled the air, they told stories — love stories, war stories, bear stories, and boy stories, and forgot there was any such thing in the whole world as scrimping.

It was a younger looking man with more elasticity in his tread and a happier look in his face, who would rise at last and stamp out the coals with the heel of his boot and strike cross-lots to go for Ellen Jane, while the "hired" man went to the house to open up, as though nothing had happened.

Sometimes, he found it difficult to account for the empty potato hills and the scarcity of roasting ears for a few days following, but he generally managed successfully by hinting that "neightbors' boys was not always to be depended on," and that it was a small thing to go about the neighborhood enquiring into.

It puzzled many what Ellen Jane's scrimping was for, considering she had no children to save for, and the only near relative on either side was Josiah's cousin's son, who was a wild one at best and could waste as much in a week as Ellen Jane could save by scrimping the biscuit in a lifetime. Whatever her reason was, she kept it to herself, and people concluded, and quite rightly, that it was her nature to save and passed it off as a "natural characteristic."

But the time came when Josiah Topham lost his reckoning. When his wife made her usual call on Squire Dibbs' folks, she found none of them at home. She walked on to Deacon Converse's house, but they too were gone, so she concluded to return home. It took some time to walk to Squire Dibbs' and more to saunter around the place and make sure they were nowhere about having a family visit in the dark. Then Deacon Converse's is a good half-mile from Squire Dibbs', and she met Sara Perkins on the way and talked with her, all of which took so much time that when she turned her face toward home, a bright fire was burning in the wood-lot.

At first, she supposed something was on fire and thought to run and hurry Josiah to put it out, but the more she looked, the more convinced she was that it was a well subdued fire thoroughly under the control of someone who knew how to make and take care of fires. She walked on straight for the light and away from the road leading home. She felt that at last she was about to catch the desperadoes who stole green corn and new potatoes. The further she went the more she felt quite in the humor to take charge of such boys. If it should be the Elder's boys caught in such disgraceful conduct, she wondered if she would have the spiritual grace to treat them as they should be treated? It might be hard, but if she was taught correctly, God is no respecter of persons.

She stepped over the fence and walked bravely on. Here she caught her foot against a Canada thistle root and came near falling to the ground. When she had balanced herself, she was quite determined that whoever they were, she would place a hand of justice on their offending shoulders and walk them home to their astonished parents.

Presumably the work of the recreants was progressing fast, for rich odors of the feast filled the air, and two forms hurried about the flickering fire. It was like the scent of battle to a warhorse for poor Ellen Jane, who hurried on hurling her words on the empty air:

"So this is where my roasting ears go to, is it? And the new potatoes, that I scarce dare cook enough for our

own family, the price is so high. So this is where they are going, to fill the neighbors' mouths, that are too shiftless to raise for themselves or too stingy to use what they have!"

Meanwhile, Ellen Jane was tramping nearer to Josiah and the hired man. She was within a stone's throw and well over the last log, that had lain for years rotting itself back to usefulness, when Josiah turned and saw her.

Josiah Topham was a quick-witted man. He had served in the war and they say his wit once saved the whole regiment from a disgraceful retreat. He now meant that his wit should save him from another encounter, which if not as dangerous, was quite as disagreeable. He wanted to run — even a brave man's first impulse is to run from danger; but he knew, upon thought, that he would only have to run back again, which would give him the disadvantage of placing himself in a small light. Wasn't this food his that he had been using, his by the right of twenty-two years of labor and going without? The more he thought — and Josiah was thinking very rapidly just now — the more he thought it was. With a welcome smile covering his features, he pointed toward a stump and asked Ellen Jane to be seated.

But Ellen Jane was in no humor to sit down, there was too much going to waste; beside, she wanted this mystery explained, and she felt it might be explained more rapidly if she stood up

"Josiah Alvin Topham!" she exclaimed, holding a reproving finger in his face, "is this the way I am repaid for all my economy? Fresh butter going to waste when grocer Johnson is more than willing to pay me sixteen cents for all that I can make. Green corn sizzling and new potatoes roasting! We haven't had so much as this in the house to eat in a week! In a week! Do you hear, Josiah?"

He turned, and the firelight shone on his face. He was still smiling, but a close observer could see behind the smile a determined look which meant he intended to carry the thing through.

"But, Ellen Jane,"— his voice was very mild —"these are not your things, these belong to me."

"To you!" She gasped and held her breath.

"Yes, to me; and I thought I would like a little spell of camping out. Haven't been on such a lark since—" He was going to say since he was married, but he discovered he would tell an untruth in time to stop and change it; "for a long time," he added instead. Nor had he, for Ellen Jane had not been away for a long time.

"Josiah, where in the King's reign did you get all this stuff?"

"I just took it, that's how I got it. You see there's a woman living not a hundred miles from here that I've done a sight o' things for and never charged her nothin' fur it. Done her errands and gone to town and lots of things that no other man living would do" — here he winked at the "hired" man —"and she's never tried, no sort o' way, to pay me back."

"Probably old Aunt Hollenbeck, she is the stingiest woman I know of," said Ellen Jane, settling herself down on the stump.

"Well, this woman is stingy enough," continued Josiah, "and so I thought I'd pay myself, and bein' as she had a wonderful garden — that I helped her to make too, mind you, and she never yet give me what green corn I could eat — I just thought I would help myself."

"So you should, Josiah," said Ellen Jane, completely reconciled. The "hired" man choked and turned away, complaining the wind blew the smoke in his face, and Josiah went on.

"Now, if there is anything I hate more than another it's stinginess, and this woman is stingy with everything."

"It is a mean trait," broke in Ellen Jane.

"So as she didn't cook these things and give 'em to me, as any reasonable

woman should have done, I made up my mind to just take 'em and cook 'em for myself. I'm capital on cookin', Ellen Jane, when I have plenty to cook with. Just make yourself comfortable, things will soon be ready."

"Perhaps I might as well, as long as you've taken them and got enough for me."

"Enough! I should say we had got enough."

"Here is a fine ear," Josiah said, handing her a particularly well-browned one, "and here is the salt-cellar. If I remember rightly, you don't eat butter on your corn?"

Ellen Jane moved nervously. It would be more than she could bear to be denied butter on her corn when there was so much of it and it could not be sold.

"Since you've got so much and it might go to waste if it wasn't eaten, I don't know but that I will have some on my corn."

Josiah handed her a knife and kindly turned away while she heaped the ear high.

"This is extremely good corn." She wished to break the spell of coughing and choking that had come over Josiah and the "hired" man. "But this isn't extra butter, it ain't worked hard enough. Anybody would know she was a stingy woman to want to get so much buttermilk off on the hired man as this has in it."

Soon they were seated in a group, with the corn and potatoes and butter-plate between them, and it seemed a question who ate the fastest or enjoyed it the most.

"I suppose the butter will spoil this hot weather, if we don't eat it up," said Ellen Jane, helping herself to more and completely hiding her food under the yellow substance.

"I expect likely it is best to eat it up," said Josiah, breaking a steaming hot potato on his broken china plate.

"No one would suppose it was so nice to eat out of doors, and at night too. I don't remember that I ever ate anything quite so good as this supper of yours, Josiah."

Josiah looked at the fire and gnawed an ear of corn.

"It seems like other people's victuals taste better than your own; seems like you can eat more of them."

"It does look that way," said Josiah, laying down his empty cob. "You don't suppose it will make you sick, do you, Ellen Jane?"

"Can't say; if it was our's it might. But since it ain't, probably it won't. They say stolen things are easier digested than bought ones."

The fire was quite out before the three had stopped eating. When they were through, the pile of cobs and potato skins that lay upon the ground, mutely testifying to their appetite, was appalling.

"We had better take this plate of butter home," said Ellen Jane, when they were packing up; "it would be good to cook with, if it ain't worked enough,"

"I was thinking we might have some good rich biscuit out of it, as long as it isn't our butter," said Josiah.

"So we might," she replied, "and if there are raspberries enough left, we might make a good shortcake; I declare, I like raspberry shortcake most as well as strawberry. Lucky thing for us you took a notion to help yourself and get what belongs to you out of that stingy woman."

It was not until the biscuit and shortcake were made and eaten that Ellen Jane found out the real truth about their night's experience. It was a bitter lesson for her to learn, considering she had preached a scanty use of rich food to be the only sure road to health; but since the experiment had been tried on herself, and according to her own statement with no bad results, she could hardly stand out longer against the arguments of Josiah. And now the people say that there is no more nor any better quality of food on any table in Greyton than Ellen Jane Topham sets out.

By Rev. James H. Cotter, A. M.

ANTE, led by the "courteous shade of Mantua" through the nine circles of the nether regions, never saw more curious wonders than does the student's mind guided by the "gentle Shakespeare" through the far-reaching and innumerable circles of human nature.

What ice-wastes of heartlessness! What crags of rugged character! What dark depths of baseness! What heights of mind, more stately than his "the monarch of sublimest song"? More than all this: What sunshine of cheerfulness, that, with varying lights, chases over velvety meadows of mirthfulness! What happy spring-tides, when "shepherds pipe on oaten straws!" What courts with their intrigues! What prisons with their woes! What wars with their horrors! What hatreds and loves! What forgiveness and vengeance! What melancholy and hope! What despair and gratified ambition! What disaster and success! All made subject-matter of deep and common interest with "one touch of Nature, that makes the whole world kin."

If superiority of worth is to be gauged by the rabid attack of foe as well as by the admiration of friend, then Voltaire, who knew better than any man how to make even written words sneer, as well as Goethe, the chivalric defender of Shakespeare, who would deem enthusiastic eulogy tame praise, alike pronounce Hamlet the most popular, if not the best of the master's four great dramas.

The characters in this elegant play are, in very truth, typical of the genius of him who, Ben Jonson delights to say, "was not of an age, but for all time." The productions of other great authors are no more than various phases of the minds which conceived or developed them; so that

POLONIUS.

"With the bait of falsehood he takes the carp of truth."

we may justly ask, was Copperfield, Dickens? In "Hamlet" the characters are as distinct from Shakespeare's individuality as they are from each other's—as independently pronounced in their being from his as is the age of which he treats from that in which he wrought his wonders—distant in their relationship to their creator's mind as is Stratford from Elsinore.

How marvelous, as judged from this drama, was the power of Shakespeare! He gave the persons of the play not only minds with mouths to speak them, but souls with senses to express them. Truly does the master show himself "myriad-minded." Kind was he, and yet he gives us the very meanest sort of a treacherous and cowardly murderer in Claudius, putting on his remorseful but unpenitent lip prayers "without thoughts," and on the foils the poisonous "unction of a mountebank." Noble he was, and still he furnishes us men who "lick absurd pomp, and crook the pregnant hinges of the knee where thrift may follow fawning." Manly was he, and nevertheless from a chrysalis of his thought there was winged forth into being the elegant nothing, Osric, the "water-fly." Cheerful ever was he, and yet for all he puts under the "inky cloak" the form, the face and the fashion, the mind and moody manners of the melancholic Dane. All have their own souls; do their own thinking, either caused or tinted by the circumstances of their being; perform their own proper acts; are natural in the display of joy or grief, of perfection or imperfection.

The persons in the plays of other great authors do not, in their last analysis, differ essentially from the characters in the early "morality plays," where a vice or a virtue was merely impersonated. The authors seem fearful that anything will interfere with the display of the ruling passion, and the result is that the little else left of the so-called man (?) is hardly a fitting relief for the one engrossing vice or virtue. One faculty, abnormally developed at the expense of all the others, yields a monstrosity compared to which the most fantastic lueis naturae is proper. The persons in "Hamlet" are true men and women, with characters compounded of the thousand minutiae which make concrete human nature. They are true pictures from the life; formed of an "infinite variety" of colors; toned and mellowed with lights and shades; influenced by reflected hues, coming from depths of character yet unfathomed. They are men and women who act as well as speak, and act best and pronounce themselves best when passion is tongueless. In this they

prove their own naturalness by demonstrating a truth of Nature; for when our passions are wrought up to supreme feeling, our tongues, for the moment, are dumb; as all the members of our body are notes in one eloquent expression. Thus woe is wordless; love looks rapture; grief finds vent in a groan; anger speaks with a blow; and devotion, with a "heart at its root," blunders in expression, for which words are worthless.

The greatest authors, as Dante and Milton in the Christian age, and Homer and Sophocles in classical antiquity, recite their mighty imaginings; — tell us heroically of fancy heroic. Shakespeare, as from himself, does not tell us anything. His creations are creatures who bespeak themselves. Far are they, in the truth of their being, from the condemnation "Hamlet" gives poor actors, saying, "that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably."

MAJESTY OI BURIED DENMARK.

"Hamlet" has been written as a weak character, because he suffered himself to drift before circumstances. Then is the oak weak that lies uprooted in the track of the hurricane. It would be more in touch with justice to write the hurricane strong than to dwell on the weakness of the oak. Shakespeare proposed to give us in this prince the very opposite of a man upon whom "greatness was forced." He purposed to show us how untoward circumstances can render futile the finest force;—how a man, endowed with a poetically-philosophical mind, elegant taste, high sense of honor, courtly manners, aided with princely prestige, failed because of villainy, which lasted as long as his excellence, succeeded for life's little day better, but left to Death, the arbiter of life, a different record. "Hamlet" is a "mighty maze and all without a plan"; but his very absence of purpose gives the play one. Fortinbras, at the end, speaks the possibility of his life's story, saying, "for he was likely, if he had

been put on to prove most royally." Passing over his "sorrow's crown of sorrow . . . remembering happier things," when Yorick grinned and gambolled, and when the elder Hamlet's laugh gave the signal that "set the table on a roar," the great master evokes a becoming interest in the reference to the Prince's departure from Wittenberg. Here a proper first step was made in the Prince's gloomy procedure. As one time students, we know what a sense of loneliness comes to him who longs most for liberty, when the hour arrives for departure from the sacred halls of letters and science. With Hamlet, bent under the loss of his beloved father, and leaving in the social and intellectual order so much that was kindred in mind and soul, in heart and taste, and so many who could be well called "a band of brothers," his sorrow must be certainly multiplied. Empty, indeed, was his father's court, compared to the university, with its throngs of fellows; and, to his over-wrought fancy, more like a ruin did the ancestral home of his royal kinsman seem, when there was nought to greet him save the ghost of the "majesty of buried Denmark," with its still more ghostly tale; the spectre of his mother's love, and the treachery of Claudius, wearing the royal robe, crimsoned with fratricide.

HORATIO AND HAMLET.

Claudius putting on his remorseful but unpenitent lips, prayers "without thoughts."

Hamlet gives us the history of a mind, not the record of a hero. Nor was he a coward, in any sense. Delay saps his resolve and the delights of reflection take his energies. What he gains in intellectual strength and lucidity he loses in will power; and as a result, the sufferings others deserve he inflicts upon himself. He is pleased with the critical contemplation of men, in the same student-like fashion in which he stduied books at Wittenberg, but the mental pleasure gives not the cheer of a social joy. Surrounded by murder, deceit and falsehood, he despairs of reforming anything and recoils

from his surroundings into a species of misanthropy. His very high ideals are to him a torture in the presence of infamous realities; and he is dazed, perhaps made mad in the knowledge of the hopelessness of life's every noble project. His "antic disposition" is with difficulty, if at all, to be distinguished from real madness, and Hamlet will ever remain a psychological problem, profound because obscure; and obscure because in the drama he has no confidant his equal in station, to whom he might thoroughly confess himself. To Horatio only and alone he communicates himself, in a condescending spirit; but condescension supposes inequality, and only princes fully enter the inner circle of a prince's mind. All the other characters make him conservative. Claudius he hates; for his mother he would like to entertain only pity; Ophelia he loves in a manner, as Bonaparte loved Louise, fearful that, in her very innocence, she might be a catspaw for a diplomat. He despises Polonius, in whom diplomacy has developed such a sense of security that if a virtuous adjective would be allowed to qualify a vicious noun, his might be called elegant hypocrisy; for "with the bait of falsehood he takes the carp of truth." He trusted the courtiers as he would "adders fanged." So he is well nigh alone, with his thoughts as his companions, and hence his seven grand soliloquies. How terrible the gloom of his mighty mind; how humbled the princely Auctction, that "lacked advancement"; how bruised the proud heart within him; how fierce the charge and retreat of feeling, can be found in the fact that the grave, with all its gruesome surroundings, stirs his soul to kindly memories of kindlier days. The meanness of Polonius, the weakness of Gertrude, the rashness of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and above all, the murderous heart of Claudius—all are justly punished without Hamlet's planning, for he was not a conspirator; and Laertes, the brother of Ophelia, as well as Hamlet, her lover, die, as they would have lived, only for treacherous intervention, noble friends, both, and brothers.

The drama "Hamlet" has ever been a theme for praise and blame. Voltaire, in a mock-heroic, nursery-tale fashion, enlarges on the plot of the play; and then tells the world what it already knew, that it belonged to Saxe, the grammarian. He translates into French, "To be, or not to be?" which the reader, if uninformed, would never recognize as a relative to its English cousin. He scornfully refers to some anachronisms, as the use of gunpowder in the days of Claudius. He criticises the want of respect for the unities of time and place and, thus rebuked, he dismisses "Hamlet."

Now what honest critic ever cared a straw for the plot of "Hamlet"? for Shakespeare himself never valued it himself because of its worth. Shakespeare portrayed the mind and the feelings that were the mainsprings of human action; and used the plot, as he used the paper upon which he wrote—to spread his delineations. The plot was a remote condition and in no manner a direct cause.

Anachronisms were simply mistaken dates for certain historic facts, and interfere not with the high purposes of the dramatist.

Regarding the unities, so severely observed by the Greek drama, the model of the French, Shakespeare could say of their observance what Shylock says in "the court scene": "Upon what compulsion must I?" Rules are inferior to laws, and are to be interpreted by them; and Nature was Shakespeare's law. Nature does not move in circles and squares, but has a dashing liberty that gives the poet, and particularly the dramatist, a generous license. Voltaire could reduce his requirements to absurdity by going farther in the same thought and objecting to the elegant English, freighted with ideas profound, spoken "trippingly on the tongue," as not a

reality in life;—to the rhythmic measure as not true. Regarding time: everyone in the audience knows that Hamlet has not gone to England, that Fortinbras is not the while warring with Poland, but that they are behind the scenes, waiting for their part. And for place: it is not as easy for the audience to fancy that the places are changed as to think that the stage itself was either place? Nay, the very success of the play depends upon the daring approaches of fancies to facts. All this presupposes the fancy of the audience; and, without it, there would be no proper starting point for dramatic success. There were, however, two genii in Shakespeare that called forth the vindictiveness of Voltaire: one, the genius of Christianity which he ever maligned; the other, the genius of the English language, which he lamentably ignored. Voltaire's influence, strong and lasting in France, has been, nevertheless, well nigh undone by Mezieres Taine and Victor Hugo, all of whom admire the philosophy as well as the poetry of the great master.

Goethe introduced "Hamlet" to Germany; and how he loved "Hamlet" is shown from the way he would defend this drama against the strictures of Voltaire. Says he, in Wilhelm Meister, "If I were Ulysses, his (Thersites') back would writhe under my sceptre."

Ben Jonson, Coleridge, Pope, Mrs. Montagu, Dr. Samuel Johnson, Hazlett, "Barry Cornwall" and Richard Grant White form a grand chorus giving an anthem of praise for Shakespeare to the English-speaking world.

Such is "Hamlet," the most refined and scholarly work of him whom "neither man nor muse can praise too much"; for how can we adequately praise him, since we owe him the very language in which we could praise him best? Such is "Hamlet," which has grandly helped to make the English theatre what Saint Victor says Sophocles made the Greek, a very "Parthenon of Poesy." Such is "Hamlet," pointing not merely one moral, but many of the most worthy kind;—composing not one picture, finished with the last stroke of the last act, but a whole series; for every scene is a department in a gallery illustrative of human motives and passion.

ACCORDING TO GOD'S OWN HEART.

By Rev. Stephen S. O'Brien.

Rand court was the dirtiest street in the whole city of Boston. "Street," did I say? Pardon, I beseech you, my error,— Rand court was far too short and too narrow to merit so dignified an appellation. Rand court was dirty indeed. On either side was a row of rickety houses, tumble down, desolate and forlorn.

Each had a tottering staircase extending from the ground to garret. And each had windows; not indeed like the windows of other houses were they, but instead each was filled with a large and magnificent assortment of frouzy heads of every description.

Down in the street children were ever at play. Children with red heads, children with black heads, children with white heads, and children with brown heads tumbled and fought and swore uproariously. Sometimes they got in the way of the men lounging up against the buildings, or made an unpremeditated assault upon the never-ending, beer-carrying line of unkempt women coming from the corner barroom. When such an accident happened their juvenile heads were cuffed and slapped and battered without mercy.

Down this street, heeding neither dirt, children, loafers, nor even the prepossessing ladies of the beer, came a jumper-clad young man. His face and clothes were black with soot, yet he bore himself with such manly dignity that, in the presence of his personal charm, one quite forgot the unsightliness of his appearance. Along the sidewalk he made his way, treading gingerly over the children, and paying little heed to the ill-favored and curious glances of their lounging elders. With great ease and rapidity he made his way up the staircase of the very last house on the street. Reaching the topmost landing, he called loudly:

"Cele! Cele!"

A young girl came out of an inner room, where she had been busily engaged in washing dishes. She was quite unlike the other women of Rand court in two notable respects: She kept her house and person scrupulously clean, and as for her dishes, they were simply immaculate. These two eccentricities grated rather harshly upon the sensitive nerves of the finical ladies of Rand court. It was clearly a violation of ancient tradition. Personal cleanliness was never held in esteem in Rand court, and the washing of dishes was considered quite inexpedient, inasmuch as the dishes became dirty again at the very next meal. Cele gave the visitor a cordial welcome, that brought a blush of pleasure to his sooty countenance.

"Well, Cele," he said, "I came round for your answer."

"Bill, I've given my answer. My mother is hopeless. She is drunk and quarrelsome all the time, and renders me miserable. Bad as it is for me to bear, it would be almost impossible for you Bill. Bill, I cannot marry you. No! I must stay to care for mother, for it is according to God's own heart."

"Now, Cele, what's the use of talkin'. Your mother is no good to you. Why don't you put her away? You can easily do it. Because she chooses to drink and cut up is no reason why you should gratify her. Do you think God so unreasonable as all that?"

A shout arose from the street below and Cele ran to the door. In the midst of a large and motley crowd stood a drunken woman — her mother. Chil-

dren ran up and pulled her dress and laughed rapturously, as she tottered and almost fell. Hither and thither she turned, striving frantically to reach her tormentors with a blow. Even the loungers and the endless line of beer carriers stopped to urge on the torture.

Rage seized upon the young man. With a series of leaps he cleared the staircase, and bursting into the crowd, laid about him vigorously in every direction.

"Out of here, you cowardly whelps," he cried. "Out of here, or I'll break your miserable skulls!"

The crowd drew back for a moment, leaving rescuer and rescued alone together. Vainly the young man tried to persuade the drunken woman to depart. Not so. She received his entreaties with roars of laughter and finally angered by his insistence, hurled at him a volley of curses.

"Let her alone, Bill," called Cele from above. "You can't do nothing."

Casting upon the unfortunate woman one final look of entreaty, Bill waved his hand to Cele and was soon far down the street.

Cele went back to her dishes and her interrupted reflections. Why should she not marry Bill and set her mother adrift? Had she not stood her abuse and contumely long enough? And what advantage was there? Nothing, absolutely nothing! Her mother was ever in the corner barroom and came home only to curse and fight. Now was the chance. With Bill she might be happy, but——

A dreadful cry was heard in the street. "The bull! the bull!" arose on every side. It reached Cele's ears as she wiped her dishes. With one bound she had reached the stairway. Down at the other end of the court the bull was already entering. Bellowing with rage and tossing foam from his red lips, he looked about him for a victim.

Cele's heart nearly stood still with terror. Would the bull see her mother? Perhaps even yet she might be saved. Down the stairs she flew and across the street to her mother. "Mother, mother," she cried, "the bull is coming."

For answer only wild, incoherent babblings. Cele pulled her once more. "Come, mother," she cried.

The bull saw them from afar. With a roar that caused Rand court to reverberate as if with thunder, he was upon them.

Cele tried to drag her mother away. The drunken woman resisted. Cele redoubled her efforts, spurred to greater exertion by the near approach of the infuriated animal. Close to the stairway she had dragged her mother when crash — the poor unfortunate fell face downward upon the ground.

Should she leave her? Cele's will faltered before the temptation. "Oh, my mother," she cried.

There was a wild roar, a shriek of agony, and the frouzy heads in the windows beheld poor Cele's body tossed in the air again and again. Then with a loud snort of satisfaction the bull trotted down the court. The denizens of Rand court waited some minutes before venturing to descend to the street. They found poor Cele lying where she had fallen, bathed in her own blood. Tenderly they raised her up and bore her to her home. Upon the bed they placed her beside her unconscious mother. A noise as of some one hastening was heard upon the stairs. The door was burst open and Bill appeared.

"Oh, Cele," he cried, throwing himself upon his knees beside the bed and clasping her hands. "Oh, Cele, how can I bear to part with you?"

"Bill," she said feebly, "I'm awful sorry to die because of mother. She can't take care of herself, Bill; she never could, and now I'm going to leave her. You say you love me, Bill; perhaps so, but I don't know. You wanted me to give up mother and marry you. I couldn't do it, Bill, I really couldn't — but, oh, oh," she

moaned, wringing her hands, "what will become of mother?"

The young man touched her tear-stained face. "See, Cele," he said. Around to the other side of the bed he made his way. Tenderly he kissed the brow of the girl's unhappy, misguided mother. "You were Cele's mother while she lived," he said, "and now that she must die, my mother you shall become — no matter what happens. In sickness and in sorrow, ay, even in disgrace and misery, I will stand by you as Cele and her God would have done. Cele,"— but he spoke to deaf ears, for Cele was no longer living.

The rickety houses of Rand court still exist as of yore. The children play and curse and fight as they did when Cele was alive. The loungers, too, still hold up the walls of the crazy buildings and the endless line of beer carriers moves along from the corner bar-room.

But Rand court is no longer the same. The cursing is not so loud as it was in Cele's time. The children, too, no longer molest Cele's mother. And Bill — well, Bill cares for his charge full tenderly, because — well, because "It is according to God's own Heart."

A PANEL AFTER TURNER.

By Thomas Walsh.

The peacock on the balustrade
  Of yellowed marble sleeps away,
  His listless train's begemmed array
Sweeping the poppies in cascade.

The ancient Triton flings about
  His silver in the tawny sun
  Where shines the lithe chameleon
Like tinsel — basking noontide out.

And wearied of the filmed air
  The butterfly — white Pierrot —
  Droops o'er the jasmine, pulsing slow,
Twain petals pearled with powder rare.

They dream: — afar — see, tumbling high,
  The storm's gray chaos! Its decrees
  The empurpled plumage of the trees
Proclaims: "Faint rose, the rain is nigh."

PRECURSORS OF THE PIONEERS.

By James Connolly.

What the Pilgrims were to the early colonists of the Atlantic coast, the precursors were to the pioneers of the Pacific. John Graem (most probable Graham) of Boston was the first man of the Saxon or Celtic race (most probably the latter), who ever visited the state, having shipped in Cadiz as gunner of Malaspuia's Armada, bound on an exploring expedition of the Pacific coast. Graem was landed at Monterey, 1791, and remained in the country up to the time of his death.

The British explorer Vancouver put in and remained a few days in San Diego, 1793, but none of his people were permitted to remain on the coast.

Joseph O'Cain of Boston, born in Ireland, was the next to arrive and remain in Santa Barbara. He came from Bengal in the British ship Phoenix, 1795.

Of the fifteen foreigners, as all those not Spanish or Mexican were then called coming to California up to 1824, six were of Irish birth. There seems to have been a rule or custom among the mission padres at this time, obliging all foreigners desiring to marry into native Catholic families to be first baptized.

George Allen, an Irishman, was baptized Joseph Jarge. Thomas Lodge, an Irishman, was baptized Thomas Mepuelixt, and his brother Michael Lodge was baptized Maguel Mepuelixt.

"All these foreigners," says the records, "were most hospitably treated," the padres being particular only in religious matters, and watchful of the chastity of the females.

John Mulligan was permitted to retain his original name. He was from county Down, Ireland, and settled in Monterey. Joseph Dillon came the following year, and Daniel Ferguson shortly after. They were both born in Ireland, in what county is not known.

There were but three foreigners known to have settled in the San Diego district up to 1828. In both the San Gabriel and Los Angeles districts there were but ten foreigners amongst the entire population. Of these, William Welch, John Haley, John Davis and Richard Laughlin were all born in Ireland.

John Mulligan of county Down, Ireland, was a sailor aboard the British ship Isaac Dodd. Where or how he made a landing on the coast in 1814 is unknown. But land he did.

Mulligan was permitted to settle down and marry, and he afterwards taught the art of weaving to the Indians of the several missions. Years later he owned the Cooper ranch, at Salinus, where stands a steep hill ever since known as Mulligan's head. Mulligan was one of the original petitioners to the governor for an Alcalde, civil judge for Monterey.

In no other state in the Union are there so many objects of one kind and another bearing distinctly Irish names as there are in California. Nearly all cities and towns very properly retain the original Spanish names, but streets, avenues, canyons, towns and so forth, you will find bear names that in very many cases are Celtic.

John J. Read, born in Dublin, sailed for Mexico with his uncle, a ship master, and leaving the ship in Mexico, finally made his way to California, 1826. He was the first English-speaking settler of Saucelito, Marin county, across the bay from San Francisco. Here he embarked in ranching, and soon taught the simple natives many advanced ideas in agriculture. It was he who first raised them from the tortelia stone to the mill, in the economy of grinding their grain crops. He established the first ferry across the bay to San Francisco, made the first regular survey of that bay, was ap-

pointed commissioner of the San Rafael missions, and became the leader of men in his locality. But winning the charming daughter of Don Sanchez, commandante of the presidio of San Francisco, was the highest of his gains.

It seems a little strange, in view of the number of Murphys filling high places in California, that the first of them did not reach here before 1828. This was Timothy, or Don Timoteo, as Californians love to call him. There has been something written of him before, but as he was one of the harbingers of the Argonauts, his name rightly belongs in this record. He was born in Wexford, Ireland, and found his way to Callao, Peru, while yet in his adolescence, and found employment in the great commercial house of Hartnell & Co., in that city It was not many years before the managers of this house discovered in the young Irishman those qualities that fitted him for the establishment of a new business in a new country. They sent him to California, commissioned to investigate and report. The result of it was that he established and managed a beef packing and exporting business for them in Monterey—the first of the kind on the Pacific coast. On leaving their employ he went north and took up three square leagues of land in Marin county. Here he went into ranching on a grand scale, and prospered vastly, maintaining all the amenities of the true country gentleman of that period. The sports of the hunt frequently turned to profit by the sale of the skins of otter at fancy prices. Don Timoteo was a fine type of the handsome athletic Irishman. He was a great favorite with all classes of Spanish, Mexican and Indian Californians, but never married. His bequests to charitable and religious institutions were many and liberal. He owned the site of the great Palace Hotel in San Francisco, which he willed to the church.

Another of his name was Father Murphy, a priest having charge of Hartnell's school at Monterey. It is to be regretted that his Christian name is not given, as he was probably the first Irish priest to arrive on the California coast.

General John Bidwell tells that when the first emigrant train to cross the Rocky Mountains was ready to start from its encampment at Sapling Grove for California, not one of the party knew which way to go. They had elected a Mr. Bartleson for captain, because he brought several others to join the party, and also having some money, he would not go unless he was elected captain. Then, on learning that a Catholic missionary party en route from St. Louis to the Flathead nation of Indians, would reach their encampment in a few days, the Bidwell party decided to wait on the report that there was an old Rocky Mountain guide with the missionary. This guide proved to be Captain Fitzpatrick, an Irishman, who had for many years been leader of trapping parties in the Rocky Mountains. Three Catholic priests comprised the rest of the missionary party, of which Father De Smet, a Jesuit, was the head. General Bidwell describes him as a man of great kindness and affability under all circumstances.

The fathers were glad of the company of Bidwell's wagon train. On coming to any doubtful or dangerous passage, the missionary party took the lead. A fortnight after the start, on nearing the Platte river, one of the Bidwell party in the rear of the rest came running up in great fright, without mule, gun or pistol, and minus most of his clothing, and reported excitedly that he had been surrounded by thousands of Indians. Upon this the whole camp became alarmed, and in spite of Captain Fitzpatrick's efforts to pacify them, every man started his team on the dead gallop. Finding it impossible to check their precipitate flight, Fitzpatrick rode ahead to the river bank. Then, as fast as the teams

TYPICAL HOME OF EARLIEST CALIFORNIA RANCHER.

of the panic-stricken men of the Bidwell party came to the river side Fitzpatrick formed the wagons in a hollow square, with the animals in the centre. But when the peaceful Indians presently came up it was found that their whole force numbered only forty Cheyennes.

When the Indians had camped, quite near the whites, Captain Fitzpatrick went over and held friendly communication with them, learning that they had no intention of injuring the frightened white man, but that they were obliged to take his weapons from him to protect their own lives. They

SAN DIEGO MISSION.

San Francisco in 1849.

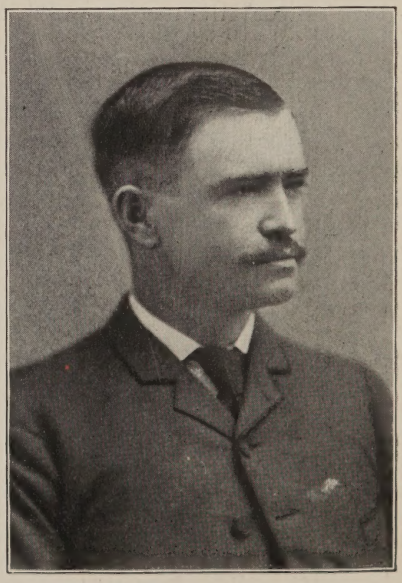
returned his mule, arms and other possessions, thus showing that neither plunder nor personal injury was any part of their purpose.

Bidwell states that had not his party been so fortunate as to have fallen in with these Catholic missionaries, and thus secured the guidance of Fitzpatrick, "not one of us would have reached California, because of our inexperience." This is one of many instances of Irish valor, coolness and foresight in time of panic amongst men of another race.

Bidwell's fame rests chiefly on having been with the first wagon train to cross the plains. California has honored him in many ways, but we hear nothing of the heroic old Rocky Mountain guide, who showed him and them the way.

California historians, almost to a man, have sedulously omitted or misrepresented all that pertains to the

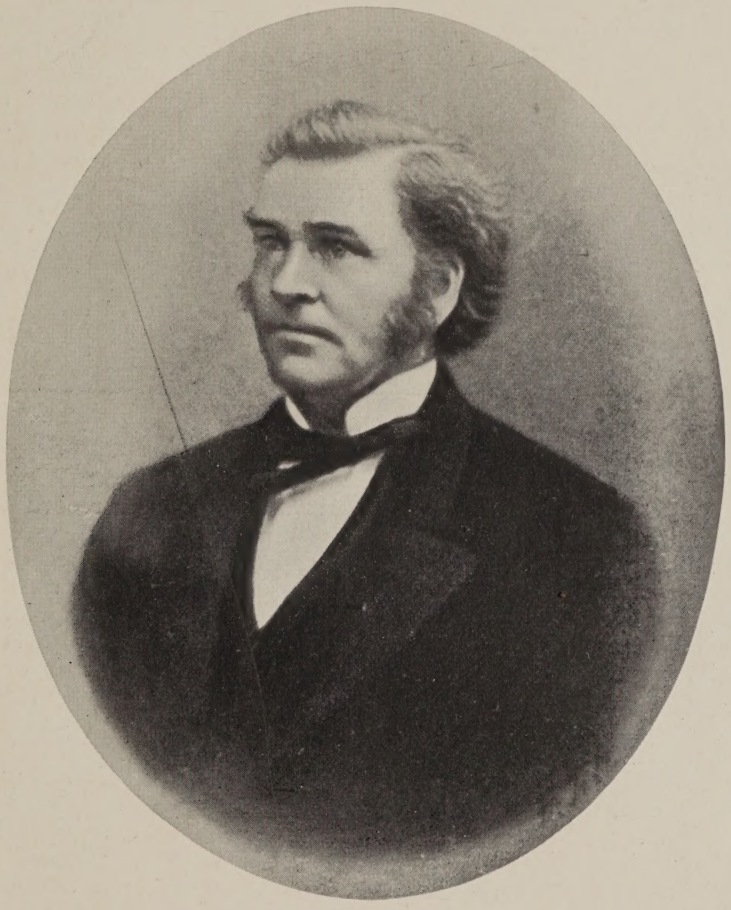
John Lucas.



S. E. Kearney.

pathfinding and pioneering of Irishmen and Catholics. There are names and names of Irishmen coming to California before the American occupancy or discovery of gold.

Joseph O'Farrel, who was most prominent in public life during the last decade of Mexican rule in San Francisco, was a county Wexford man and graduated in Dublin as a civil engineer. He came to California in 1843 and settled on a ranch in Sonoma county. In 1847 Mr. O'Farrel surveyed and drafted the plan of the city of San Francisco. When the work was done there was not money enough in the treasury to pay him the price agreed on, and so many city lots were offered and accepted by him to make up the deficit. Later in life he was elected State Senator from Sonoma county. Some years later he was defeated by but a few votes in his candidacy for lieutenant-governor. He was a member of the State Board of Harbor Commissioners. One of the principal streets of San Francisco is named after him. He left a large estate, and a memory of which his descendants may be justly proud.



MARTIN MURPHY.

James W. Burke came to California from Lima, Peru, in 1830. He was a native of Galway, Ireland, and settled

San Gabriel Mission.

in Santa Barbara. He had been a successful shipmaster; but it was no common tie that held him to inland pursuits—nothing short of marriage to a beautiful *senorita*.

Cork is given by Dr. Quigley as the birthplace of Lieutenant John Coppinger, who came to California in 1835. That he was an Irishman there can be no doubt. He had formerly been in the British navy. During the war with Mexico he was taken prisoner and carried to that country, where he died.

General Stephen Kearney, commanding the army of the West during our Mexican war, was an Irishman. His victories and achievements are, of course, well authenticated facts of the nation's history. Being twice wounded at the battle of San Piscual, but a few miles from here, renders his memory fresher to us. He was the first military governor of California. Kearney street, San Francisco, was named for him.

His successor as military governor was General Bennett Riley, another Irishman. But the record lengthens and must here close. A volume might be filled with the names of perhaps less prominent precursors of the Irish Argonauts and pioneers. Neglected or forgotten, as their names have been, those were the men who opened the paths and paved the way for the later pathfinders and gold hunters. Under the eternal summer sky of Southern California, in the soft, balmy twilight, they dreamed of a future glory of freedom and magnificence for their children and their adopted country. There was here more than enough of the brightest and grandest diversities of nature to inspire and to realize such felicitious dreams. But the steamship and the railway came too soon to admit of any great increase of the strong, fine composite race of which the radiant, blackeyed, Castilian-Mexican maidens were to be the mothers. Let us hope that the more complex blend of the gathered races is better.

A Familiar Scene.

From Oil Painting by William J. Curry, Boston.

PORT OF FLUELEN, BAY OF URI.

THE DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS.

BY JAMES E. WRIGHT.

In a late number of the Forum the United States Commissioner of Education, Mr. Harris, makes this statement:

"As late as 1600 social freedom had not made any great progress. It is true there had been a movement in all northern Europe towards the right of private judgment in matters of religion. This was Protestantism; and it was followed by a revolt against the divine right of kings, especially in England."

The reader who places reliance on that statement of Mr. Harris' will naturally conclude that Protestantism caused a revolt against the divine right of kings — questioned it for the first time — and as a consequence that it served as a potent factor in the development of democratic ideas and institutions. But is the statement a correct one? If it is correct, what about the action of the many popes who deposed kings and even emperors for alleged great offences? Did Pope Gregory VII. question the divine right to rule of the Emperor Henry IV. of Germany? And did his subjects not revolt in consequence? Pontiffs have been denounced by some writers for the course of action they took relative to the rulers deposed, and the purity of their motives has been questioned, but the fact itself is of course admitted.

There is certainly no better authenticated fact of history than this: that the divine right of kings had been questioned by the shepherds of the Church, by act as well as by word, even before the memorable day on which St. Ambrose shut the doors of the Cathedral of Milan in the face of

LUCERNE.

Emperor Theodosius because of the terrible massacre perpetrated by his orders in a city which had revolted. And Catholic theologians have always taught that from God through the people, kings or other sovereign rulers hold their power and exercise their authority.

If Mr. Harris means that private judgment in matters of religion — or Protestantism—incited a revolt against the divine right of kings among the masses who hearkened to its manifold conflicting teachings, it is a statement of only a half truth.

The whole truth appears to be that it started a revolt against the established order in everything — revolution, not reformation. And yet in the countries where it acquired domination, it acquiesced in the establishment of a state church, practically recognizing the head of the state as the head of Protestantism in that state. This it did in England and every other Protestant country. The court of last resort to define questions of faith and morals was no longer the pope but the king, or the king's court. Investing kings with this species of infallibility hardly seems to be of the nature of a revolt against the divine right.

It is true that in England dissenting Protestants who overcame the established church Protestants on the battlefield cut off the head of Charles I. for certain crimes with which they charged him, very much as certain Frenchmen cut the head off Louis XVI. nearly a century and a half later.

But did Protestantism tend to develop democratic ideas and institutions? It may be fairly inferred from Mr. Harris' statement that it did. The foregoing will serve as a preface to a story I have to tell.

I was in Switzerland some years ago and made up my mind to be present at the annual election of the state and cantonal officials of the canton of Uri. This canton is one of the original three that formed the foundation of the Swiss confederation which now numbers twenty-two can-

FLUELEN. CHAPEL OF WILLIAM TELL IN THE DISTANCE.

tons. The voters elect their officers in the open air on the first Sunday of May of every year, in the same place and manner as their ancestors have done from time immemorial. A few others of the ancient cantons, I think two — Appenzel and Unterwalden — still retain this unique custom.

Uri, the territory of which consists chiefly of mountains, lies in the very heart of Switzerland touching the shore of the Lake of the Four Cantons but often called the Lake of Lucerne. Close by are the two original sisters, Unterwalden and Schwyz, and it is alleged that the name Switzerland, is derived from this canton.

Across the lake from the canton of Uri, and almost as old politically, is situated the town of Lucerne, which is built on the shore of the lake; indeed a portion of it is built out on the lake. It has all modern improvements and is much frequented by tourists. From

ON THE ROAD TO ALTORF

Lucerne I secured passage in a steamer over the lake into the deep bay of Uri, to the little, straggling, picturesque village of Fluelen, lying at the foot of precipitous mountain. Here passengers disembark, and, provided the crowd is not too large, carriages can be obtained for Altorf, a few miles distant. The road is, however, an excellent one, in accord with the stern surroundings, and the glorious mountain scenery will richly repay the pedestrian. Near at hand is the chapel of William Tell, where pilgrims from many lands stop to bend knees and bow heads to the Sovereign of all. I know that our modern iconoclasts, the smelters in historic criticism, have completely evaporated William Tell, conclusively demonstrating that he is nothing but a myth. In the evolution of criticism at some future time it will probably be shown that the open air assembly, the ancient Landsgemeinden of Uri, which we are about to witness, is also a myth.

We reach Altorf at an early hour. A pretty little town, but the thought arises how very small it is in view of its extended fame. Like other good people we are impressed only with large things, big syndicates, big millionaires, big cities, big bosses. Altorf, as shown by the last census, had a population of only two thousand five hundred and fifty-three. The mountains, big and solemn, awing the irreverent, close up and encircle the town. The streets are crowded with voters from all over the canton; every male eighteen years of age is entitled to vote, he being deemed competent at that age to defend the commonweal. Bear in mind it is the first Sunday in May. The people of Uri hold to the simple opinion of their ancestors that the exercise of the franchise is a sacred duty and that Sunday — the Lord's Day—is the fit and proper day to elect their Landamman or governor and other state officials, and to ratify or reject such laws as may be proposed. The preparatory duty, in accordance with the ancient usage, is to attend Mass. After divine service is concluded the Landamman or governor, with his aids, forms a procession of the voters in the main street, and heading it, leads the way to the meadow of Bozlingen, a short distance outside the town, where the cantonal assembly has been held for so many centuries back that no man knows when it was first selected; no written record furnishes the information.

In the van of this procession the ancient banner of the canton is carried. A little behind it long poles are borne from which are suspended very old looking horns, which the people believe to be the identical horns which sounded the charge at the fiercely contested battle of Granson in 1476, when the Landamman and the men of Uri helped to roll in the dust the invading chivalry of Charles the Bold of Burgundy. Many of the dignitaries are clothed in antique costumes. The elected head of each commune marshals the voters of his commune. The men march in ranks to vote, as if they were marching to battle, the proper officers in charge of their sections, their Landamman in command of the whole force.

They assemble decorously and with gravity in front of the platform erected in the meadow of Bozlingen. The Landamman and leading officials take seats on the platform. After a little the Landamman rises and makes an explicit and simple report of his official doings during the year just ended, and closes it by asking pardon of any whom he has injured or offended, and then takes his seat once more, a simple citizen, his executive authority having departed from him to the source whence it came, the sovereign people. The Landamman for the ensuing year is then elected by a *viva voce* vote. He steps forward to the front of the platform, and in the presence and hearing of all the assembly takes the ancient prescribed oath

of office on the Bible, and then the election of other officials follows in a similar manner. New laws, or changes in the old, are passed upon, and when these are concluded the members of the cantonal assembly of Uri disperse to their homes for one year, unless called together by the Landamman in case of emergency.

And that is the ancient Landsgemeinden. It is still retained in Unterwalden and Appenzel. It was abolished in Schwyz in 1848, but the principle is potentially retained, not only in Schwyz, but in all the other cantons and in the Swiss confederation itself, through the operation of the popular Initiative and Referendum, of which I will speak further on. The Landsgemeinden in Schwyz consisted of all the males over sixteen years of age.

The annual assembly took place on the last Sunday of April, but the assembly could be specially convened by the Landamman at other times should occasion require. He opened the session by reciting in a loud voice (the assembly repeating after him) the Our Father five times, the Hail Mary five times, and the Apostles' Creed five times. This was the ancient form of opening the assembly.

The first written constitution of the seed cantons of Switzerland is carefully preserved in the old tower of the town of Schwyz, capital of the canton. It was drawn up seventy-six years later than Magna Charta. The latter, about which English speaking people boast so loudly, and doubtless with some reason, is after all only a declaration of the rights of the nobles, which it was claimed the king had violated. It was simply the result of a long contest between the two powers and has no direct reference to the masses, while the former, the Swiss instrument, is a solmen declaration of the rights of the common people, drawn up by their deputies and endorsed by the Landsgemeinden of the original cantons and bearing the attestation of their seals. By it they bound themselves together by an oath to support one another according to the terms of the compact, to sacrifice everything to maintain their ancient rights, and to render assistance to each other against all who would do violence or injury to their persons or goods. This unique and important instrument is not as extensively known among English speaking people as it deserves. Very few have even heard of it. The following is a fairly corrected translation:

In the name of God—Amen.

Honor and the public weal are promoted when leagues are concluded for the proper establishment of quiet and peace.

1.—Therefore, know all men, that the people of the valley of Uri, the democracy of the valley of Schwyz and the community of the mountaineers of the Lower Valley (Unterwalden) seeing the malice of the age, in order that they may better defend themselves and their own, and better preserve them in proper condition, have promised in good faith to assist each other with aid, with every counsel and every favor, with person and goods, within the valleys and without, with might and main against one and all, who may inflict upon any one of them any violence, molestation or injury, or may plot any evil against their persons or goods.

2.—And in every case such community has promised to succor the other when necessary, at its own expense, as far as needed in order to withstand the attacks of evil-doers, and to avenge injuries; to this end they have sworn a bodily oath to keep this without guile, and to renew by these presents the ancient form of the league confirmed by an oath.

3.—Yet in such a manner that every man according to his rank, shall obey and serve his over-lord as it behooves him.

4.—We have also promised, decreed and ordered in common council and by unanimous consent, that we will accept or receive no judge in the aforesaid valleys, who shall have obtained his office for any price, or for money in any way whatever, or one who shall not be a native or a resident with us.

5.—But if dissension shall arise between any of the confederates the most prudent amongst the confederates shall come forth to settle the difficulty between the parties,

as shall seem right to them; and whichever party rejects their verdict shall be an adversary to the confederates.

6.—Furthermore as has been established between them that he who deliberately kills another without provocation, shall, if caught, lose his life, as his wicked guilt requires, unless he be able to prove his innocence of said crime; and if perchance he escape let him never return. Concealers and defenders of said criminal shall be banished from the valleys until they be expressly recalled by the confederates.

7.—But if any one of the confederates, by day, or in the silence of the night, shall maliciously injure another by fire, he shall never be considered a compatriot.

8.—If any man protect and defend the said criminal, he shall render satisfaction to the injured person.

9.—Furthermore, if any one of the confederates shall spoil another of his goods, or injure him in any way, the goods of the guilty one, if recovered within the valleys, shall be seized in order to pay damages to the injured person according to justice.

10.—Furthermore, no man shall seize another's goods or debt, unless he be evidently his debtor or surety, and this shall only be done with the special permission of his judges. Moreover, every man shall obey his judge, and if necessary, must himself indicate the judge in the valleys before whom he ought properly to appear.

11.—And if any one rebels against a verdict, and, in consequence of his obstinacy, any one of the confederates is injured all the confederates are bound to compel the contumacious person to give satisfaction.

12.—But if war or discord arise amongst any of the confederates and one party of the disputants refuse to accept justice or satisfaction, the confederates are bound to defend the other party.

13.—The above written statutes, decreed for the commonweal and health, shall endure forever, God willing. In testimony of which at the request of the aforesaid parties, the present instrument has been drawn up and confirmed with the seals of the aforesaid three communities and valleys.

Done Anno Domini MCLXXXXI. primo (1291) in the beginning of the month of August.

The compact has upon it the seals of Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden. It is worthy of note that the words in the second section—"to renew by these presents the ancient form of the league confirmed by an oath," indicate that a previous agreement existed between the parties, but of this no record is extant.

Forty-one years after its adoption, the community of Lucerne, and still later, Glarus, Zug, Appenzell and others formally joined the league. As dangers thickened and menaced they drew closer together. Meanwhile many important conventions were held by their deputies, whose powers were limited to an agreement upon measures which it was necessary to submit to the Landsgemeinden of the respective communities for endorsement before they could go into force. This reference of laws to the people was the referendum—fully expressed by the ancient Audiendum et Referendum.

Having reference to the preface to this story I may observe that Catholics drew up that Constitution of 1291; Catholic democracies endorsed, fought and bled for it. By so doing did they question the divine right of kings? As far as we know they did not by cutting off any king's head, but it is quite probable they would not have hesitated to do even that had they caught one with hostile purpose among their mountains. This we do know: The Emperor of Germany, according to the feudal system which then prevailed throughout Europe, was their suzerain or paramount lord.

He was their liege lord as long as he respected their rights. When his bailiffs violated their rights, they executed some bailiffs and banished others. In consequence of these acts he sent an army to coerce them into submission; but the banners of Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden blocked the way at Morgarten (1315) where the naked-breasted mountaineers utterly routed his mail-clad knights and men-at-arms. And nearly three-fourths of a century later (1386) when he tried again with a picked body of men commanded by Duke Leopold of Austria, the Swiss confederates crossed his path at Sempach and in a long-fought and terrible struggle almost totally destroyed his forces, Duke Leopold be-

ing among the slain. In the next century, when Charles the Bold of Burgundy in person attacked one of their number, Berne, they fell upon him like one of their avalanches on the shore of the Lake of Neufchatel, and crushed his armies, one at Grandson, and the other at Morat (1476). Still later they resisted the suzerain again, Maximilian I. of Germany, and finally and successfully in 1499 renounced all allegiance to him.

It fairly seems from these doings and others of like nature that the Swiss Catholics made a very practical arraignment of the divine right of kingly rule whenever it became repugnant to the will of the people. The Catholic who can stand on the massive brow of the Rigi on a sunshiny day, looking towards the Lake of the Four Cantons, and not feel a thrill of pride at the deeds done by his ancestors of the faith in defence of democratic institutions among the mountains around must have little sentiment in his nature. Under the feet of the onlooker, in front, down to the shore of the lake is the rugged, sterile territory of Schwyz; on his left hand the mountains of Uri, closing up firmly against Schwyz; on the right stands Zug; across the lake, Lucerne and Unterwalden,—the four guardian sisters of the historic lake. He looks upon the cradle where liberty, in Switzerland, has been nurtured and perpetuated to the present hour.

In this connection it may be fitly observed that the seed cantons of the Swiss confederation are to-day substantially as Catholic as they were when the constitution of 1291 was adopted. The numerous wayside shrines, carefully tended by the people, along the roads and mountain paths, bear ample testimony to that fact. Additional evidence is furnished by the last census, taken in 1888. Here it is:—

Uri, Catholic population, 16,892; non-Catholic, 378. Schwyz, Catholic population, 49,289; non-Catholic, 1,097. Unterwalden, Catholic, 27,000; non-Catholic, 457.

The principle of pure democratic government exemplified by the ancient Landsgemeinden has been adopted in the organic law of all the cantons, with, I think, but one exception, and it has also become a part of the national constitution. Before pointing out the manner in which this has been accomplished a few observations may be in order. It will be readily admitted that while the voters of small communities like Uri may be brought together without great inconvenience it would be practically impossible to do so with the voters in populous places like Berne or Geneva.

The New England town meeting, which is a local Landsgemeinden, works admirably while the population is small; but when it increases to twenty, forty or fifty thousand the system becomes unworkable and recourse is had to a mayor and city council, a change from pure democratic to representative or republican government. The American people entrust their power without recall to delegates or representatives during the term of office for which they are elected. This they do in city, state and nation, save in the New England towns.

The Swiss democracy, jealous of their rights, do not surrender their sovereign power to anybody, be he councilman, mayor, representative, senator, governor, or president. They themselves retain that power dominant, supreme, ready to be put into motion without delay whenever it is deemed necessary.

How is this done? It will be borne in mind that in three cantons the people make their laws directly in open assembly like the New England town meeting. In the remaining nineteen cantons, with one exception, written constitutions provide that a law enacted by the cantonal legislatures shall

not go into effect for a certain time after its passage, generally sixty days, during which period it is subject to the referendum. This means that a certain number fixed by law, usually about five per cent. of voters of the canton, by signing a requisition can order that any measure passed by the legislature be submitted to the popular vote for acceptance or rejection. The officials must comply with such an order, and they appoint an early day on which the vote shall be taken. Then if a popular majority votes "yes," the measure passed by the legislature becomes law; if the majority votes "no," it falls dead. The sovereignty of the people has been put in motion and executed. All measures passed by the legislature upon which the referendum has not been ordered go into effect as law at the expiration of the time during which they were subject to the popular mandates and votes. The referendum is seldom or never moved except on matters of great moment.

The Swiss also reserve the right to move directly the passage of any law they may desire, and they have embodied the principle in their constitutions. It is termed the popular initiative. A certain number of voters in a canton (the number is fixed by law), can ask the legislature to draw up any measure to be submitted to a vote of the people. The proper officials must prepare the law asked for—they cannot refuse—and then it must be referred to the great tribunal of the people for final decision. The initiative is a creative power, the referendum a power to check.

The present national constitution of Switzerland, adopted in 1848, in its amendments contains similar provisions for the exercise of the referendum and provides as follows: "Federal laws as well as federal resolutions which are binding upon all, and which are not of such a nature that they must be dispatched immediately, shall be laid before the people for acceptance or rejection when this is demanded by 30,000 Swiss voters or by eight cantons."

For the exercise of the initiative the national constitution provides that "when 50,000 voters demand the enactment, abolition, or alteration of any law" it shall be submitted to the popular vote on a day set for that purpose. The only measures to which the referendum and initiative do not apply are a few urgent things, such as invasion, the public peace, public health, etc. The population of the country is three millions; its voters number about six hundred thousand.

Thus has been accomplished in Switzerland the preservation of the fundamental democratic principle, the direct sovereignty of the people. While the representative or republican system has been added to it for the sake of convenience, it is only secondary, a thing tolerated, its doings liable to be overruled at any moment by the will of the democracy.

Many instances will readily occur to the reader in which the application of the referendum in the United States in city, state and national questions, would be exceedingly efficacious, especially of late years. On legislation affecting the most vital interests of the masses we seem to be hurrying down a very broad and straight road to—somewhere. We elect representatives to make good laws, but who controls them?

The Swiss control theirs. The simple, rugged mountaineers, who repeated the Hail Mary after the Lord's Prayer and still do so, have preserved, developed and perpetuated democratic institutions. The influence of the seed cantons has permeated the sister cantons. And that influence was exerted long before the year 1600, when Mr. Harris intimates that the divine right of kings was first severely questioned.

WESTCHESTER.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

By Henry Austin Adams, M. A.

CHAPTER X.

It naturally followeth that, to the perfect ordering and sequence of this narration, I must needs discourse of many passages the which I was not made aware of till some time after.

It is his privilege who tells a tale to speak as though he were not holden of the laws of time and space, but might be any, or everywhere, at once when that the exigencies of his plot require him.

Accordingly, though I myself came not (save after many months and by much labor) to a full comprehension of many of the details to be found following, I shall proceed with this sad history in the same order as that in which its several passages befell.

Not many mornings after the mockery of justice recorded in the preceding chapter, there was a most unwonted coming and going about the close vicinity of Weston Hurst.

That noble mansion lay some few miles to the westward of the Grange, upon the uplands commanding charming vistas of the Hudson valley, and (of a clear day) more distant glimpses of the broad waters of the Long Island Sound.

The family inhabiting this splendid monument of our old aristocracy was of pure English stock, and therefore, in my eyes free from those qualities which made the Dutchmen ever an uncongenial and heavy race.

Blessed with abundant fortune, this ancient house of Weston was at the period of which I speak, reduced in numbers to but two members, mother and son, to wit.

The widow of my life-long friend, Colonel Sir Mordaunt Weston, had, since the death in India of that most gallant officer, become an inmate of her sister's family at Weston Hurst.

Here these two ladies lived during their widowed years in great retirement, caring devotedly for Master Victor Weston, the sole fruit of a union as brief as it had been absorbing.

But to a lad of mettle and high, passionate humors this guardianship was of the worst kind possible, and by his fifteenth year, the petulant young gentleman had got the bit firmly between his teeth, and thenceforth was it to be dislodged neither by threats nor coaxing. Not long thereafter, learning that I was taking my family abroad, I was so piteously importuned by these good ladies to take the young impossibility into my keeping, that Master Victor did in truth become a member of my household during a portion of our residence abroad.

For the more full discharge of what I felt was a most serious responsibility, I placed the lad—now grown a handsome and dashing youth—in the safe keeping of one of those great schools which the good Fathers of the Society of Jesus have everywhere established. Howbeit, he made us constant visits, and I was kept advised with most punctilious particularity of his concerns and progress by the Fathers.

At his majority he did return to his American responsibilities and station, and on our own return, a twelvemonth after, it did not a little comfort me to have his mother and his aunt pour forth their tearful thanks for that their boy was made a noble and sound-principled young man — and *not* turned Papist which they had greatly feared!

Upon the morning to which our history hath brought us, the usual quiet of that old mansion was interrupted by the arrival of many gentlemen on horseback, whose happening at such an hour to meet at such a place could not have been by chance.

Indeed, any not so entirely blinded as the good ladies could have most plainly seen both in the nervous manner and the unwonted silence of the young head of the house, that business of grave import was in hand.

But so implicit is the faith of women, that I have ever felt that infidelity toward *them* gaineth the major portion of its guilt, rather from the sheer pity that such unquestioning trust should be imposed upon, than from its own dishonor.

"I am expecting that Dr. Seabury shall call this morning," says Mr. Weston to the two doting ladies that day at breakfast.

"And it is not more than a week since he last called. This intimacy with clergymen is not more new than gratifying, Victor, my dear," answers his mother.

"I trust that Dr. Seabury is in no trouble. I have heard say that the good gentleman with his increasing family and these bad times is much put to it to make ends meet," says Aunt Weston.

"His school is flourishing—besides that some of us have indirectly ministered to his more pressing needs. His business with myself is much more privy. I do not care to speak of it," humbly says Victor.

At this, his mother gave him so fond a glance of approbation and of sympathy, that I have studied that young gentleman to no avail if at that moment he was not sick at heart.

The talk then fell upon the latest news—how bold the Congress was become; how threatening the outlook seemed to peace; how violent was grown the feeling against the Tories; and what a stir the letters signed by "A. W. Farmer" (who *could* the writer be?) was making.

"I have invited Mr. John Jay to bring his beautiful young bride to dinner, Victor, and other company—among them a promising young man from the King's College, whom Mrs. Livingstone hath much commended to me. His name is Hamilton."

"I have heard of him," gruffly enough says Victor; "his name is Alexander Hamilton. And I shall be honored by the acquaintance of that imprudent gentleman."

Here fell a silence of some moments. Then as by one of those strange inspirations which women have, Aunt Weston, turning to Victor, asked: "Upon the breaking out of open war, shall you enlist?"

Why should she ask that question suddenly—and on *that* morning?

Mr. Weston, taken thus entirely off his guard, blushed, but immediately with great good nature, cries: "Why, Aunt, of course I shall."

"There!" says that dear, believing soul; "did I not know it? I did tell Mr. Washington as much. You will remember, Emma, that on his questioning you upon the gentry of this neighborhood, I said to him that there was *one* he would be sure to hear from when the time was come. Victor, thy Uncle forty years since foresaw this conflict, and he enlisted in his heart. Ye shall fulfil his promise." Thus saying, the foolish body kissed her brave nephew upon his brow, and hurried from the room, hearing him say, however: "Yes, at the right time, Aunt, they shall hear from me."

At that moment was Dr. Samuel Seabury, rector of Westchester, announced.

Of one now so well-known it needs not that I say much. After the setting up of the new government he found it possible to make his peace with them, and by his singular good and brave services to the denomination which he affected, he hath won everlasting

honor as a consistent Christian and learned and kindly man. And so may Heaven give rest unto his soul.

I trust it shall not now be thought a breach of charity, if I give faithfully some less known passages of such a good man's "treasonable practices," as they were then conceived.

"It were best, sir," saith Dr. Seabury upon being welcomed by the young master of Weston Hurst, "that they be warned at the lodge to suffer none to enter at the gates but them that we expect."

"I have already so provided, sir, against intrusion."

"Hath Mr. Rivington arrived?"

"Truly; but in the mean disguise of a poor pedlar, who out of charity hath been permitted to lodge among our servants."

The Rector of Westchester laughed and fell into long musing before remarking: "Mr. Nathaniel Broadbent, sir—do you not expect him?"

"I dared not ask him, sir," says Victor, with much confusion.

"Eh?" Hath he begun to yield to the seductive 'New America' so soon on landing?"

"Yes—and yet, nay, nay! I pray you, reverend sir, spare me the pain of any argument concerning him who is the father of Miss Broadbent."

"I had forgotten your relation to that young lady. Surely you have not suffered your natural attachment for her to lead you into the indiscreet confiding of politics to her?"

"Sir!" cried Victor Weston, with great air, "if I be worthy of your trust at all, I must resent this seeming scrutiny of my near honor. Miss Broadbent, furthermore, might be intrusted with your confidence and yet not be much honored thereby.

"Take not offence, good friend. My confidence in thy discretion is not less great than in thine honor."

Here came three parsons more of the Episcopalian Church, and not long after, some four or five lay gentlemen of much importance.

No sooner were they come into the library, than the doors were tight closed, and much precaution taken to ensure secrecy.

Of what ensued I have no means of knowing, other than that the evidence forthcoming upon the examination of Mr. Weston's papers, showed that all those present engaged upon their oath to every way advance the cause of loyalty to the King's Majesty.

The Reverend Samuel Seabury was much encouraged to prosecute the writing of the now famous letters signed by "A. W. Farmer," which signified a Westchester Farmer, and Mr. Rivington engaged to publish them, and to devote the columns of his newspaper to the bold furthering of the cause, at any hazard.

Thus came the meeting of the conspirators to its due close. While it was holding in the great library below, Aunt Weston, writing above stairs to Mrs. Livingstone at Liberty Hall in New Jersey, dwelt lovingly and proudly upon the patriotic utterances that morning made by "my dear nephew, Mr. Victor Weston, than whom, tell Mr. Washington from me, his country shall not find a braver son when that hour cometh which not the most unwilling can now believe far distant."

Women be ever thus in some upper region of blissful faith in us, who are below, secretly doing God knoweth what.

CHAPTER XI.

Toward dusk upon a certain Sunday evening, at that time of the year when that romantic period of the day falls early, one taking that steep path which leadeth to the left from the King's highway, hard by the gates at Waverly, would have beheld a tall young girl wrapt against the damp, chill air,, pass very swiftly from the more open safety of the road into the shadowy seclusion of the pathway.

Her carriage much more than her

garb (which was indeed designedly the poorest), proclaimed her gentle, and the increasing nervousness which she betrayed with the increasing darkness, plainly declared her one less used to solitary walking abroad, toward nightfall, than one whose station had more nearly been that which her dress betokened.

Apparently intent upon arriving at such a destination as she might have without the loss of time, she pressed along the steep and stony path with all the haste she could; until, after innumerable windings, the footway gave upon a lane something more open to the fading light. As if relieved, the girl relaxed her efforts, and had she been observed by any occupant of the small cottage, which presently she passed, nothing of agitation or of undue haste would have provoked the notice which she apparently desired to escape.

The lane through which her way now lay was that which until recently ran at the back of our most southern woods, and so, past Major Vanderveer's cypress and fir plantations, through to the Pelham road.

Somewhere toward midway of this quite unfrequented lane was there a rude gate let through the high stone fence which was the northern boundary of the great Abbey place.

The place had in its day been quite the finest in that immediate neighborhood, having been builded out of blue stone, after the pattern of an old English Abbey, whence it derived its too pretentious name.

Surrounded by its richly cultivated park, its "ivy mantled tower," battlements, wings and buttresses, it did indeed form a most entrancing picture.

Alas! that human happiness is not ensured by any outward settings! The family of the original proprietors had come by many accidents and crimes to their untimely graves, and thus what was the ideal fabric of a home became the haunted monument of blasted hopes and dreams.

It had at length been purchased by one Seth Warner, a Puritan schoolmaster and worthy soul; but so much were his pupils wrought upon by the weird legends told them of the place, that they were ready to take oath they did not only hear mysterious sounds, but actually did see with their own eyes the grewsome spectres said to frequent the place. Thus ruin fell upon the pious man, for that no parent would be got to bring his child into so perilous a place, and it befell that the romantic building was long since suffered to remain quite vacant.

Time hath enhanced the something forced attempt of the old builders, and verily, from the surrounding hills, or coming upon the spot by moonlight, one had most certainly declared that the illusion was both most beautiful and most complete. It looked a ruined Abbey.

To the rude gateway upon the northern side of this neglected park, came on the night in question, the tall young girl whom we have followed on her lonely walk.

Without a little difficulty she contrived to open the ruinous gate, and presently found herself treading the scarce distinguishable woodland path which penetrated the very heart of the most unfrequented and secluded recesses of the demesne.

There was about her carriage and her manner the unmistakable sign of overpowering emotion. Fear and a sense of being engaged upon an expedition not more untried than perilous, did clearly struggle with some exalted purpose born, there could be no doubt, of love or duty. Nor was her shrinking from an exploit so hazardous any more natural than the quite contrary effect of some most lofty motive which impelled her. Such, it hath ever been most true of women, is this tremendous conflict of convictions in us.

Darkness was now almost entirely fallen, when, after a walk of not less

than a mile, the maiden found herself upon the borders of the open lawns which in their better days furnished the velvet setting to the Abbey house. The mansion rose black and mysterious now against what failing light remained in the low western sky, and, for a moment, the sense of terror, and recoil, quite overpowered the lady, who was as if held by invisible, strong hands still in the cover of the woods. But the opposing influence, whatever it might be, was presently again in the ascendant, for that she suddenly broke through the thicket fringe, and stood uncertain of her course well in the open.

Below her to the left, nestling along the hollows of the rolling sward, she could descry at length, the dark, smooth, glassy surface of a small bit of ornamental water, and at its furthest edge, reached by a rustic bridge, the black outlines of what was once a picturesque stone summer house, or grotto. Quivering again under the stress of the antagonistic influences which swayed her, the tall young woman made finally in the direction of this dilapidated grotto. Uncertainty was now undone: Love (or that other passion, whatever it might be,) was become victor. A moment's walk brought her upon the bridge, which, rotten this generation since, trembled beneath even her swift, light feet.

In another instant she found herself before the door of the cavernous building.

She tried to speak, but nature hath her means of striving to the last—the woman could not, though the lover would. At that it seemed that what faint light remained, faded, and night was come upon her with its power to enhance the terrors and the sinkings of the lonely heart. Finding no voice whereby to herald her approach to those within, if any might at such uncanny hour be lodged in so uncomfortable an abode, the girl made bold to push the low and heavy oaken door, which to her not pleased surprise, yielded too readily, and she beheld herself (alone and tortured by vague dread) standing within. She hath oft told me that of that quarter of an hour she hath no recollection, save of the distant striking of the hour, which must have been the clock in Pelham Church, which, were the wind northeast, might have been heard so far. She saith that she, as from a trance, was roused by the faint tolling of the bell. Six! She counted them.

The hour so fearfully awaited was now come. And she was here at the appointed place. Reason and fear had been as threads of impotence tangled about her feet, but with no power to thwart or to restrain her. The risk has been more terrible than words might tell; the consequences weighed and given their full force.

The hour was come. Six tolls across the country side wrapt now in gloom.

And she was there!

It might have been twenty or twenty-five more minutes, so she hath since declared, ere he, or they, with whom the rendezvous was planned, arrived—minutes when any resolution not fanned by love, methinks, would have succumbed to the chill terrors of so unique and horrible a situation.

Then came the voice, that which, albeit that it pronounced her name, sounded unearthly; buried and distant albeit at her side.

Again she would have cried out answering, but that once more her heart did rise full to her throat, choking all utterance.

Once more her name, spoken by the familiar voice, still as if coming from the earth.

This was too terrible, and, with a bound, the girl sought for the speaker in the night, without, but not an one was there. A frog, frightened by her so unexpected coming upon the bridge, splashed with a dismal croak into the dead, cold pond; and then

again the silence and the void. Quickened by the night air, the girl returned into the ruinous grotto, and by an effort, the which she had never been able to explain, found strength and self-control sufficient to cry out that it was she.

"It is I, here, in the discharge of my engagements to thee. If it be thou, indeed, for God's sake, let me see thee, touch thee!"

Such were her words, so nearly as she could relate them after. She then was made aware that somebody was nearing her by the unmistakable sound, as of a man's footfall upon stone steps — yet strangely and unearthly muffled and indistinct, and having that peculiarity withal, of distance with proximity. Presently appeared a streak of light, four-square, framing what might have been a door; though it was stone, and the next instant did this stone swing as on a pivot, and she beheld a man holding a lanthorn high above his head, standing and peering for her through the dark, while back of him, even in that brief second, she doth remember that she did see a flight of stone steps, slimy, wet and low, which led back into impenetrable darkness, as of the grave.

No need now of enduring the insupportable and killing strain. So with a cry of joy and relief, she sprang into the strong security of the young man's embrace, and swooned, or doth not anyhow remember aught that transpired until she found herself in a quite different situation, which doth require a chapter to itself for its relation.

CHAPTER XII.

The crowding incidents and grave responsibilities attendant on my first coming home after a period so protracted, did mercifully deliver me from those depths of melancholy, where I had certainly sunk but for these distractions.

Unceasing demands upon my thought and time, together with the daily increasing solicitude called forth by the political upheaval in the country, did much prevent my dwelling on that event, which had deprived me of my life's companion and darkened all my being. Night doth, however, reckon with the day. She faileth not to cast up the arrears of conscience, doubt, defaults, or suffering's due meed. Therefore, there was not lacking (spite of my much diversion) at least one hour—sitting in solitude before my lonely hearth, after that my dear daughter was retired and the whole house silent—when I did full measure the meaning of my grief.

I had not been a subject to morbid and sickly humors, and much discouraged that in others of which I now began to feel myself the victim; accordingly, during the busier (and therefore healthier) morning hours, I did, so much as it was possible, provide against the nightly visitation of "pale faced melancholy." Thus scarce a night but found myself surrounded by choice spirits, whose wit and animation might best dispel those gloomy vapors natural to one in my bereaved and most unhappy situation.

First among those, and prince of all good fellows that ever lived, was there Mackenzie.—Magnus Mackenzie, poet, as he would ever laughingly subscribe himself. And there was Caleb Wilberforce, full of his classical quotations and charming pedantries, your very mirror of that elegant old scholarship now grown so rare, and a right formidable master of repartee withal. And there was Parson Mowberly, rector of Pelham Church, as sound an old fox-hunting Christian gentleman as one might find out of his Addison—keeping, moreover, the law of charity with my own inmate old Father Newton papist, celibate and monk though the good father was. Nor must I fail to mention Peacock and Elliott, Vanderveer and March, and Wharton of the

"Locusts," besides whom I know not how many of the youngers (Jay and the Morrises and such), whose something too exuberant and novel temper served not a little to amuse the company.

Save on those cosy evenings when with the first two named, I did enjoy an unmolested gentlemanly rubber, our evenings savored, I confess, of the existing warlike spirit of the times. Yet, as became us, tried and honored neighbors, each did express his sentiments and politics with careless freedom; and though great heats were reached, and it can never be denied some of the younger men did use high language, still never parting came but with right cordial feeling on all sides.

But the condition of the country grew each day worse. None of us all but felt that each new day brought us the nearer to that destined hour when differences of views must be maintained by force of arms; and I have twice beheld my little coterie break up in silence and with pain, the talk on those occasions having been such as to compel us all to realize the near approach of that sad day when every man must be a friend or foe.

In our immediate neighborhood, since my arrest and the awakened sense of outrage which it had occasioned, we had been spared all outward violent disorders, but it was known the agents of the more virulent adherents of both King and Congress were actively engaged in canvassing the views and sentiments of every gentleman then resident in Westchester.

I was made privy to an incessant espionage upon my person, acts and speech, as were my neighbors, and (though it grieveth me unspeakably to think it) there was no longer room for us to question but *some* in our vicinity were secretly and zealously anticipating open war, by carrying on a skilfully contrived system of communicating with the Provincial Congress (now finally revolutionary), no less than with the royal Governor,—the very thoughts of those conservative old-fashioned gentry, who, with whatever leanings, were first of all for peace and for the orderly solution of the existing troubles.

Of this so numerous body of quiet, lawful people, my much talked of arrest caused that I was held to be one of the most important, and it did naturally follow that I was no less openly encouraged to avow my principles, than secretly (I know not how much so) spied upon by emissaries of both parties.

Nor could these growing evils but have effect on the otherwise good fellowship of life-long neighbors.

Foreseeing the too early end of all our quiet ways, I had determined upon gathering a score or so right worthy gentlemen at Waverly, where, after a Sunday spent in the delightful interchange of that esteem in which each one bore all, we might bid one another heartfelt godspeed, and strive no more to hide the widening breach.

Mackenzie thought the case unparalleled in history, and penned a sonnet, than which I never read a finer anywhere. "The sentiment," quoth he, "is what is fine. Here be two score true gentlemen as ever walked, about to fall upon each other over this cursed politics, and, as did Amadis de Gaul ere he did meet Sir Sanpeur in the lists, ye shall sit down to meat and drink and song and right good comrady. I call that fine! Broadbent I know not of its parallel, do ye?"

"Nay—not unless the peace perennially observed between the parson and my priest here may pass for one."

"Or," put in Caleb Wilberforce, "that so famous case of Macrocomius and Microcomius, whereof one may read in the learned and pleasant treatise of Fleming, Foghornius, entitled *"De Occultorum Illuminatione,"* the which ye both do well remember, I make no doubt."

But my proposal, albeit that such learning and such song were found to second it, was destined not to carry.

Somewhat unsure of how the most avowed of the young revolutionists would look upon my amiable plan, I rode in company with Parson Mowberly and Dr. Seabury, to Bedford House, to the intent that I might counsel there with Mr. Jay, than whom none was more known to be against the King, nor none more held to be a man of probity and weight.

We were received by the accomplished and lovely wife of that young gentleman, then but a blushing bride, and, notwithstanding that in all points our welcome and our entertainment did well maintain the character that elegant and ancient family enjoyed, the lady ill concealed embarrassment while in our presence; and from a small adjoining room I fancied that I heard that which had caused this. A number of men were closeted with Mr. Jay, as we were made aware by their deep, earnest voices. Presently there came back our graceful hostess with compliments from Mr. Jay, and his profound regret that business of supremest moment would deprive him of the honor and pleasure of receiving us in person.

Conveying to him the purport of my errand by means of a hastily inscribed note, we partook of the light but elegant refreshment which the mistress of Bedford House herself provided for us, and so, to that most charming lady's manifestly great relief, we took our leave. Next morning came the following note from Mr. Jay:

"To Nathaniel Broadbent of Waverly Grange, Esquire.

"Sir—The feelings of love and veneration which I have ever cherished for your person and character, make doubly painful the duty now incumbent upon me, to advise you, sir, that the friends of Liberty and of this afflicted country feel now compelled to take measures for the discovering and suppressing all acts or utterances prejudicial to those interests they hold dear.

"A Committee of Safety has been created, whereof I have the honor to be a member, and whose office it shall be to determine the loyalty of all persons residents of this county, as well as to forcibly (if need be) prevent all meetings, publications, conspiracies, or collecting of arms, together with all communicating of topographical or other information useful to an armed enemy.

"Knowing you, dear sir, to be well affected toward our cause, I hereby call upon you to cease to have any the least intercourse with ill-disposed parties, however personally worthy they may be, or dear to you. I beg leave also to tell you that this present measure is not one of a piece with abortive and unauthorized efforts previously made; and that, consequently, disregard of our suggestions now must be construed as treasonable conduct May I advise that even in the hospitalities of the Grange due weight be attached to the hints herein proffered?

"There be, as we are well informed, secret conspiracies of men, collecting of arms and ammunition, and a perpetual correspondence with the British authorities.

"If you are privy to any such, ye are in consequence bound to divulge the same.

"Assuring you, sir, of my unceasing personal regard,

"I am, sir,

"Your humble servant,

"JOHN JAY."

I tossed the note to Caleb, who read it, and, as was a particular way with him, he drew a long breath, the which he then exhaled slowly and with an hissing sound.

"Finis," then saith he.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Sunday whereon I was to furnish a modern instance of the antique example of right good Christian friendship among foes out of Foghornius' treatise, *De Occultorum Illuminatione*, found at our midday refection only my daughter Madeleine, Mackenzie and myself.

So anxious and distracted had I been made by the incessant meetings and outbreaks and war-like news, that during the two months which intervened between this and the night of my grotesque arrest, I scarce had spent an hour in private with my daughter.

There seemed to me in those few moments daily when I was in her company with no one by, to be something constrained and overwrought in my dear child's appearance.

This had much troubled me in any less anxious times, but so immediately was I immersed in ever new and terrifying business, that I confess I suffered the poor child too much to counsel her own heart, and did not, as I might, draw forth of her those tender and relaxing confidences wherewith she had unfailingly approached her mother, and latterly (if in a smaller measure) me.

The absence of our confessor during that period, moreover, should have enhanced my feeling of anxiety. I do remember twice having enquired of Madeleine (coming upon her suddenly, cast down and idle), whether she did feel ill, or that some burden rested unusually heavy upon her mind? But with so fair an imitation of her old sweet spirit, that I was more than ready to be assured thereby, she saith: "Nay, dearest father, add not a care for me to your already overweighted mind. I do right well, I thank you. Not but that at times I still do feel the natural effects of that alarm. But I shall mend, no fear; and presently be able with yourself to laugh at that fiasco."

Mackenzie, also, watched his favorite with grave concern.

That day at luncheon we made a sorry effort to make good by exuberance of spirits for the disheartening absence of the large company we did expect to welcome; but soon fell we into a quiet strain, which is the charming privilege among familiars.

"Hath news been had of what transpired yesterday at the intended meeting?" asks my daughter, with no very successful attempt to appear indifferent.

Mackenzie looked at her, and then signalled to me that I must couch my answers to her questions cautiously.

"What meeting mean you?"

"The meeting of the clergy of the county."

"Oh! Mr. Mowberly in passing stopped at the door last night."

"And what had he to say?"

"That they decided to defy the impudent commands of the committee, and—"

"Pray for the King?"

"Aye, and second their petitions with measures more to the point than prayers."

"I am profoundly sorry."

At this Mackenzie, who had been listening after his manner, with a gleam in his eye, saith, "Fie! little rebel! You know in your heart you are hot for the King."

"Alas! sir, in my heart I am for quiet only." Then, turning to me, she says: "Shall you deem it your duty, sir, to espouse the cause?"

"Whose?" I ask merrily enough.

"Well, whose?"

"I am an old man now. I shall abide content whatever befalls. Yet there is something doth much trouble me, I do confess."

"And me—oh! much, much, much!" cries out Miss Broadbent. Regretting instantly this weakness, the unhappy lady strove to distract our notice from her pain and blushes. I thought it prudent to pursue the topic

rather than by abruptly leaving it, increase my daughter's embarrassment.

Mackenzie urged this also. "My conscience," I went on, "is not at one on the nice point of having to divulge such matters as may, from being in the neighborhood, be formed upon our notice."

"Father!" cries out Miss Broadbent again, "ye will not certainly betray the confidence bestowed upon you by these most worthy, if mistaken, gentlemen, your neighbors."

"No, Madeleine, no. Heaven forbid! Nor do the most uncompromising of the Americans attach a retroactive force to their injunctions. But of the future, child, the future? Have we the right, even as neutrals, to daily become privy to secrets so momentous, and not incur a negative, though to sing for me," says good Mackenzie, most efficient enmity to one or the other side, an we do not divulge them?"

"Alas! I know not," sighs Madeleine," relapsing into the absent mood growing upon her latterly.

"I have a song which I desire you leading her toward the door glad to be led and smiling cheerfully again.

But at the door she stops and saith to me: "Were you to find out, sir, that I was privy to such a deep conspiracy as hath not been so much as dreamed of for its duplicity, would you betray me?"

I looked at her, parental instinct, or something in her voice, causing me to feel a new heart-sinking. "When Madeleine Broadbent is found a traitor, her father shall be found a spy," say I.

Right heartily then did I laugh out, joined loyally in the lugubrious attempt by Tom Mackenzie.

After a little space my daughter says: "I would that Father Newton were returned."

"Amen," say I.

Then they went off to learn the song, leaving me there to think myself uncommonly a fool to suffer these unreasonable and nameless dreads to fill my mind.

I well do recollect that I did whistle and then sing out snatches of hymns and half-forgotten airs to prove myself at ease; that I did make the rounds of all the stables and the kennels, in blunt good spirits; that I came back and roused the dying embers on my study hearth, lighted my pipe and vanquished the remaining devils with an old, good book.

At four did Madeleine and Tom Mackenzie join me, and I would have them go a walk with me in the fine cold air till sundown. Tom was for it with all good heart, but Madeleine did feign (nay, she did have) an headache and begged she might retire to rest against dinner time.

Then it must be that we two mount and ride. So came the horses presently and off we went, Madeleine watching us much too intently. What aileth her? thought I.

From the first turn I beckoned her that she do go within for that it was cold. And then—was it my own anxiety or did I behold reality? I saw Miss Broadbent, covering her face with her two hands, burst into what seemed a paroxysm, and disappear madly into the house.

How far we live from them that eat with us and be our flesh and blood! I was for instantly returning to comfort my poor child, but Tom Mackenzie grasped the bridle of my horse, and saith he: "Go not back, Broadbent. By everything that's holy in parental duty, you have the problem of your life to solve. Come, sir, I have been talking to your child. You must be told at once."

(To be continued.)

AN OLD COUNTRY READING CIRCLE.

By M. T. Coogan.

About 25 years ago there was started in Dublin a small society that you in America would call a Reading Circle. The Dublinites were so eager to set to work that they did not wait even to choose a name, and have not discovered the necessity of doing so yet. Still, each member accomplishes some definite work every day. Among themselves it is spoken of as "our Literary Society."

Its holy founder had two objects in view when starting it: one, to direct the energies of the few who would come within its scope to contribute to the papers and magazines, and the other to make spiritual reading a daily habit. They had but one officer, a secretary. The membership was limited to thirty, but branch bands of the same number might be formed at any time. Their mode of organizing will appear to you extremely simple. One or two wishing to join, and finding no vacancy in existing bands, increased their number to six, electing one of those as secretary. The one so chosen applies to his or her parish priest for a director, then starts at once with the daily reading of the Imitation, keeping pace, that is, reading the same chapter, as the members of older bands. This is the uniting link, which is so elastic that it extends to me over here 4,000 miles away from fellow members.

Each member sends to the director, in writing, subjects or authors he or she wishes to study. The director reduces these numerous suggestions to the twelve best, allotting one for each month of the year. This list is printed and circulated among the members. Each writes a paper on the subject given for the month and sends it by post to the secretary, on or before 28th inst. This system forms a kind of home study circle, for members get up their subjects, by conversation, reading from books in their own home libraries, or those of their friends, or by books in the public library discovered by their own efforts; in short, get their information how and where they please, according to their own individuality and opportunities.

When sending the monthly essay to the secretary each member encloses a form which makes known how many papers for publication have been accepted, and whether spiritual reading has been regular or irregular during past month. No excuses or explanations allowed, simply a statement of facts.

The essays are secured in a spring binder and forwarded by the secretary to the director for criticism. Then they are sent to each member in turn, until finally they get back into the hands of the secretary, who counts the votes, the essay receiving the highest number being published in local weekly papers. The essays are then returned by the secretary to their authors. The expenses are few and easily covered. A membership fee of about seventy-five cents of United States money is charged, and a small fine is imposed if a member fails to contribute an essay, or delays the book more than three days.

Each band is composed of both men and women, the numbers being nearly equal. But I believe one conference would frighten all the men out. They are not hampered by rules, and with the exception of the Imitation are not obliged to procure any particular book.

Reading Circle meetings are undoubtedly pleasant and amusing; but do they advance the motive in view, which we assume to be studying?

This unostentatious little society produces definite results, makes many valued friendships by correspondence, and by the absence of meetings maintains habits of thinking instead of talking.

From The Outlook.

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE. *See page 17.*

St. Sebastian, M.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

By William Hopkins.

Rt. Rev. S. G Messmer.

Right Reverend S. G. Messmer, who is a brother of the Rev. Gabriel Messmer, head of the Capuchin Fathers' Church and monastery of Our Lady of Sorrows, was born in St. Gall, Switzerland, on August 27, 1847. He entered the junior seminary of St. Gall at the age of eighteen. From there he went to Innspruck, where for four years he studied under the Jesuit professors. In Rome he completed his theological studies and on July 21, 1871, he was ordained at St. Gall, by Bishop Greith. Two months later he came to this country, and was soon appointed to the professorship of dogmatic theology at Seton Hall, South Orange, the ecclesiastical seminary of the diocese of Newark, where he remained until 1880, when he was

selected to fill the chair of canon law in the Catholic University, Washington. In August of that year he went to Rome to study. At the Third Plenary Council, held in Baltimore in 1894, his accomplishments as a theologian and as a Latinist led to his appointment as one of the secretaries. As professor at the Catholic University he showed himself to be especially familiar with the civil law of the United States and to possess a comprehensive knowledge of the peculiar circumstances which environ the Catholic church in this country.

Pope Leo himself having honored them with his praises.

It is not through his pen alone that Father McMahon exerts a strong influence, the results achieved by his work as Director of the Cathedral Library also speak eloquently for his earnest endeavors to create and foster a love for pure literature.

REV. JOSEPH H. MCMAHON, D. D.

Rev. Joseph H. McMahon of the New York Cathedral, is one of the leading literary workers in the clerical ranks. His productions have not only attracted the complimentary attention of a wide circle of readers in this country but they have also made a favorable impression abroad,

No Catholic New Yorker needs to be told of the Cathedral Library. Its resources have been tested by thousands and its existence to-day is a proof of Catholic recognition of the need of such a literary institution conserving the best, while excluding the vapid or dangerous.

The Cathedral Library occupies a large building, containing reading rooms, distributing rooms, and reception rooms, juvenile department and the many other

HON CHARLES BONAPARTE.

accessories of a thoroughly equipped library.

The example set by the Cathedral parish, New York, may well be followed in other cities where the habit of indiscriminate reading is formed by free access to public libraries, very young children as well as adults choosing what they please.

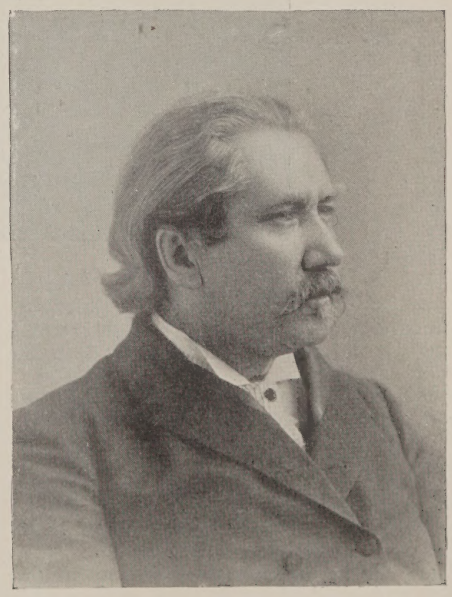
Few men accomplish as much as does Father McMahon. Not content with organizing and conducting this great literary centre for the benefit of his people, he is ever alert for other opportunities to bring them within the reach of the refining, elevating influences of good reading, and never misses a chance in lecture, discourse, or private conversation to urge the development and cultivation of literary inclinations.

Father McMahon, while finding time for his literary pursuits, also busies himself with the regular priestly duties of the great St. Patrick's parish.

It is not often that the man of letters and the statesman are found united in the same individual. Such, however, is the case with Charles J. Bonaparte of Baltimore. Besides being a prominent candidate for the United States Senate, Mr. Bonaparte is also widely known in the literary world. He is a distinguished son of Harvard, and takes an active part in the affairs of that university. Mr. Bonaparte is a grand-nephew of Napoleon I., and is a close personal friend of Cardinal Gibbons.

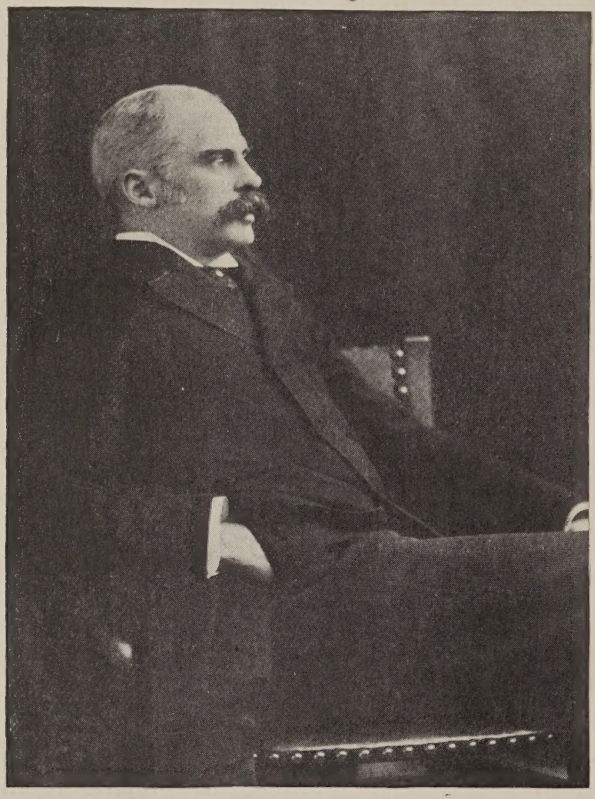
Ex-United States Senator Patrick Walsh, proprietor of the Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle, has been elected mayor of that city. Mayor Walsh is what is called a self-made man, and as a journalistic colleague aptly said, he made a good job of it. Born of Catholic parents in County Limerick, Ireland, not quite fifty-eight years ago, coming to America when a youth; learning the trade of printer in a newspaper office; later, studying at a high school, and paying his expenses with money earned by setting type; rising to a leading position of trust on another journal and to a half ownership and management of three papers consolidated under the name of the Augusta Chronicle, of which he finally became the sole proprietor; serving his city in the council, his state in the general assembly, and his country in the national senate—this is the bare outline of the life of the new mayor.

The Knights of Columbus have started out auspiciously in Canada. A new council has just been instituted at Montreal with the distinguished Dr. Guerin as its Grand Knight. District Deputy William F. Kenney of Massachusetts was the installing officer. Among the many eminent physicians of whom Montreal can boast, Dr. James John Edmond Guerin, the new Canadian Grand Knight, occupies a deservedly high position. His natural talents and love for his profession combined with



HON. PATRICK WALSH.
Mayor of Augusta, Ga.

his most assiduous devotion to its cares and duties have rendered him thoroughly efficient in the working of its various departments. A Canadian by birth and an Irishman by extraction, he has always taken a keen interest in the affairs both of his native and ancestral countries, while not permitting either of them to withdraw him from the devotion to his professional duties, in which sphere he has attained an enviable eminence. He is noted for his unostentatious charity toward the poor and needy. Dr. Guerin is the son of the late Thomas Guerin, the well-known consulting engineer of the Public Works department of the Dominion. He was born in Montreal on July 4th, 1856, and was educated under the care and direction of the reverend gentleman of St. Sulpice in the Montreal College. From that institution he entered McGill University, where he pursued his medical studies and obtained his degrees in 1879, when he immediately began the practice of medicine. He very soon commanded an extensive clientele, and in the year 1880 he was appointed physician to the Hotel-Dieu. He was elected last year as the Catholic member of the Provincial cabinet of Quebec, and re-elected this year. He is also a member of the Privy Council.



Hon. J. J. Guerin.

"How a woman, and a young and beautiful woman at that, knows just what a man of the world thinks and soliloquizes, is a mystery; but this author has depicted faithfully and to the life some of the subtlest questions that vex the human heart, and has offered reasonable solutions to the problems as well." That is what the New York Journalist says of Minnie Gilmore. Miss Gilmore's new book "Songs From the Wings," is just out, and is meeting with tremendous success.

One of the best known of our younger writers is Henry Coyle. Although only twenty-eight, Mr. Coyle is already distinguished as a leading literary man in our

city. He is editor of the "Weekly Bouquet," and is also contributor to several periodicals and high class journals, both secular and religious. While a writer of graceful prose, he is best known as a poet. Judge Tourgee accepted one of his poems for "The Continent," when the poet was scarcely thirteen. To-day, there are few journals in the country in which his work has not appeared. All his poetry is Catholic in tone, and personally he is one of the truest of friends.

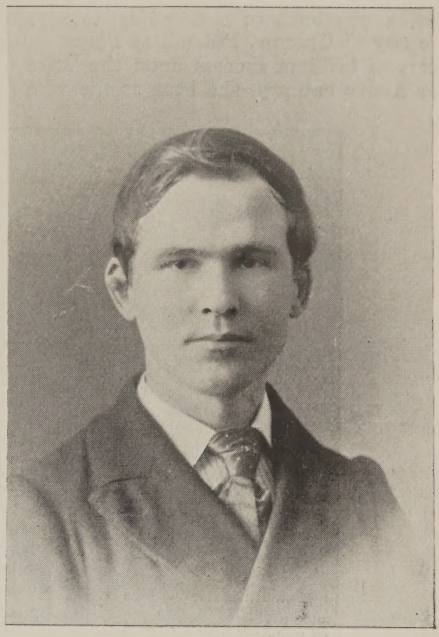
Henry Coyle was born in Boston, June 7th, 1869. He attended the public schools until he was twelve years old, when he went to work for a time in a store, then in a law office, and next in a printing office, where he learnt typesetting.

He managed, after his daily toil, to persevere in his studies and acquire a full knowledge of the masters' works, which have eminently qualified him for the expression of his literary gift.

His work has been praised by such critics as John G. Whittier, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Richard Watson Gilder and John Boyle O'Reilly. His education has been acquired largely at the compositor's case, and through much reading, travel and observaton.

Mr. Coyle has passed through the school of adversity, and suffered much from ill health, but nothing like a complaint has ever been made by him.

He knows what struggle means, and is ever ready to lend a helping hand to fellow toilers.



HENRY COYLE.
Editor of *Weekly Bouquet*.

MINNIE GILMORE.
Daughter of Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore.

To the credit of the English stage, it may be noted that its greatest actresses have been faithful daughters of the Catholic Church. The names of Siddons, O'Neill and Inchbald are indissolubly bound in this tender tie with that of Helena Modjeska. The memory of Californians will recall a modestly worded announcement made upon the play-boards of the California theatre at San Francisco in the autumn of 1876, that a Polish actress would appear in "Adrienne Lacouvreur," and none who were present at any of the performances which followed this indifferently constructed advertisement will ever forget the glow of enthusiasm which thrilled them at the view of the brilliant actress's genius. In a few short months the name which had its baptism in the applause of the old California theatre, for it was to the difficulty which the stage manager of that theatre experienced in spelling the Polish name "Modrjiewska," that we see the form with which we are now familiar, was famous to

all the world of English speech. Helena Benda was born of a theatrical family, in the city of Cracow, Poland, and after some years of brilliant success upon the stage of her native country, she became the wife of a distinguished musician whose name she still bears upon the stage, although when widowed she was subsequently most happily married to Count Charles Bodzenta-Chlapowski, an eminent writer, who found himself exiled from his native country of Prussian Poland after a period of imprisonment for the expression of political opinions. Sharing the fate of her exiled husband, the Countess Bodzenta-Chlapowska settled in southern California with the intention of devoting her fortune to the establishment of a colony of her oppressed compatriots. Upon the failure of this plan, she perfected herself in English speech and returned to the stage, where, as a player of the Shakespearian and classic drama, she received at once and has ever since retained the delighted homage of the race of her adoption as well as that of her birth.

HELENA MODJESKA.

A COMMON STORY.

By A. J. Halbleib.

In the course of a series of weekly visits the writer has for some time been making to the state penitentiary of ——, in company with a certain Catholic priest, it has been his lot to listen to many stories of woe, trial and tribulation and to witness many touching and pathetic scenes, but none ever made a deeper impression than did the following incident:

We had arrived one Sunday afternoon about half an hour before the appointed time, and were waiting in what may be properly termed the vestibule of the prison, a large space between two massive and ponderous iron-barred gates, one opening into the prison yard and the other into the street. While we were sitting around enjoying a sociable chat with the superintendent of the penitentiary and several visitors, a woman, closely veiled and attired in deep black, was seen leading two children up the gravel walk towards the gate, where she halted and asked permission of the turnkey to enter. When the desired permission had been granted she asked for the superintendent. This official was soon at her side, and in the course of a whispered conversation his face assumed a stern, resolute expression that presently vanished as he ordered one of the guards to call F——, a convict.

The lady, obeying his gesture, seated herself upon the bench and placed the children, a boy of seven and a girl apparently five, beside her. She ventured to lift her veil and gaze down at the little ones. With a caressing movement she smoothed back the hair from the face of the little boy. After a while she raised her eyes and looked in the direction of the prison yard. Her face bore unmistakable signs of culture and refinement, and might once have been decidedly pretty, but care and trouble had left an indelible impression. For some time a group of prisoners standing in a distant part of the yard held her attention, and suddenly rising to get a better view she shaded her eyes with her hand as if to make out some special person there. Presently she resumed her seat, and, with a rather shame-faced look at us, once more turned her attention to the children. Not wishing to further embarrass her, two of our number walked over to the office, presumably to get a drink of water. The superintendent, who had preceded us, informed us that the lady outside was the wife of F——, a convict "doing time" for highway robbery, and that the children with her were his. He also told us that the prisoner until a few months previous to the commission of his crime had been a model husband and father, and a highly respected citizen. For some reason, probably at the instigation of evil companions, he had taken to drink and gambling, and after abusing wife and children he left them and became a common drunkard. One night, possessed by the desire for drink and having no money to purchase liquor, he attempted to waylay and rob a man on the public highway. Being caught in the act, he was tried, convicted and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, leaving his wife and children to bear their disgrace and to get along in the world the best way they could.

Notwithstanding his neglect and cruel treatment, his wife stuck to him during his trial, and did everything in her feeble power for him, but all to no avail. He was sent to prison, and this was her first visit to him.

On the conclusion of this story I was about to leave, when my attention was attracted to a scene being enacted outside, where we had left the lady and children. With them now sat a hollow-faced, sunken-eyed man dressed in the conventional convict suit of black and white stripes. What passed between them I was too far away to hear, but by their actions and expressions one could well imagine something of the nature of the conversation.

The scene was pathetic. The wretched-looking convict, bearing every evidence of long-continued debauchery, was seated on the bench with the pretty, rosy-cheeked children on his lap, and close to him, looking straight into his face, and engaged in low but earnest conversation, was his true and much abused wife. Only a few feet away stood the guard, whom the rules of the prison require to stand by during visits to prisoners.

When the time allowed for visits had expired the guard advanced, touched the man on the shoulder, and must have told him his time was up, for he made a motion to rise. His wife still clung to him. The officer gently but firmly released her hold. He had also to take first one and then the other of the children away, for they stuck close and fast to their father, and in the most emphatic manner demonstrated their unwillingness to part from him, but all to no purpose. The convict was led over to the gate and searched, to see that no forbidden articles were concealed upon his person. The guards are required to do this in every case, and could make no exception.

The expression upon the face of the woman when she saw her husband submitting to what she must have considered most degrading indignities, was painful to behold. She said nothing, however, but simply held the children's hands in her own and looked on silently.

As the prisoner was being led behind the bars, the little girl placed her hands to her eyes and began to cry anew. The mother tried to comfort her. At first she could scarcely articulate, but soon she managed to tell the little one in a tremulous voice not to cry, because "Papa would soon be back."

Gently she dried the child's tears, and replacing the boy's hat, started for the door. There she encountered the superintendent, thanked him for his kindness, and lowering her veil walked slowly and wearily down the street and was soon lost to view.

Whether any of those who witnessed this scene were in any degree affected by it, I am not prepared to say positively, but certain it is that two of them began to mop their foreheads with their handkerchiefs, and another turned away complaining that the draught bothered his eyes.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

By John E. Donley, Jr.

To his tomb in the dim, sepulchral Past,
The father is borne in livery of death,
As the child, close claspt to his mother Time,
On the Future's dawn, breathes his natal breath.

REV. PATRICK ALOYSIUS WRIGHT, S. M.

The death of Reverend Patrick Aloysius Wright, S. M., removes from the ranks of the younger litterati a member whose passing away will be heard of with deep regret wherever his gentle personality was known.

Readers of Donahoe's will remember gratefully the charming contributions from his pen that from time to time graced our pages, poetry and prose alike testifying to the writer's fervent piety and great love of his fellow men.

Thirty-seven years ago Father Wright was born in Belfast, Ireland, and at seventeen years of age entered on his literary work in the office of the Belfast Morning News, then the leading Nationalist journal in the province of Ulster. During his connection with the News some very clever work attracted general admiration, but feeling his true calling was the priesthood he put aside all worldly considerations to enter on a course of studies in St. Mary's College, Dundalk. In 1884 he joined the Marist novitiate, Devonshire, England, and after profession was sent as a teacher of English literature in one of the French colleges conducted by the fathers of the Society of Mary. After his ordination Father Wright came to this country and was attached to the Church of the Holy Name of Mary, Algiers. The last four years of his life he was librarian and professor of literature at Jefferson College, and there on November 2d the summons came.

The following poem, almost the last it was our privilege to receive from his pen, expresses so beautifully his mission of peace that we reprint it here, a fitting tribute to the memory of the gentle poet resting in the love his spirit sought:

"AS I HAVE LOVED YOU."

How sweet in bonds of holy love to dwell;
With god-like kindness in each thought and deed;
With ready hand to help our brother's need,
And soothing words his sorrows to dispel.

No jarring accents e'er shall discord's swell,
Nor judgments harsh abhorred contention breed;
Forbearance shall for human errors plead,
If others fail do not we fail as well?

Behold our Master kind — Exemplar best
Of love unbounded, plighted unto death;
Which spake its fullness in His dying breath —
"Forgive them, Lord!" and sweetly sank to rest.
Sweet Savior, grant our love may be as Thine —
Enduring, all-embracing and divine!

THE BACK OF A HEAD.

By Mary F. Nixon.

The lights from half a hundred candles in dainty ballet frocks, gleamed down the Randall's dinner table. It was a "violet dinner," and the air was fragrant with the scent of the dainty blossoms scattered here and there upon the snowy cloth.

Young Mrs. Randall — in distinction to the dowager Mrs. Randall, who sat in sternly unwilling approval upon her son's right, — gave a little sigh of relief.

"It really is going all right," she said to her cousin who sat guarding her left.

"My dear Alice, of course it is. Your dinners are always successful. Why were you anxious about this one?"

"Two reasons. The dowager is here from the East, with the capital E please. This is my first attempt to entertain her. But even worse than that, Jack's college chum, Percy Morgan, is stopping with us. He's a perverse old bachelor, is always bored, says no woman can arrange a menu, and I wanted to show him one perfect dinner." A little anxious wrinkle grew between pretty Mrs. Randall's arched eyebrows.

"Morton is a Turk. Too bad Vita is not here," said Edward Johnson, "Ted" as he was familiarly called.

"I could boil her in oil," replied his hostess."

Ted laughed.

"You make that vicious remark with the face of an angel. But it must be trying to have an empty seat at table."

"Trying. An Englishman says to be late to dinner is the unpardonable sin, but not coming at all is worse. To have her empty place come next to Mr. Morgan too! I meant her for my *'piece de resistance.'* Oh, what is he doing?" she exclaimed.

Percy Morgan —, "one of the Kentucky Morgans, you know,"—a blonde man, with a cold, clear cut, smooth shaven face, leaned a little forward and stretched forth his hand toward the middle of the table. There, a little Dresden shepherd, standing by the edge of a miniature lake, was making an elaborate bow to a tiny China court lady. Violets were strewn about them.

Mr. Morgan had been regarding them fixedly for a few moments, and suddenly turned the little woman's figure around so she faced him. As he did so he caught his hostess's surprised glance, and coloring a little he said:

"Pardon me, Mrs. Randall, you have struck an idiosyncrasy of mine."

"What is it?" she asked smiling.

"I cannot bear to look at the back of a woman's head when she wears her hair just that way," he said, looking extremely embarrassed.

"What an extraordinary idea," she said.

"You're in for it, old man; tell the story," said Jack, from the foot of the table.

"Oh, if there's a story, do tell it," said the other guests.

Mr. Morgan looked thoughtful, then said:

"There's something about that kind of hair that reminds me of two of the strangest experiences I ever had. The first was this: I was sitting one day in the little pen they give us at the Safety Deposit vaults, looking over some papers. You know the partitions are thin, and in the next box I could hear the manager talking to a woman. I overheard nothing that was said, but noticed the tones of her voice—a pretty, clear voice, with a ring of decision in it.

As I turned to leave the place, the woman was just leaving, and I saw the back of her head. Her hair was

pretty soft blonde stuff, piled way up to the crown, and tucked under her hat. I always notice that way of wearing the hair. If a woman's neck is pretty and her hair soft, its all right. But if her hair is like strings and her neck bony, its awful! (Every woman present felt the back of her neck anxiously and looked uncomfortable.) "This girl's neck was perfect, and I noticed how prettily the hair grew in a soft fringe. Just after she stepped out the door, I heard a noise, a sharp report, and going hastily back, I found that one of the clerks, caught in an act of dishonesty, had shot himself. It gave me a fearful shock, and I could not help remembering the back of that girl's head, and the dead body of the poor fellow, with a hole through his temple. Ugh!" and Mr. Morgan shuddered.

"What a grewsome tale," said Mrs. Randall. "And so unfair to the girl. You make me quite uncomfortable, Mr. Morgan. I'm glad my hair is black and on the back of my neck."

"So am I," said several of the guests.

"That's not all," said Percy Morgan. "Shall I go on?"

"Oh, do," cried everybody, and smilingly he continued:

"I forgot nearly all about this incident until last summer, when I was in Europe. I had a charming trip, and"—but just then an interruption came.

The footman announced "Miss Fanshawe." The door opened and a young woman entered.

"Please don't let me disturb you," she said to Mrs. Randall, as she glided across the room to the empty place. "I am ashamed to be here at all, since I'm so late, but I was bridged at the river, and the carriage stopped by a fire at Twenty-second street. I was afraid you'd be thirteen at the table if I failed, so I came."

"By Jove! we were thirteen," said Jack Randall. "You've saved our lives, Miss Fanshawe."

"You know everyone else, so let me introduce Mr. Morgan," said the hostess.

Miss Fanshawe smiled.

"Is it *the* Mr. Morgan?" she asked, arching her brows quizically. "I've heard such a lot about you."

"Good, I hope," he said. He felt attracted by this girl.

"Not likely to be anything but good from Jack," she said with a little shrug. "But I'm sure I interrupted something. You wore absorbed faces when I entered. What was it, hypnotism?"

"Mr. Morgan was telling us a story," said young Mrs. Randall.

"Oh, please go on." Miss Fanshawe begged, and thus adjured Percy continued:

"I had just said I went abroad last year. It was a delightful jaunt. I'm a kodak fiend, and had a good camera, and got roll after roll of capital pictures. Here and there, out of the beaten track, I went, and everything was copy. Finally I stopped a few weeks in northern Italy, meaning to sail from Genoa. The day the ship sailed I went to a little photograph shop in Genoa in a back street. All streets are that in Genoa, for that matter. I never saw such a crazy place; one sees the quaintest bits and out of the way corners. I left my kodak to have the roll removed and a new one put in, and wandered about for a last stroll, feeling rather blue. My holiday was over, and I had to come home and grind out all my good times into magazine articles. The "Empress Victoria" was to sail at noon, and I meant to be on board in plenty of time, for I hate rushes. What?" he asked, as he became conscious that he was interrupted.

"Champagne, sir?" said the irreproachable footman.

Morgan set down the glass with which he had been toying a little nervously, and went on. "As I went back to the shop, I felt the queer sensation we all have at some times, as if some-

thing was going to happen. As I entered the shop I gave an exclamation. Leaving it — by the opposite door was the girl I had seen at the Safety Deposit. I knew her at once by the back of her head. I saw nothing more for she went quickly down the street. I felt again that odd foreboding of evil. I got my camera and the old roll, and went to the harbor. On the quay all was confusion. The harbor of Genoa is the most beautiful in the world excepting New York, but this morning it seemed upside down. You remember the accident. The "Empress Victoria" had suddenly gone to the bottom. No one knew what was the matter, but there was literally 'a screw loose' some where. If it had happened a day later when all were on board — well, I should not be drinking your excellent champagne now, my dear Mrs. Randall," and Mr. Morgan raised his glass to his lips.

A sigh went round the table.

"Oh, Mr. Morgan! That's not all, is it?" cried the hostess.

"Not quite, and the queerest part is yet to come," he said smilingly.

"Do go on," cried the women, and Mr. Randall said "Go ahead, old chap, we're madly interested."

"Well, I came across continent, sailed from Bremen in the 'Halbe.' I was a week late and we had a stormy passage. Reached New York to find I had missed an important appointment. I began foolishly enough, perhaps, to connect the back of that head with my misfortunes. It was my hoodoo! I went to work writing up my special articles, and had my kodak views developed for illustrations. One set I especially valued. They were Spanish ones and were in the roll I had removed at Genoa. When the prints came, these were not to be found. Instead there was an entirely strange set of pictures. I thought the developer must have made a mistake, but he vowed those were the negatives I had given him. I examined them carefully. They were North Italian views, prettily taken, dainty bits of landscape and peasant life. Among them was — the back of that head. Yes —" as he was interrupted by incredulous exclamations from those present. "'Truth is stranger than fiction.' My incognita had exchanged rolls with me in the dingy little photograph shop in Genoa. She has my pet pictures, and I have — the back of her head. My articles were spoiled for lack of illustrations, and I am firmly convinced that the next time I see the back of that head I shall lose my life."

Morgan finished his odd story and looked about him. Everybody began talking at once, and Miss Fanshawe said as the ladies rose from the table:

"Pray let me know if you see your hoodoo again, Mr. Morgan. I'm immensely interested in the development of this thrilling tale."

"If I 'live to tell the tale,' I'll do so with pleasure," he replied, as he made a mental reservation to see her again at any rate.

He kept his word. In the drawing-room after dinner he found her as charming as she had looked, and asking permisison to call, many an afternoon found him at the Fanshawe mansion.

Mrs. Fanshawe, a sprightly, well-bred woman of fifty, was always in evidence and Vita well chaperoned, too well, Mr. Morgan thought. He never saw her alone, but this only whetted his ardor, for the woman who is hard to win is the one a man wants.

There was a faint elusiveness in Vita's manner which made her fascinating. He fancied everything about her, especially the soft little knot of hair at the back of her neck. It suited his idiosyncrasy. Please a man's notions, fall in with his fads and he is yours. Charm is the grace to read other people's ideas and adapt oneself to them.

This Vita had to perfection, and Morgan said to himself, "By Jove! this woman has something about her

that drives me mad, I've tired of more beautiful people in less time than this."

He set his teeth hard and determined to solve her, so mysterious did she seem to him. He felt the strange conviction that he had known her in some other time long ago.

Miss Fanshawe, meanwhile, was enjoying herself immensely. She was too genuinely womanly to play with a man as a cat does with a mouse. But her girlish soul was filled with pride to see a cynical old bachelor of five-and thirty, almost an avowed woman hater, at her tiny feet.

One would almost have said there was a secret source of amusement behind the kindly glances she sometimes gave Morgan, so merry were they, and so roguish did her brown eyes look.

Young Mrs. Randall saw it all in great glee, and many were the *fetes* this designing young matron gave, to bring the two combatants together. Everyone seemed pleased with the affair, and amused at the total unconsciousness of both parties that they were the "observed of all observers."

Ted Johnson called Mr. Morgan "a first-class nuisance," but then, despite their flings at "feminine jealousy," men never like the other men who worship at their favorite shrines.

It was the "Kirmess" which capped the climax. Miss Fanshawe led the Spanish dance and was simply bewitching in her quaint costume, a mantilla over her blonde hair and a crimson rose over her ear.

"Miss Fanshawe," said Morgan, when after many fruitless efforts he was able to get near her, "may I have some dances?"

"Yes," she said gaily, "I feel like dancing my head off, or my feet perhaps; certainly never in my life more like 'tripping the light fantastic.'"

They floated away in a waltz. Miss Fanshawe's waltzing was a "thing of beauty," especially in these days of jerky "two-steps," and she found Mr. Morgan's step suited hers to perfection.

"You're a good dancer, Mr. Morgan. Almost as good as an Italian," she said, as they stopped in a corner of the ballroom.

"That's a half-way compliment," he replied. "I should say you are quite as good as the Andalusian you're typifying to-night."

"Thank you — why Andalusian?" she asked.

"Because they are the blonde Spaniards, and what do you know of Italian dancing?" he returned.

"Oh, I have many Italian friends, and they are the most graceful men I have ever known.

"You have been to Italy, then?" he asked.

"Yes, and there were numbers of Italians here at the Fair," she said, and then she spoke of the wonderful exposition now alas almost a dream to the hurrying life of Chicago.

Mr. Morgan, however, had not come to the Kirmess to hear Miss Fanshawe talk of Italian or the World's Fair, or any other commonplaces. He felt the time had come when he must learn his fate, put it to the touch and "gain or lose it all."

He diplomatically steered his partner toward the door of the supper room and said, "Won't you have an ice? It seems warm here."

She assented and they entered the long room which was prettily decked as a bower. Palms and ferns made leafy screens for the little tables, and Morgan found one in a secluded spot. A fountain in the centre splashed coolly and the room was nearly deserted.

Suddenly Miss Fanshawe spoke. "You've never told me the end of your story, Mr. Morgan. Have you ever seen your inamorata again?" There was a little mocking light in her eyes and Percy spoke quickly.

"I've seen my inamorata, yes, but only you can tell me the end of the story," tenderly.

"I?" She arched her brows inquiringly.

"Yes, you," emphatically, then reaching eagerly across the table for her hand, which he imprisoned in one of his own, "Vita, you know I love you; that's the only story worth telling to me. Tell me you will be my wife."

She looked at him thoughtfully, and then, "Are you quite, quite sure you want me?" she said gravely, although her mobile lips were tremulous with repressed laughter.

"Vita!" indignantly. "Want you!" The man was almost boyish in his eagerness.

She gave a little smile and gently laid her other hand over his. Then as he uttered a joyful exclamation, "Wait a minute," she said, drawing both hands away. "What was it you said about the back of that girl's head? The next time you saw it you'd lose your life?"

"Oh, hang the girl and her head!" he exclaimed fiercely. "Vita!" in amazement, for she had dropped her mantilla down from her head and turned away from him. Her soft blonde hair was piled up high and in those shining coils Morgan recognized the *bête noir* of his existence. So this was the reason her voice had always seemed strangely familiar to him. Miss Fanshawe looked back over her pretty shoulder. "Well," she said, a whole world of roguish meaning in her glance, "hang the girl and her head if you want to."

"I will hang myself if you don't marry me," he said viciously.

"But you said you'd lose your life if you ever saw ——"

He interrupted her ——

"Do not let your words prove true. What would my life be worth without you? Vita, Vita, you are my life. Tell me you love me."

The merry lips drooped into tender curves, the little hand fluttered like a snowflake, then rested in the strong one held out so eagerly to grasp it. Her eyes softening gently, said "Yes," while her lips spoke mischievously.

"I presume I'll never dare give you the 'cold shoulder' for fear of your instant suicide. And will I always have to wear my hair down, *á l' ingenue?*"

A FALSE FRIEND.

By Celia Burt Wall.

Thou wert my friend, a friend, nor more nor less.
I drew aside the veil that thou might see
All I had been and all I hoped to be;
All doubts, all griefs, all dreams of happiness
To thee were told, and thou didst counsel me.
Oft times some secret fear thou wouldst confess
That heavily upon my mind did press,
And I would cheer thee with my sympathy.

But that is past; the gem of priceless worth
Was cast aside for glitt'ring baubles, you
Lived for self, while I, who scorned deceit,
Looked on in pity at your seeming mirth,
And wondered if thy false heart ever knew
That God's best gift is friendship, true and sweet.

WRECKING AMONG THE FLORIDA KEYS.

By Frank H. Sweet.

A few years ago the great Florida Reef, extending two hundred miles from Cape Florida to the Dry Tortugas, was unlighted and unbuoyed, and consequently the paradise of wreckers. With its myriad keys and innumerable coral reefs and shoals, toward which strong currents set from every direction, its narrow, tortuous channels and its central position, lying as it does in the track of half the commerce of the country, it is not surprising that storms frequently sent dozens of wrecks within its toils. Consequently wrecking, or "wracking," according to "key" vernacular, became the business of the coast, and a ship could hardly be stranded for six hours anywhere along the reef without seeing the light-draught, swift-sailing wrecking boats hurrying toward her from all directions like vultures attracted by the scent of prey. But the glory of wrecking has gradually departed with the erection of lighthouses, until now it is only undertaken incidentally by fishing smacks or spongers. To realize to its full the meaning of "wracking," one should spend a few weeks among the reefs and shoals of the extreme point of Florida. Here almost every resident of a few years' standing has been a wrecker; and evidence of his skill and activity or luck are numerous in the his larder, and in the bric-a-brac and even furniture of his home. Wrecks were of common occurrence, and an unusually severe spell of weather contributed dozens of them to the keys, and ultimately to the residents. One old lady tells me that in the early days it was difficult to get even bare necessities here, and that the wrecks were sent to them by Providence, and that it "was a sin and a shame to let such good things go to waste along the shore."

Accordingly these looked-after sparrows of Samaritans were accustomed to flock in unbroken ranks to each new wreck, and to select from the provisions "donated by the gods" such things as pleased their fancy or their palate or in any way contributed to their prosperity, and then to restore the balance to the rightful owners by sending it to Key West to be sold at auction, thereby deriving from the undesirable goods the salvage granted them by law.

The house where I am stopping is generously supplied with wreckage lumber, and much of its furniture and ornamentation is unquestionably from the same source. The owner assures me that the family is still using soap from a wreck of half a dozen years ago, and I understand that some of the preserves and spices and dishes used on the tables are from the same generous quarter.

The isolated coast and outlying keys form a rich mine of wreckage stories, some pathetic, some ludicrous and some dark with suggested tragedy. Every resident here has a fund of these tales, both of personal experience and of the experience of his neighbors. When a wreck came in there were too many gleaners for any of them to waste time in seeking inland concealment for booty which it was desirable to keep hidden from prying eyes. So the common method was to scoop a hole in the soft beach sand and there hide anything especially valuable leaving it until some more convenient time for recovery.

But these eddying beach sands had a peculiar and annoying way of hiding booty from the hider. Every tide

swirled and heaved the sand into new positions, so that what was familiar at one hour was strange and unknown at another. One man hid a box of jewelry which he has never been able to find; and another buried some silverware, and a third a quantity of wax candles; and the sand is still faithful to the trust.

They will tell you of Indians who paddled out to a wreck and filled their canoes as full as they dared with choice wine, dipping it from the wine butts and pouring it directly into their canoes; and of another party of Indians who became intoxicated on patent medicines, and afterwards gorged themselves with cakes cooked from wrecked flour in wrecked vaseline; and very likely they will tell you of the man who found silver ingots near the wreck of a presumably Spanish galleon, and sold them in Key West as lead.

And so it goes on. Every resident of a dozen years' standing has had his experience and a knowledge of the experience of his neighbors; and every one of them will look at you with perceptible regret in his eyes as he speaks of the profit and glory of bygone days.

LIFE'S EVENING.

By Alfred T. Marks.

'Tis time for even-song —
The hour we've waited long —
The hour is nigh
For the angel to open a door through the sky
That the spirit may break from its prison and try
Its voice in an infinite song.

Fades the white light of day,
Denser the shadows gray,
Dark'ning the world.
The sunset's red glory once more is furled
On the walls of the west, o'er the plains of the world,
And shall rise in a limitless way.

The life-light flies, and fast
The veil of night is cast;
The watchers say:
The land-breeze of heaven 's beginning to play,
Life-shadows are meeting eternity's day,
Life's tumult is hushed in the past.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

On the Grace of being Kind.

I don't set any value on New Year resolutions. They are only part of the "fixin's" of the season, but if I were given to belief in the permanency of New Year resolutions the one I would like to have unanimously adopted would be "I firmly resolve to be kind."

Being kind means so much in the every-day humdrum struggle, when a thoughtful act and a kind word go so far in preventing friction and lightening the general burden.

How many of us are genuinely kind? I mean kind all the time, no matter how we are being used ourselves. It comes so natural to do as we are done by, to hit back, to speak sharply, to shirk our responsibilities, letting the burden fall where it will, to mar peace in many little ways, that if the mass of humanity were not leavened by a generous amount of whole-souled kindness the world would be a woefully wretched place to live in.

There is no use in pleading circumstances as an excuse for being regardless of what is due to others. I am thinking now of a dear little woman, a refined educated girl obliged to earn her living amid most uncongenial surroundings, but no untoward happenings can mar the tranquillity of her life, or prevent her from exercising an elevating influence on those with whom her daily lot is cast.

The saving grace of kindness is hers to the fullest degree, and though she is often imposed upon, her happy spirit rises above such trifles, and aided by a keen sense of humor rather adds to the zest of her enjoyment. One morning I met her a trifle troubled because she had bills to meet and their payment would leave her penniless; the evening of the same day I found her radiant with pleasure, receiving the thanks of a poor charwoman for whom she had obtained a day's work. "She was a lovely lady, too," the grateful worker said, beaming with good-will on her benefactress: "asked me all about my family and told me she'd send for me again. A lovely lady! very like yourself, miss, but educated."

And the kind philosopher is still laughing at the droll thanks she received.

Now if that girl sat down and moped or growled over her fate she would be commiserated; as it is she is regarded as being exceptionally fortunate, and is made the recipient of every one's woes.

Recalling this incident tempts me to digress from my original purpose and preach upon the meanness of taking unfair advantage of another's good-nature; but my text is "Kindness," and—well, some other time I shall give myself the pleasure of talking on the other subject.

What Women and Children Can Do.

In the economy of material life it is the man who is the creator of forces and the woman who conserves them. "Narrow," is sometimes said of woman by those who do not think very far, when they note her zeal for trifles; but it is, after all, the trifles that make up the difference between success and failure. It must have been a woman who thought of the plan on the success of which Consul Germain comments in his latest report from Zurich. The idea is nothing but the old-fashioned household economy of woman carried into a wider practice. Says the Consul:

"In Brussels the children attending public school were requested by their teachers to gather up on their way to and from the school all such apparently valueless objects as old metallic bottle caps, tinfoil, tin cans, paint tubes, refuse metal, etc., and deliver their collection daily to their respective teachers. In the period from January 1 to October 1, 1895, or within eight months, the following amounts were collected: Tinfoil, 1,905 pounds; old paint tubes, 220 pounds; bottle caps, 4,415 pounds; scraps of metal, 1,221 pounds; total, 7,781 pounds. This apparent rubbish was disposed of and the proceeds applied so as to completely clothe 500 poor children and send fifty sick ones to recuperation colonies, and there still remained a considerable sum, which was distributed among the poor sick of the city."

If the Catholic women and children of this country would follow, in behalf of our Indian Missions, this example of comprehensive and effective thrift it would certainly mark a wide difference in the comparative success or failure of these missions, now that the government appropriations have been discontinued. We owe more than the ordinary charitable interest which we should have in the conversion of all heathen races, to the race whose heritage of land and liberty has by fair means or otherwise passed into our hands. Our wealth, our comforts, our progress, our very liberty is built on the Indians' loss, and to those who have survived our summary dealings we ought at least to insure the blessing of religion and that degree of civilization for which they are fitted

The narrow sentimentality which envelopes the Indian in a halo of romance and yearns to have him don the superficialities of civilization along with store clothes and pointed shoes, so that it may call him brother without loss of the proprieties is almost as bad for poor Lo, as the brutality which says that the only good Indian is the dead Indian. The Indian, like the rest of us, can only be reached by love, self forgeting and patient.

"There is nothing about the Indian," said an Ursuline nun who has lived for eighteen years among them, "to attract a white man or a white woman. Their habits at first disgust you, but this fact you must carefully hide, and be one of them if you wish to win their confidence. Many a time has the sainted Bishop Marty eaten dog with them. Moreover, they cannot realize the sacrifice that all this involves and therefore cannot appreciate nor show the gratitude that would be a measure of recompense. It is only through the love of God that we can find strength and zeal to stay with them."

Yet there must be a certain appreciation of devotion among the Indians, for the same nun told me that on the reservation where the Ursuline school is struggling for existence there is a finely equipped school, supported by the Presbyterians. It has every advantage that abundant means can give a modern school for technical and other training. There are workshops, tools, and appliances for the teaching of various trades, and land for farming. The older Indians have progressed sufficiently to recognize its superior advantages and send their children willingly. And yet, these same children frequently leave for the Catholic school and often bring their whole families with them into the church.

"If we only had the means and facilities that the other school has, how much good we could do," said the nun regretfully.

And why should the Presbyterians have a better school than the Catholics? Because it takes more than love to equip and maintain a school?

The Sunday Schools of the Episcopal Church in the Union raised $750,000 for their missions in 1885; those of the Methodist church over a million; the Christian Endeavorers, another million, while the Catholics of the country only raised $60,000 for the Indian and Negro Missions. There must be at least 2,000,000 children attending the Catholic Sunday Schools of the country; if each of these children contributed but two cents a month, or twenty-five cents a year, we should have as a result the magnificent sum of $400,000.

Almost every child could earn or save two cents a month without aid from its parents, many of them a great deal more. I have a little Baptist friend, not more than ten years old, who is constantly working for the missionary fund of her Sunday School. Her deft fingers are busy making little knick-knacks which she sells to her adult friends for a nickel or a dime. Recently she turned in a whole dollar made from an original capital of five cents.

The little maid's zeal and industry are edifying even to those who wish it were in a cause dearer to them.

There is in such work, aside from charity and unselfishness developed by all we do for others, occupation for idle little fingers, practical training in economy and thrift and a demonstration of the value of systematic employment—all of which are too often lacking in the modern management of children.

Moreover, there is less real reason why the little Baptists, and Methodists and Presbyterians, and so on, should work for their missions in this country, than there is for Catholic children to work for Catholic missions. All educational institutions conducted by the government of the United States are essentially Protestant in their tendencies. In the Indian schools, where every religious suggestion falls on virgin soil, this tendency flourishes like a willow set by the river's bank. For instance, a Catholic teacher in one of the government schools, was in the habit of taking the little Indians, whose parents were Catholics, with her to the Catholic church, a mile and a half away. The superintendent and matron of the school, however, were Protestants, and there was always a vehicle provided to carry those who would go to the Methodist services. To break through a mile and a half of the drifts of a Dakota winter takes a quality of faith not to be expected of little Indians, muddled and tempted by teachings and counter teachings. Thus it was that the Catholic teacher often went her way alone. The little Indians were also taught Methodist hymns and Methodist prayers, and it would have been hard to tell wherein this government school differed from a Methodist school. Yet in a measure neither the Methodist superintendent nor the Methodist matron were to blame. They did their duty sincerely as they saw it. The greater fault seems to be with the American Catholics who permit such people to do their duty in this way, by offering the Indians who are Catholics and those who might be, no better opportunity for training. The Catholic women and children of this country could work a change if they would.

—Eugenie Ulrich

Tramp off the Blues

"Why do so many women have melancholia?" repeated the doctor, who has a

large practice among the "depressed" and "nervous" feminine population. "Because they don't care to avoid it. Because they absolutely disregard the rules of mental and physical well being. Because they would rather eat what they like and suffer indigestion and the blues afterwards than to eat what is good for them but doesn't tickle their palates. Because they would rather sit about on soft cushions than take a tramp six miles through the open air. Because they haven't enough to occupy their minds and their hands."

Then the doctor paused to take breath and began again somewhat less aggressively:

"It is never the women who have cause to feel blue," he said, "who indulge in blues. The women who have shiftless husbands, hard-hearted landlords, sick babies and all the usual accompaniments of poverty never grow so depressed that they have to be treated for it. They are too busy. It's the woman with an adoring family, social position and a comfortable income who doesn't find life worth living. It isn't the servant girl who gets up at six to kindle the fire and who slaves all day who indulges in melancholia, but the daughter of the family who arises at eight, dawdles over her breakfast, reads a little, practices a little, shops a little, craves excitement with all her heart, and is melancholic because she doesn't have it.

"There is no habit which grows upon one so rapidly," went on the doctor. "It becomes a disease in a very short time. My own plan, whenever I feel an attack coming on, is to put on my walking boots and tramp vigorously as far as I can. It is simply impossible to exercise and feel blue at the same time. Of course, a general care of the health is necessary, and work is the chief factor in effecting a cure. Every woman who has a tendency to melancholia should have an occupation which, if it doesn't entirely absorb her, will at least keep her busy. And she should give her mind up to practical rather than theoretical affairs. She should study how to put an extra shelf in a cupboard or how to stop a squeaking door, or how to make an overshoe that won't come off at the heel, rather than the teachings of the theosophical school or the philosophy of Herbert Spencer. Ordinarily good health, plenty of exercise, plenty of work, and an interest in the affairs of this world are the great preventives and cures of melancholia."—London Doctor.

A Handsome Case.

This toilet case is made from a strip of rifle-green watered silk, with another piece of plain silk matching in color. It is three-quarters of a yard long and twelve inches wide. One end of the case is straight, the other curved to form a flap when the receptacle is rolled up. First tack the lining and the watered silk together, and at the straight end sew on a pocket of plain silk fastened securely with a button and piece of elastic, the pocket leaving a margin of two inches on each side. At the lap end sew two more pockets, one beside the other, also fastened with buttons and elastic.

Bind the edges of the case with lutestring ribbon, and finish the flaps of the little pockets in the same manner. Then run from end to end of the case about two inches from the edge two bands of the same ribbon, tacking lightly to insure straightness. Between them run two parallel strips of elastic, stitching down at intervals with perpendicular straps, the ends of which are hidden by the ribbon. The spaces should be varied to suit the various fittings, which should include a razor, shaving brush, soap box, nail scissors, knife, shoe horn, clothes brush, hair brush, comb and a mirror, as well as a button hook.

Shelves for Books.

Shelves and cases for books are always useful, and these may be made at home by women who are handy with tools and paint brush. Where space is limited hanging shelves recommend themselves. A set of corner shelves, the subject of an illustrated description in the Woman's Home Companion, is here suggested as a good model. It will not be a difficult matter to duplicate this if due attention is paid to the directions here reproduced from the journal in question:

Good boxes of various sizes can be found at the grocery store. The nest of corner shelves is found with two boxes fitted with shelves. To fasten the shelves screws should be driven into the ends of them through the side boards of the boxes. Flat headed screws two inches long may be used for the purpose, so that when the woodwork is painted the means of fastening will be invisible. New sides can be added to them, the lower ends of which are cut in the form of brackets. The cornice moulding is mitered around the top, and the woodwork is painted.

To finish the woodwork well, give it several successive thin coats of "inside" paint of some desirable color to match the woodwork in a room in which it may be placed. After the first coat is applied and is thoroughly dry, the surface should be sandpapered, to take off the rough places and give it a smooth finish preparatory to the second coat. Three coats will be quite suf-

ficient for the average wooden box, as they will hide all unsightly places that may have appeared on the unpainted surfaces.

Such a nook can be made to accommodate many books and odd pieces of bric-a-brac, as well as some cups and small pitchers. The addition of curtains on rods will improve the general appearance, and such a nook should be a very useful affair in a library, sitting-room or bed-room.

Thoughts.

1. In the twelfth century people were called "Bigots" as a term of reproach because they were blindly attached to a certain party, or religion. Catholics should never be open to the charge of bigotry by being "blindly" Catholics. Let them give "a reason for the faith" that is in them.

2. A recent writer said marriage was the egoism of two souls. It should not be, but the blending of two souls in such perfect union as to help to harmonize the world.

3. Why are Catholics proselytes? If they are, it is because they wish to share their happiness, to rescue souls from shipwreck; but it is the lives of good Catholics which proselyte the most intensely.

4. Saint Hilary says, "All heretics attack the church, but whilst all heretics are at war with one another they do not conquer for themselves. Their mutual victories are the church's triumphs over them all, whilst one heresy combats in another that very point which the faith of the church condemns, for heretics have no point common to all."

5. "A large portion of mankind is more moved by example than by argument, to the desire of heavenly things." (St. Gregory.) "Thou hast need to do battle with heretics; the armour is ready and ready is the sword of the spirit." (St. Cyril of Jerusalem).

—M. F. N.

Care for Washing.

Perhaps no one subject pertaining to household labor has been more discussed than that of the laundry, and yet much has been left unsaid, which is of importance in the skilful performance of this necessary work. That washing cannot be satisfactorily done with a scant supply of water and poor soap is a fact not always understood by the housekeepers, and yet these very things are largely responsible for the oft reported complaints of yellow clothes, and faded colored garments. Strong lye soap made in the home kitchen may have answered for use in the days of our grandmothers, or the cheap laundry work found in the village store half a century ago was thought good enough for the women, who had learned to make hard rubbing and extra rinsing do the work which good soap should have done, but in this age of progress, labor-saving appliances are used by intelligent women in every department of their housework, and in no place do such helps count for more than in the laundry.

When preparing to wash, first carefully assort the clothes, separate the fine from the coarse, the white from the colored; the table and bed linen from the wearing clothes. Put the linens first in a tub nearly full of hot water, and wash them with Ivory soap, as each piece is washed it should be wrung out and placed in a clean tub, when all have gone through the suds, boiling water should be poured over and the clothes allowed to stand until cool, then rinse, blue, and starch. After the table and bed linens are washed, the white wearing apparel should receive attention. The colored gowns and other articles should be washed in warm suds, made by dissolving half a cake of Ivory soap in the water, rinsed, starched, and dried as quickly as possible to prevent the colors running. Woolen goods to prevent shrinking and discoloring should be washed in warm, clear suds, without rubbing with soap, or on the wash board, carefully dried and pressed.

When dry the clothes should be taken from the line, sprinkled, folded, and laid in the clothes basket, and let stand over night. Next day the ironing should be done, the clothes aired and folded away.

—Eliza R Parker.

Pop-Overs.

Beat two eggs, without separating, until thoroughly mixed; add one cup of milk. Put one cup of flour into another bowl; add to it gradually the eggs and milk; beat until smooth. Strain through an ordinary gravy strainer. Put at once into greased hot gem-pans, and bake in a moderately quick oven for forty-five minutes. If these are properly made and properly baked they should swell six times their original bulk, and may be used for breakfast or luncheon, or served with a liquid pudding sauce as a dessert. Whole wheat flour, if sifted three times, may be substituted for white flour. Iron gem-pans insure better results than those made of lighter metal.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Uses of Salt.

Salt puts out fire in the chimney.

Salt in the oven under baking tins will prevent their scorching on the bottom.

Salt and vinegar will remove stains from discolored teacups.

Salt and soda are excellent for bee stings.

Salt thrown on soot which has fallen on the carpet will prevent stain.

Salt put on ink when freshly spilled on a carpet will help in removing the spot.

Salt in whitewash makes it stick.

Salt thrown on a coal fire which is low will revive it.

Salt used in sweeping carpets keeps out moths.

Spotless Glass.

The professional workman washes and polishes the large plate-glass windows of stores and public buildings by using a muslin bag filled with whiting and two large chamois skin bags. First, the glass is wiped with a dry cloth to free it from dust. Then the whiting is dusted thickly over it; after that it is wiped off with one of the chamois skins, which is dampened, but is not wet, and lastly the dry chamois skin is used for polishing. Housekeepers will find this method much superior to the ordinary way of washing windows. Another excellent method is to take a sponge and dip it in alcohol, rub the glass over quickly with this, wipe with a newspaper and polish with a chamois skin. The wood alcohol is used instead of the pure alcohol, as it is much cheaper and answers the purpose as well. It is a poison and should be so labelled. A little turpentine dissolved in warm water is also excellent for washing windows, mirrors or glass globes. It is important that no soap should be used on the windows if they are to be kept bright and shining. It is also necessary to have the frames and all the woodwork about the windows perfectly clean before beginning to wash the glass. Choose a dull day, if possible, for the window cleaning, or at least a time when the sun is not shining on the glass.

If any damage has been done to picture frames, etc., by the flies before the house was shrouded in mosquito netting, the following mixture will remove the marks effectually: Put a little spirits of wine in a saucer, and add to this a few drops of sal-ammoniac, shake the mixture or stir it well and apply it with a small, soft camel's hair brush; after about five minutes, rinse with a larger brush dipped in soft water, and let the frames dry, without wiping them, in an airy place or at a small distance from the fire; this will not stain the gilding. This is also the best remedy for bronze statuettes, chandeliers and lamps, such as are not so often met with nowadays as they were in former years; but in this case the application should be rinsed off with lukewarm water, and the bronze polished softly with a leather or an old silk rag. It is hardly necessary to add that plate glass and mirrors can easily be cleaned by means of a mixture of whiting and spirits of wine, put on with a rag, and briskly rubbed off with a leather after the application has dried.

How to Take Out Stains, Grease Spots, Ink, Soot, Rust and Mildew.

The following recipe is highly recommended for its excellence in cleansing fabrics without injuring the texture or "starting" the color, however delicate: Grate two medium-sized potatoes into a bowl containing one pint of clean cold water; strain carefully through a sieve, allowing the liquid to fall into another vessel containing an additional pint of cold water; let it settle, and then pour off the water and bottle it for use. It may be put into a clean fruit jar. Softly rub the soiled fabric or garment with a sponge dipped in the potato water, after which wash it in clean water, dry carefully in the shade, and iron. Use the sediment left after pouring off the water for cleaning heavy cloths, rugs and carpets.

To remove grass stains soak and rub the spots in water and cream of tartar. If a garment is mildewed lemon juice is said to remove the stain. If the stain is hard to eradicate soak it in a gallon of water in which a tablespoonful of chloride of lime has been dissolved. Rinse thoroughly.

Fruit stains may usually be removed by pouring boiling water through the stain, but if this fails add oxalic acid, dissolving three ounces in a pint of water. Soak the stain in this solution for five minutes and then steam it by holding over a kettle of boiling water, or hang in the sunshine. Rinse in ammonia when the stain disappears, so the acid will be counteracted. Rinse again thoroughly, so that the fabric will not be injured. Javelle water is recommended for washing white goods.

Sprinkle salt on a wine stain and pour hot water through it until it is gone. Soak blood stains in pure cold water; when the discoloration is drawn out rub the article with soap and scrub it. If a garment is scorched it should be hung in the sunshine for days. Peach stains are hard to remove, but they should be soaked for a week or more, if need be, in water in which has been dissolved a small quantity of chloride of lime. Fresh stains from coffee and tea may be eradicated by pouring boiling water through them. If the stains are old soak first in cold water and then try the boiling water treatment. Wash out chocolate stains first in cold water and then in boiling water.

For cleaning the spots on the carpet ox gall or ammonia and water are excellent. The proportion is one tablespoonful of household ammonia to four parts of water, or use one tablespoonful of ox gall to one

quart of water. Apply with a sponge or flannel, not too wet, and rub until nearly dry. Lime spots may be removed with vinegar. This must be used quickly and washed off immediately. For soot, cover with salt or cornmeal and sweep up. To remove ink spots, pour on milk, and as it becomes colored, absorb with a blotting or other soft absorbent paper; coarse butchers' paper is good. As soon as the ink is removed wash with warm water and castile soap—nothing stronger—to remove the grease of the milk.

Cleansing cream made after the following recipe is highly recommended for general use in the household. It will remove grease spots from coats, carpets or any woolen texture, paint from furniture and ink from paint. This cream will keep an indefinite period: Cut four ounces of white castile soap very fine, and put it over the fire in a quart of hot water to dissolve; as soon as it is thoroughly melted add four quarts of hot water, and when nearly cold stir in four ounces of ammonia, two ounces of alcohol, two ounces of glycerine and two ounces of ether.

Ruskin's Unselfishness.

A striking illustration of Ruskin's unselfishness is seen in the manner in which he has disposed of his fortune, which at the time of his father's death amounted to a million dollars. With this money he set about doing good. Poor young men and women who were struggling to obtain an education were helped, homes for working men and women were established and model apartment houses were erected. He also promoted a work for reclaiming waste land outside of London. This land was used for the aid of unfortunate men who wished to rise again from the state into which they had fallen through cruel social conditions and their own weakness. It is said that this work suggested to General Booth his colonization farms. Ruskin has also ever been liberal in aiding poor artists, and has done much to encourage the artistic taste among the young. On one occasion he purchased ten fine water-color paintings by Holman Hunt for $3,750, to be hung in the public schools of London.

By 1877 he had disposed of three-fourths of his inheritance, besides all the income from his books. But the calls of the poor and the plans which he wished to put into operation looking toward educating and ennobling the toilers, and giving to their gloomy lives something more of sunshine and joy, were such that he determined to dispose of all the remainder of his wealth except a sum sufficient to yield him fifteen hundred dollars a year on which to live.—The Arena.

Rules for Candy Making.

Mrs. Rorer Tells How Confections May Be Made at Home.

Mrs. S. T. Rorer tells how to make candies at home in The Ladies' Home Journal and gives the following rules: "Never stir the sugar and water after the sugar has dissolved. Wipe down constantly the granules forming on the side of the saucepan; do not shake or move the saucepan while the sirup is boiling. As soon as the sugar begins to boil watch it carefully, having in your hand a bowl of ice water, so that you may try the sirup almost constantly. Have everything in readiness before beginning. If the sugar grains, use it for old fashioned cream candy or sugar taffy. It cannot be used for fondant. Use only the best granulated sugar for boiling and confectioners' XXX for kneading. If your fondant grains without apparent cause, you may have boiled it a little too long. A few drops of lemon juice or a little cream of tartar will prevent this. Fondant is the soft mixture which forms both the inside of the French candies and the material in which they are dipped, and it is to obtain this that the sugar is boiled.

"After the sugar has reached the 'soft ball,' a semi-hard condition, it must be poured carefully into a large meat plate or on a marble slab. Do not scrape the saucepan or you will granulate the sirup. Make your fondant one day and make it up into candy the next. Never melt fondant by placing the saucepan immediately on the stove. Prevent the danger of scorching by standing the pan containing it in a basin of water. If the melted fondant is too thick, add water most cautiously, a drop at a time. A half teaspoonful more than is necessary will ruin the whole. To cool candy place it in a cool, dry place. To keep candy put it between layers of waxed paper in tin boxes. If the day is bright and clear, the sugar loses its stickiness quickly; therefore select a fine day for your candy making."

How to have Pretty Hands.

A Modern "Beauty Bath" and One Used Centuries Ago.

Poets have sung of, and painters immortalized beautiful hands long ere our day; and to obtain which women all over the world are constantly striving.

The first essential is to know how to keep them in condition. We should be obliged to go to the laboratory of the surgeon to learn how far short our best efforts are, to the attainment of true hygienic cleanliness. Still, for our every-day purposes, and for beauty getting, we have ac-

quired by experimenting the following method toward certain success:

Make a very strong lather of pure soap (most difficult of all things to get). Still, taking old timey Castile one will not go far adrift. Cut little bits of it up, pouring very hot water upon it to release the oil therefrom; to this lather add a small quantity of silver sand, if the hands are much soiled. Immerse the hands for at least five minutes (by the clock); then, taking a nail brush, scrub the nails gently; after which plunge the hands into a basin of lukewarm water, into which a few (say 15 drops) of benzoin have been added. Rinse very thoroughly (because soap of any sort should never be allowed to remain upon the skin); then dry with equal care, that there be no danger of chapping upon exposure to the air.

While the nails are still in good condition for treatment push the cuticle gently down with an orangewood stick, lifting it gently first around the base. This is the proper bath for cleansing these-to-be-beautiful members of our body. The next point is to "plump" an o'er lean hand. No matter how white, or how well kept our hands may be, if they are like talons they are the very antithesis of beautiful.

The "skinniest" hand extant may be made plump by the Roman oil bath, which is a nightly immersion of the hands in pure olive oil, used as hot as possible; then apply more olive oil or lanoline, rubbing it as long as the pores will lap it up (they are always hungry upon thin people). After the rubbing process don kid gloves, which have been slit several times in the palm, to afford ventilation. This oil hand bath was used in Rome centuries ago, and will do its work most effectively.

Women's Influence.

One day just ten years ago, Father Maturin, who was received in the Church so recently at Rome, but who was then an Episcopal minister, was visiting the University Hospital in Philadelphia. Walking through the surgical ward, his attention was attracted by the earnest words and luminous expression of a simple, uneducated old Irishwoman who was thanking a nurse for a pair of beads she had just given her. Father Maturin stopped. Taking hold of one of the beads and raising the rosary he asked:

"What do you say on this?"

"I says the Hail Mary, sir," replied the sick woman.

"You Catholics think everything of the Hail Mary, don't you?" said Father Maturin.

"Yes, sir, and so did the Angel Gabriel," was the quick response of the sharp-witted and devout Irish nurse.

Questions and answers then followed briskly, which resulted in the learned theologian admitting that these two unostentatious women had given him a truer and deeper conception of the mystery of the Incarnation than he had ever known before.

Were these simple women God's instruments to lighten the darkness of the great scholar and prepare him to receive the greatest of all graces, the priceless gift of faith? Did he compare the knowledge, wisdom and understanding of the faithful women, free gift of the Holy Spirit, with his learning so laboriously attained in the schools?

Who knows? But we do know that woman's influence is boundless and never ceases, and that she exercises it unconsciously to herself. What a pity then that she is so often too much absorbed in ecclesiastical history, medicine, law or similar pursuits, even to notice one of God's "other sheep" who strays across her path, seeking the one true Fold.

M. T. C.

The L. B. Silver Co., Cleveland, O., the most extensive shippers of thorough bred swine in the world, are shipping their famous O. I. C.'s throughout the states, and foreign countries, every week. Three were shipped to Cuba and a pair to old Mexico this week.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat requires immediate attention. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will invariably give relief.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Literary, Scientific, Historical, etc.

The study of the ruins of ancient Rome has, of late years, assumed an importance which can hardly be realized. De Rossi, the founder of the new science of archaeology, devoted his life to this interesting study, and his deep researches and valuable contributions to the history of the past glories of the Roman world have astonished the learned world and created a deep desire among students to investigate these ruined memorials of the past in the hope of discovering the wealth of historical matter which surrounds them. Foremost among those who have given the results of these investigations to the English speaking world is Rodolfo Lauciani, whose "Ancient Rome in the Light of New Discoveries" and "Pagan and Christian Rome" have already charmed English readers, and who now places them under fresh obligations by the publication of his latest work, entitled "The Ruins and Excavations of Ancient Rome." Decidedly the most valuable contribution to this intensely interesting subject, which has as yet appeared in English, no student of Ancient Rome can afford to be without this incomparable handbook, which contains the results of the latest researches of scholars and the vast historical data which the excavations of the past few years have disclosed. Copious references to standard works will be found useful by students who wish to make a more complete study of this branch of Roman archaeology. The origin of the different spoils of each monument, now dispersed in the museums of Rome, Italy and the rest of Europe has been carefully traced, and the vicissitudes through which they have passed carefully recorded. The student, who thus becomes possessed of the knowledge of these different fragments, the date of their plunder, and their present location, is enabled to form a more just estimate of their original aspect. The volume is further enriched by chronological tables, detailing the principal events in Roman history, which illustrate the history of the buildings, while the illustrations, numerous and beautiful, are made from original drawings and photographs, prepared expressly for this work. The author in his description of the different ruins follows an order which seems best adapted for the purpose he has in view. Beautifully bound in red and gold, this volume of over six hundred pages, brimful of valuable and curious information, should readily meet with popular favor. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York, Boston, $4.00.

"The Autobiography of Madame Guyon," in two large octave volumes, the translation of Thomas Taylor Allen, of the Bengal service, presents in her own words the life story of that remarkable woman, who in the religious life of France during the seventeenth century played such a prominent part, and was the occasion of the lamentable controversy between Bossuet and Fenelon. Irreproachable in the purity of her private life, in her writings she fell into the error of Quietism and her Quietistic expositions of the love of God were bitterly opposed by Bossuet and as ardently championed by Fenelon. Rome finally condemned the work which Fenelon wrote in defence of these peculiar views of the spiritual life, though Innocent XII. softened the condemnation by giving utterance to the famous dictum that "Fenelon had erred by the excess of his love of God, but Bossuet by lack of love for his neighbor." These two volumes, the life story of this extraordinary woman, devoted to the Church, but mistaken in her teachings as regards the spiritual life, constitute a curious leaf from the history of the past. St. Louis: B. Herder, $5.25 net.

The fourth volume of the "Studies in Church History" by Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D., is at hand and fully sustains the reputation of the learned author as a master in the art of historical criticism. In this latest volume the author deals with the principal events of Church history during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the subject matter, as a consequence, makes this volume the most interesting of all that have been published. A glance at the table of contents is sufficient to secure at once our interest, for among many other questions which are discussed in this volume may be noted: "The Gunpowder Plot," "Galileo," "Pascal and His Provincial Letters," Gallicanism," "Quietism," "The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes," "The Controversy Between Bossuet and Leibnitz." "The Suppression of the Jesuits," "Josephism,"—all

topics of unbounded interest, many of them contentions, and all of deep concern to modern readers. Dr. Parsons shows special adaption for his work, a wide range of historical reading, and the calm judicial temperament so necessary to the historian in the treatment of controverted questions. He clearly states the point at issue, marshals his authorities with a readiness which reveals his acquaintance with standard historical works, and draws his conclusions with unerring precision. Historical works of this kind are needed to refute the calumnies and misrepresentations with which so many historic facts have been glossed and we trust that many more papers on historical topics may be forthcoming, displaying an equal erudition and the same temperate, judicial treatment. These four volumes should be in every library and should be constantly before the serious student of history, who wishes to discover, not the preconceived impressions of the historian, but the ascertained value of established historical data and acknowledged facts. Fr. Pusset & Co. New York.

The reputation of Agnes Repplier, as an essayist, is not merely American: it is known and valued throughout the whole English speaking world. Her success in this special field of literature, which, of late years, has been little cultivated, has been so marked, that it may be said that the mantle of Lamb, or Sir Arthur Heeps is fairly hers by virtue of acknowledged merit. Her fame is in no degree lessened by her latest volume, published under the title of, "Varia," in which she discusses, under the essay form, in her own sparkling, inimitable style, questions of present, actual interest. No one can read her clever defence of woman in the opening essay under the topical heading "The Eternal Feminine," without being impressed by her delicacy, touch and original and bright idea of setting forth old truths in a new and striking way. Other essays, of great interest to readers of general literature, make up this series of unique and charming essays. Houghton, Mifflin & Co: Boston, New York, $1.25.

It has been said that America has no history, but the readers of "Historic Houses and Spots in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Nearby Towns," will be surprised to learn of the great number of places of historic interest which are within easy reach. The author, J. W. Freese, is well acquainted with the wealth of historic associations which surround many of the old houses in Cambridge and vicinity; and in a convenient handbook, handsomely illustrated, gives the results of his observations and studies. It should prove an acceptable and valuable guide-book for the general public. Boston: Ginn Co., 85 cents.

"The Wonder Worker of Padua" is the title of a new life of St. Anthony of Padua, written in the chaste and elegant style which characterizes all the work of Charles Warren Stoddard. The spread of the devotion to St. Anthony is steadily increasing, especially in this country, and this beautiful life, charmingly told, meets a general demand, and is destined to be a fruitful source of good in making St. Anthony better known and appreciated, and in increasing the number of his clients. Notre Dame, Ind., The Ave Maria, 50 cents.

"The Life of the Blessed Virgin," by Rev. B. Rohner, O. S. B., is a book worthy of a place in every Christian family. The author is to be congratulated on giving the best presentment in English which has yet appeared of that supremely pure and perfect character, which claims the veneration of all Christians. Besides the Scriptural accounts, which are meagre, judicious use has been made of the wealth of material which lies scattered through the different works of the fathers, as well as the conclusions of more modern writers. It is at once a history and a book of devotion, the warm tribute of a well-stored mind and loving heart; and its three hundred and sixty pages teem with information and loving appreciation. Beautiful illustrations abound, showing the chief mysteries of the Virgin's sublime life. Benziger Bros.: New York, $1.25.

Louisa Emily Dobrée shows great cleverness in investing the mysteries of the Rosary with a real, living interest, and showing their applicability to every-day life in a series of short stories, entitled, "Stories on the Rosaries." In the present volume, which is the first of others which will follow, each of the five joyful mysteries is made the background of events which, put in the form of a story, make interesting and profitable reading. These stories are well told and faithful in a remarkable degree to life, as we know it, and may be read with profit by young and old. Longmans, Green & Co.: New York, London, Bombay.

Novels.

"The Federal Judge," by Charles K. Lush, is a typical novel of American life.

Its actual interest is enhanced from the fact that the political problem of government by injunction appears in its pages and is made do service in bringing to a crisis the events which form the substance of the story. A pschychological problem is presented, too, in the person of Judge Tracy Dunn, who first appears as a country judge, the terrible foe of corporate interests, obstinately honest, but who after his promotion to the Federal bench is unconsciously influenced by his environment, and without realizing that he has changed his views in any respect, delivers judgment totally opposed to his former rulings. The character of the villain, Elliot Gardwell, millionaire and president of trusts, is artistically drawn, his utter villainy being disclosed only at the very end. Aside from these, the story abounds in striking incidents, the action is well sustained throughout, and the interest never flags. The character of Robert Emmersley is a sterling one, while Miss Dunn, the daughter of the judge, is charming in her amiability. Altogether a very readable and interesting novel. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Boston, New York, $1.25.

A well-told story is "The Skipper's Wooing," by W. W. Jacobs. The skipper is in love and, every time his ship comes to port, he sallies forth to meet his intended bride, but bashfulness overcomes him and he remains satisfied with seeing her pass by and following at a respectful distance. Finally, he obtains entrance to her house only to find another lover, and learns that she on whom he has fixed his affections will marry the man who succeeds in finding her lost father. The ludicrous mistakes of the skipper and his sailors, whom he has called to his aid in the search, in their efforts to find the lost captain, prove interesting and amusing. New York, London: Frederick A. Stokes Co.; Boston: Little & Brown, $1.00.

"With a Pessimist in Spain" is one of the choice holiday books that bring pleasure to so many.

The author, Miss Mary F. Nixon, follows no beaten track, but ziz-zags delightfully in accordance with the sweet will of the travelers.

There is no attempt at forcing information on the public, no weary descriptions, but many delightful informal chats between the companions, when the Pessimist's objections elicit replies telling why places are memorable, or giving pretty descriptive sketches of famous pictures and shrines, and the people connected with them.

Miss Nixon aims at holding her readers' interest and succeeds admirably. Even those not interested in Spain are induced to follow the travelers for the pleasure of their company, and are rewarded by finding Spain a most delightful country, picturesque in scenery, rich in historic reminiscence, and instinct with the life and glow of a race famed for deeds of valor and adventure.

The book is prettily bound, well printed and profusely illustrated.

McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Miscellaneous.

A new series of writing books published by John Kehoe, New York, are worthy the attention of all interested in educational matters. Some of the advantages we note are that—

Capitals receive considerable attention. In order to afford the requisite practice, proper names are used in all but the first book.

The grading is easy and progressive. The difficulties of writing are presented one at a time, and always in such a manner that they can easily be surmounted.

Children are not long kept writing single words, but early in the series complete sentences are presented.

The double ruling, useful at first as a guide in determining the height of the letters, is gradually dispensed with, and the pupil is thus early accustomed to use his judgment, and a standard of comparison is furnished to him.

No care has been spared, both as to authorship and manufacture, to make this the best system of vertical writing in the market, and yet the price has been placed at, net, fifty cents per dozen. This makes the Columbus system the cheapest as well as the best series of writing books ever offered to schools.

A charming greeting from the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary conveys to us the kindly wishes of the esteemed director, Rev. M. J. Henry, who is doing such noble work in the interests of the Irish immigrant girls.

A characteristic design, beautifully worked out, decorates the cover and prepares one for the kindly greeting it encloses. There is also a picture of the Mission, State street, and a poem expressing the feeling towards the young strangers in a strange land and the welcome awaiting them.

May every year bring to the Mission more friends, more helpers to aid the promoters by their sympathetic co-operation and monetary support.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

The Little Altar-Boy or St. Raphael's.

Margaret Kenna, in Catholic Columbian.

You needn't play any more Nora. Papa will be home soon. He's only gone to take the candles to St. Raphael's." It was little John de Laucey's voice, and he was speaking to the Irish housekeeper, in the midst of a game of marbles on the drawing-room floor.

Love hath its victories. For love some have died and for love others have found courage to live. When Nora, who was an old lady now and rather stately, played marbles with little John on the drawing-room floor, it was the last proof of her love.

"Have you had enough, precious?" she murmured, gathering up the marbles in her thin hand.

"Yes. Thank you ever so much, Nora." She kissed him and went out. Almost at the same moment his father came in. Snowflakes were on his shoulders and his cheeks were pink with cold. The child ran to him joyously.

"Did you and Nora have a good game?"

"Yes; three games and a half, Papa. I beat her two and she beat me one and—a half. Then I told her she needn't play any more."

"That wasn't quite fair to Nora, was it?" said his father, smiling.

John smiled, too. Then a wrinkle crossed his brow.

"I don't know why, Papa, but I don't think Nora likes marbles as much as I do."

"You are six and Nora is sixty—that is why."

He sat down and took the little fellow on his knee. One would have said that little John was beautiful, if he had not been so brave looking. He had very golden curls, but there was a glance of the violet eyes which was more like a soldier than a cherub.

"I took the candles to St. Raphael's" his father said. Each Christmas Eve for four years, he had said this to little John, but always, before, it had been merely a remark. To-night he said it as if beginning a story. "You are six years old now, aren't you, John?"

"Yes, sir." How proudly the words lisped themselves out, what a sweet tremor of happiness was in them.

"And to-night I am going to tell you why I take the candle to St. Raphael's."

Little John was very still.

"Eight years ago to-morrow, I went to Mass at St. Raphael's. I was a stranger and they took me far up front. I was crowed into a pew that was full to overflowing and a young lady had to tuck her black silk gown in close about her to give me a place to kneel, but she did it with a smile. The altar was trimmed with lilies and lace and thousands of candles were lighted. Suddenly, as the priest came into the pulpit, the young lady whispered to me, 'The altar lace is on fire!'

"I went into the sanctuary. A little altar boy had climbed up to reach the lace and his surplice was aflame. I wrapped him in my arms and smothered it out. Then I put out the fire on the altar and went back to my place. In another moment there would have been a panic; but the preacher had not seen it, and the people saw it only in time to breathe a glad sigh, when they beheld the altar boy safe in my arms.

"When Mass was over the young lady spoke to me at the door. 'I want to thank you for saving the little boy. Won't you please take these violets?' and taking the violets from her dress, she pressed them into my hand.

"It was your mother. Only a little while after that we were married, and when two years later the Christmas Angel brought you to me, she said: 'The good God has sent you a little altar boy for St. Raphael's.' "

Little John, though he scarcely understood, laid his head on his father's breast, as if he heard the beating of his heart. Then he looked up brightly.

"And shall I be an altar boy at St. Raphael's?"

"Yes. Run into the hall and bring me the box you will find there."

He brought it, and his father, kneeling on the floor, opened it. A white serge cassock and a tiny lace surplice lay folded there. He took them out and slipped them on little John. How priestly the snowy gown was! His fingers trembled as he tied the white ribbon at the child's throat. He was almost afraid of the angelic little figure, as it stood forth against the shadows of the room.

"John, if I am not always with you—fathers die before sons—think of what I have told you to-night. Nothing in this beautiful world can ever be as beautiful as your mother was. The altar lilies are not more fair and sweet. Will you remember?"

"Yes, Papa."

"To-morrow you go to St. Raphael's. Kiss me."

Little John kissed him and ran to show Nora the little altar boy of St. Raphael's!

Uncle Sam's First Postage Stamp.

Josh Billings' Father Was the First Purchaser, Just Fifty Years Ago.

"Fifty years ago—in July, 1847—Uncle Sam issued his first postage stamps," writes Fannie Mack Lothrop, in the July Ladies' Home Journal. "In England, seven years before, Rowland Hill, 'father of the penny posts,' introduced the 'sticking plasters,' as the stamps were contemptuously called. John M. Niles, our postmaster general at that time, tried heroically, but in vain, to move Congress to authorize stamps for this country. His successor, Cave Johnson, was more fortunate, and the bill desired was approved on March 3, 1847, the stamps not being issued, however, till August, though the time appointed was July 1. Only two values of the new stamps were introduced in 1847—a 5 and a 10 cent stamp, bearing, respectively, the portrait of Franklin in bronze tint and Washington in black.

"The first purchaser of stamps in the United States was Henry Shaw, the father of Henry Wheeler Shaw (better known as Josh Billings, the humorist). Mr. Shaw was in the postmaster general's office on August 6, 1847, when Mr. Johnson entered with the printer from whom he had just received sheets of the new stamps. Mr. Johnson passed a sheet to Mr. Shaw for inspection. After giving the stamps a hasty glance, Mr. Shaw, perhaps with an eye to future fame, took out his wallet, counted out 15 cents, and purchased one of each variety. The 'five' he kept as a curiosity, the 'ten' he presented to Governor Briggs as an appropriate gift."

Save Cancelled Stamps.

We have often heard of most extraordinary things having been accomplished by means of stamps, such as the foundation of hospitals, and the purchase of Chinese children to be brought up as Christians. So our readers will be glad to hear of a scheme that has been actually carried out

The humble origin of this particular undertaking is full of interest. Some school children of the town of St. Trond, in Belgium (population 11,500), took a great interest in stamps, and seeing by papers placed in shops that they had a monetary value, although used, they thought that the sale of such stamps as they could collect would produce a little sum for foreign missions. The idea was taken up by the clergy, and the work actually started on November 1, 1890. When a sufficient sum of money was collected to make a beginning, the congregation of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, residing at Scheut-lez-Brussels, promised to supply the necessary priests, and the Rev. Father Cambier was sent out as the first missionary. With the assistance of the Very Rev. C. Van Ronslé a village was soon commenced, and named St. Trudo, after the patron of the town from whence the idea came of doing missionary work by means of postage stamps. This last priest, who was for a time rector of St. Trudo, and afterwards superior of the missions on the Congo, has since been consecrated first Bishop of Congo (24th January, 1897), by the Cardinal Archbishop of Mechlin, in St. Gudule's Church, Brussels. On this occasion our missions presented His Lordship with a gold Ciborium and 5,000 francs for St. Trudo.

At an early stage it was found most convenient to accept the invitation of the "Catholic Seminary, at Liége," to remove the head depot there, and thus all stamps sent direct should be addressed:

THE REV. JOSEPH VOS,
The Catholic Seminary,
Liége, Belgium.

St. Trudo is situated in the very heart of the Congo Free State, on a little hill overlooking the river Lubi, which is very rapid and winding, and only navigable for canoes. The native villages round are very friendly. Coffee and grapes are the chief products. The mission is at present under the charge of the Rev. Father Garmyn, as Superior, assisted by the Rev. Father Jans, and a lay brother. The village consists of about 300 adults and 100 children. When funds will permit, the Rev. Fathers purchase the freedom of any slaves that may be passing that way, and add them to the number of their population. The little chapel of the Sacred Heart of Jesus is built of bricks, with a grass roof, and there is a presbytery, with stores, a lecture hall, brick kiln, workshops, and about 150 huts. A broad road lined with trees leads from the chapel to the river Lubi, where there is a nice little harbor for canoes.

Any promising children will be sent to Belgium for higher education, and at the present time two are thus being brought up, viz., Bauduin Bida and Maria Mbouti, both about twelve years of age.

As time goes on it is proposed to found another Christian village after the pattern of St. Trudo, which shall be called St. Lambert. So a great missionary enterprise has been set on foot by means of stamps, and it will go ahead as blessed by God, and supported by our kind benefactors.

All who help our work have a part in the following Spiritual advantages, viz.:

1. A special remembrance in the "Memento" of all Masses, celebrated by the missionaries of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

2. A Mass is said in perpetuity on the

first Friday of every month for all benefactors, either living or departed; and—

3. On the 3d of November in each year a Solemn Requiem Mass is celebrated for the repose of the souls of all benefactors.

The committee desire to thank most heartily all those who have contributed to the stock of stamps, and hope that they will continue to help us and make the work known amongst their friends, so that the number of donors may be multiplied. They also thoroughly appreciate the kindness of many editors, who have made our cause publicly known. The stamps are nearly all purchased by Philatelists (stamp collectors), and although the first issues fetch the highest prices, yet the commonest stamps, of minute value now, will be worth something in course of time, and will pay for keeping.

HOW, WHEN AND WHERE TO SEND STAMPS.

Stamps received between 1840 and 1880, should be sent (if possible) on the original envelopes. Embossed envelopes and post cards should always be sent whole. Those received since the above dates should be cut out with a good margin of paper all round, and not placed in water to take off the paper.

If any unusued old issues or telegraph stamps should be found stored away, they should be carefully handled, and placed in an envelope by themselves. Cardboard boxes should not be used when forwarding stamps, as they break in the post, but let them be carefully packed in a light tin box and sent by parcel post, or, if only a few, in a strong lined envelope.

In case any keen Philatelist should read this paper, let him send us a list of his wants, and we will endeavor to supply them on most reasonable terms.

Merchants, consuls, solicitors, and the members of old families can assist us greatly by looking over their archives in their leisure hours, and sending us the results.

The early issues of Great Britain, United States of America, West Indies, British Guiana, Capè Colony, Natal, Mauritius, Ceylon and the Australian Colonies are especially sought after.

The following are the only agents to which stamps should be sent, and the donors are earnestly asked to place their names and addresses inside the parcels, or send particulars by post, so as to avoid any mistakes:

Great Britain and Ireland—
R. RAIKES BROMAGE, ESQ.,
32 Gledstanes Road,
West Kensington, London.

United States of America—
THE REV. MOTHER ANNA,
Villa Maria,
Lawrence County, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

Malta and Egypt—
THE REV. P. V. MANGION,
45 Strada San Giovanni Battista,
Sliema, Malta.

India, Ceylon and Straits Settlements—
R. A. LEMERLE, ESQ.,
Telegraph Department,
Mangalore,
South Canara, India.

It will give an idea of the arduous work required in assorting stamps, when we say that over thirty millions were received at the headquarters at Liége, during the year 1896, and the income by the sale of stamps for the same period amounted to about eight thousand francs, or £300. Of course the ones not sold will increase in value each year, and thus encourage us for the future.

Try to Say It.

If your tongue be in good condition for doing a little acrobatic work, says the Boston Journal, try reading the following word curiosity aloud. It may be familiar to some of you, for it is one of the treasures we dug up out of an old scrap-book:

If you stick a stick across a stick,
Or stick a cross across a stick,
Or cross a stick across a stick,
Or stick a cross across a cross,
Or cross a cross across a stick,
Or cross a cross across a cross,
Or stick a cross stick across a stick,
Or stick a crossed stick across a crossed stick,
Or cross a crossed stick across a cross,
Or cross a crossed stick across a stick,
Or cross a crossed stick across a crossed stick,
Would that be an acrostic?

How Greek Boys are Trained in Greece.

Greek boys began to be trained in bodily exercise at a very early age—often at ten years. The problem was not merely to develop strength and health, but to secure grace and beauty, perfect beauty being thought the outer expression of perfect strength. It was this passion in every phase of Greek life which made its sculpture and architecture the noblest the world has seen. But the thought had a still deeper root. The Greek assumed that it was only in the perfect and symmetrical body that the well-balanced mind could dwell; so physical culture held a foremost place in his plan of education, and the daily toils of the palestra (or wrestling field) and the gymnasium were a part of the life of the growing lad, and a part not to be shirked.

The Faelten Piano School.

The success attending the establishment of Mr. Carl Faelten's Pianoforte School in Boston has been most gratifying, and is a tribute to the genius and ability of this well-known instructor, whose system is acknowledged to be one of the best in the world. As the Springfield "Republican" remarks, "The plan of Mr. Faelten should be put in practice in every city. There is no reason why sound and thorough primary instruction for children should not be furnished at a cost well within the reach of the general public."

For $30 a child receives two lessons of one hour's duration each week for thirty-eight weeks, less than forty cents a lesson, and these lessons given under the direction of a man who is a recognized authority in musical matters. It is the class system that enables the teacher to accomplish this, and the public to enjoy the benefit. This requires the ample facilities furnished at the Faelten School. To understand how a number of children can be taught in one room, where there are eight pianos, with a pupil at each, is worth a visit from interested parents; and visitors are always welcome.

As for advanced students, to those who enter the school with some proficiency in piano playing, but with serious technical and musical defects, every advantage is offered to correct their faults. Special classes in hand culture and pianoforte technics enable them to attain greater keyboard facility, while classes in sight playing and practical keyboard harmony enable them to study a wider range of musical works with a positive knowledge of what they are doing.

As a training school for teachers it has special advantages, and the completion of their studies finds them equipped with a practical knowledge in a profession which is broadening out more and more every year. In these advanced departments, a student receives six or seven one-hour lessons a week at about the same price that one lesson a week costs with a first-class private teacher. As to the necessity of taking six or seven lessons a week, a certain amount of practice and study of the right sort must be accomplished under the supervision of the teacher in order to succeed, and those who do not do their stated amount of this work will be left behind.

A visit to this institution, in the Steinert Hall Annex, corner Boylston and Carver streets, Boston, is the most direct way to gain further information as to the remarkable facilities offered to obtain a thorough musical education.

The charming centre-piece of our cover design will be recognized by many as a photographic reproduction of "The Old Year and the New," a bas-relief by the well-known woman sculptor, Mrs. Katherine T. Prescott.

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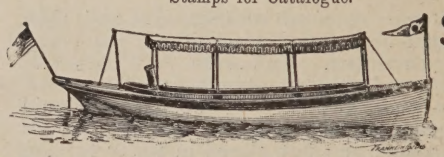

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J. L. STEPHENS, M. D., Lebanon, Ohio.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

Student of History writes: 1. Was John Huss a precursor of Protestantism, and did he reject the same Catholic doctrines as the Protestants? 2. What defence can be offered of his treatment of the Council of Constance, and of his being burnt as a heretic? 3. Do you think he was sincere?

1. The Protestants have certainly expressed much admiration for John Huss, and have affected to find in his teachings much of Protestant denial. But they can scarcely claim for themselves one who taught the Catholic doctrines so strenuously advocated by John Huss. At the Council of Constance he asserted his belief in the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist. He has in his writings positively asserted the necessity of sacramental confession, admitted Extreme Unction equally with Baptism, Confirmation and Holy Orders. This same John Huss was also a believer in purgatory, and in the veneration of the saints. Truly, a remarkable Protestant! He had his errors, and for these he was condemned.

2. Huss went to the Council of Constance to answer there the charges made against him of erroneous and heretical teachings. By his teachings, and by his disobedience to his superiors, Huss had drawn on himself the censure of excommunication, and more than once, and the threat of interdict was held over any place that would tolerate him. Wenceslaus, king of Bohemia, where Huss lived, and Sigismund, ruler of Germany, being anxious to bring about peace, and to save Bohemia from interdict, agreed together that Huss should be tried at the coming Council of Constance. Huss agreed, and returning to Prague, affixed placards on the city walls, stating his willingness to appear before the Council, adding: "If they convict me of any error, and show that I have taught anything against faith, I will not refuse any punishment due to a heretic."

Arriving at Constance, due process of inquiry was pursued, with many delays, and much questioning. At first Huss was really at liberty, but when he sought to run away, he was confined in a Dominican convent. In the Council, his doctrines were read to him, and he was asked to explain them, and to retract the false ones. He stubbornly stood on the ground that he would retract what would be proved to him as wrong. He would judge his judges, and deny their authority. In one session, his replies were but of insult and contempt. In another, he admitted some of the charges, denied some and explained others. He was asked to submit his judgment to the Church, by the retractations of his errors. Finally, on July 6, 1415—Huss having been granted a delay from June 9 until that day—he was asked whether he gave up his errors or not. Remaining obstinate, thirty articles of his doctrines were marked for condemnation by the Council. It was declared that "many of them were erroneous, some scandalous, some offensive to pious ears, some rash and seditious; others notoriously heretical, and already condemned by the Holy Fathers and the General Councils." Huss was declared a heretic, "a seducer of the Bohemians and a preacher of a false gospel." Because of his obstinacy, the Council declares him fallen from the priestly dignity, condemns him to be degraded and orders the Archbishop of Milan and five other archbishops to execute the sentence in presence of the Council.

The ceremony of degradation was carried out, Huss pronounced excluded from the Church, and a heresiarch. He was then given over to the secular judgment and to the secular power. The civil law of that time and place punished heresy with death. According to that law, the magistrates of Constance decreed death to Huss. He was burned at the stake.

Huss posed as a reformer. He stirred up civil and religious strife. The principles he advocated "threatened ruin not only to the Church, but to the state and society; and Sigismund (the emperor) rightly said that there had never been a more dangerous heretic than Huss." It was a time of great distress in the history of the Church. Peace had been eagerly and vainly sought for a long time. Finally, the Council of Constance was convened to bring about that peace so desired for all the Church. Arises Huss, a disturber, a promoter of discord. The Church condemned his doctrines, and expelled him from her communion; the emperor of Germany applied to him the punishment of the time. His followers spread war and devastation later in the land, while pursuing his principles. By the fruits know the tree.

3. Was he sincere? Rather was he not proud, self-opinionated, stubborn in the perversity of a judgment that esteemed itself above the judgment of a general council, and the belief of the ages? We leave the question of his good or bad faith to Him Who reads the hearts of men.

Mary M. writes: What is meant in prayer-books by the words "the priest takes the ablutions"?

This means the wine and water which the priest puts in the chalice after his communion, so that nothing may remain of the

consecrated wine. The greatest care is to be taken of the sacred vessels used in the sacrifice of the Mass, or in any way having relation to the Blessed Eucharist.

Layman inquires: What is the meaning of Perpetual Adoration? and 2, What is the "abomination of desolation" spoken of by the Prophet Daniel?

1. This is the adoring of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament in such a way that there shall be at least one person present before the altar at every hour of the night as well as the day. In some places there are societies for Perpetual Adoration, and the members of the societies are assigned in turn to their time of adoration.

The devotion of the Forty Hours is somewhat analogous, at least in its spirit. Owing to many reasons, the adorations cannot be continuous during the forty hours, unless in convents, colleges, seminaries, and a few churches. But, as far as possible, arrangements are made to have the devotion continuous throughout the year, in the churches of the diocese. In a large diocese, this is easily effected, and different weeks are assigned to different churches for the devotion, from January to December.

2. Many interpreters consider the abomination of desolation standing in the holy place to be the idol of Jupiter Olympus, placed in the temple of Jerusalem by Antiochus Epiphanius. This abomination referred to in St. Matthew xxiv., 25, and St. Mark vi., 7, and seen in Jerusalem, when the Romans under Titus took possession, was the standards of the Roman army, bearing images of their gods and their emperors. These were borne into the holy city and the temple.

From Boston comes an inquiry as to what books of the Bible are rejected by the Protestants, as also a request to indicate the beginning, or the establishment of the Anglican Church.

The Anglicans made their profession of faith in 1562, in 39 articles. In three of these, they acknowledge as canonical all the books of the New Testament, but in the Old Testament they exclude Tobias, Judith, a portion of Esther, Wisdom, Ecclesiasticus, Baruch, some chapters of Daniel, and the two books of Maccabees. The Calvinists have rejected in the New Testament the Epistle of St. James, that of St. Jude and the Apocalypse.

The Anglican Church was established by Henry VIII. To shake off his allegiance to the Holy See and to the Roman Church, he declared himself the head of the English Church and forbade the recognition of any authority in spiritual or in temporal matters, other than himself. He made no innovations, however, in the exterior worship established in the Catholic Church, nor in any other points of doctrine.

During the reign of his son, Edward VI., parliament decided in 1547 to reform the ecclesiastical discipline and the form of worship. This act was carried out in 1548. As yet, there was no formula of doctrine, or confessions of faith.

Queen Mary, a zealous Catholic, sister of Edward VI., and his successor, in 1553, abolished this act of parliament, and re-established the Catholic worship.

Finally, in 1559, under Queen Elizabeth, parliament renewed the enactments of Edward VI.'s time, and proscribed anew the Catholic faith. Three years later, in 1562, the Anglican profession of faith was drawn up in a synod held at London.

Student asks for an account of the Labarum, of which he has read some short notice in history.

This was the banner of the cross, used by the Roman Emperor Constantine in his campaigns. Eusebuis, in his "Life of Constantine," tells about it: "He (Constantine) kept invoking God in his prayers, beseeching and imploring that he would declare Himself to him who He was, and stretch forth His right hand over events. While the king was thus praying, and perseveringly entreating, a most extraordinary sign from heaven appears to him, which, perhaps, it were not easy to receive on the report of anyone else; but since the victorious king himself, a long time afterwards, when we were honored with his acquaintance and friendly intercourse, repeated the story to us who are compiling the record, and confirmed it with an oath, who would hesitate to believe the recital, especially as the ensuing period furnished unerring testimony to the tale? About midday, when the day was now on the turn, he said that he saw with his own eyes, in the sky, above the sun, the trophy-like figure of a cross composed of light, and that a writing was attached to it, which said, 'By this conquer!' Astonishment at the sight seized upon both himself and all the troops whom he was then leading on some expedition, and who became spectators of the portent."

Constantine had a costly banner made, surmounted by a crown, having on it a monogram formed by the first two letters of the name of Christ. He crossed over into Italy, bearing this banner at the head of his army, defeated Maxeutuis in different battles, and became master of Rome.

THE YOUNG PILGRIM'S CHOICE.

A SCENE IN '98. See page 119.

PLEASANT NEWS

"The Golden Days when love was sweetest sung." See page 105.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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MEN AND THINGS.

BY THE EDITOR, HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, M. A.

MY REFERENCE IN THE CHRISTMAS number to the remarkable work being done in Trenton by the Catholic Club in Father Hogan's parish has called forth considerable correspondence.

Priests and laymen in various parts of the country have written to me for particulars. They want the secret of the success in Trenton, and, incidentally, the explanation of the failure of similar clubs elsewhere. I am tickled to death to have another opportunity to speak of the Catholic Club in Trenton, and to make some attempt to analyze its methods, because, in all seriousness, I think that Father Hogan has hit upon one of the most urgent necessities of the life of Catholics in this country, and in an amazing way solved the difficulty.

First of all, then, the Trenton Club starts out on the theory that the Church and the civilization which inheres in her teaching are the refining and elevating forces which have created society. All art, music, literature and culture are the offspring of true principles. The function of Christianity has been to teach man all truth, — hence all that is true in life, in civilization. Therefore, when the Church, or when churchmen, acting as such, and under Church auspices, engage in efforts which are not elevating nor refining they are to that extent departing from the true work of the Church, and neutralizing one very important note of her mission in the world.

A Catholic is a gentleman in so far as he is catholic. An association of Catholic gentlemen organized for purely social pleasure remains Catholic only so long as the entertainments, manners and spirit of the association continue to be those of gentlemen.

Consequently, when a club called "Catholic" manifests in its conduct and attitude no essential difference from that of a gang of political heelers, or of a fourth-rate pool room, it is not merely not Catholic, but an outrageous betrayal of Catholicity, — I care not if every man in it be a Catholic and its meetings be held in the parish Lyceum.

To say that because a majority of our young men are poor and uneducated, we cannot expect them to be gentlemen, is a gross libel, which I resent and deny.

Riches and learning never yet made a gentleman. Charity and humility and self-control are the only possible elements in a true gentleman, and these, thank God, come from Heaven, and not from the pocket-book.

Let every Catholic Club in the land realize that in our holy religion lies the secret of all true culture, and we shall have more of them doing the splendid work now being accomplished in Trenton.

If our young men must have variety shows, does it follow that the Church must become the impressario? If

young fellows must spit, and romp, and indulge in vulgar horse-play, does it follow that our over-worked pastors must put up costly buildings in which these hoodlum propensities may be indulged? Father Hogan does not think so. He seems to feel that before he announces an entertainment, or endorses a sociable, or encourages any public event, that it ought to be of a character which the whole community shall regard as worthy of the Majestic Mother of Civilization, the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Roman Church.

The result is that the ladies and gentlemen of Trenton not of the Faith do not regard Catholic entertainments as synonymous with vulgarity, and they have been happily educated to realize that anything given under the auspices of the Catholic Club and with the endorsement of the reverend clergy carries with it a guarantee of its being at the same time refined in manner and sound in principles.

MANY PERSONS IMAGINE that the life of an editor is one prolonged unpleasantness, a dreary monotone of boredom, or a fever fit of anxiety, or an ineffectual attempt to please the disgruntled.

Nothing could be less true. An editor does, indeed, have a very wide and interesting opportunity for studying human nature; that is to say, for discovering how much most people resemble himself as he feels before breakfast.

But there is a rosy and joyous side to his life. No day's mail but brings to him letters which add to the gayety of life and pierce the sombre gloominess of routine.

Recently, for example, I received the following refreshing outburst from Canada. If the people who send me stories and essays would put one-tenth as much life into their effusions as my beloved critics manage to squeeze into their animadversions, I would be grateful and literature enriched. Witness:

Montreal, Canada, Nov. 8, 1897.

Dear Mr. Adams:—

Because of all the nice things said OF you and TO you, perhaps you will not be very cross on receipt of a "Growl" from an humble admirer in Canada.

The writer is not a "New Woman," does not belong to any shrieking sisterhood, doesn't care whether woman is emancipated or man "put in his place" and kept there or not. She never had a "Heart to Heart talk on pillow shams" or paper, but she would like her FAVORITE Editor to be consistent.

You are not in favor of a writer placing his or her hero or heroine in the cloister, in which idea you are right; but why in the name of modern fiction don't you improve on it? You consign to "waste-basket oblivion" the "Cloister" finale and laud to the (Editorial) skies the "Bicycle" finale (perhaps the bicycle is newer than the cloister).

Now don't you think that any woman "new" or "old" would look better in the cloister than scorching down a hill on an improved safety with her arms wound round a man's neck (the woman not the safety) as was illustrated in "An Emergency" lately published in Donahoe's? Such a finale might be supplemented with a "Marriage on an iceberg" to complete the SENSATIONAL.

I guess while I'm at it I had better finish the scolding. "Crumbs of Bread" is very good, but it encroaches on the editorial preserves (one editor is enough for any paper) and it is "Bits of Glass" in "Ave Maria."

Then you might crush the use of the misnomer "Typical." If you tell us so and so is a "typical American" how many thoughts fly to John Boyle O'Reilly or Dr. Conaty, rather to "Sam Slick." A typical Irishman is the stage Irishman as a typical Englishman is the beef-eater and beer-drinker of the comic weeklies. I saw lately in a Catholic paper the expression "A typical American priest." Next I suppose we will hear something about the "typical American nun." ! ! ! !

The Children's Department is excellent but could easily stand a little religion. The "person in charge" seems afraid of that good old word "Catholic." A mention now and then of "Our Lady" and the Saints would give your little readers an idea that Donahoe's was a Catholic magazine and not "St. Nicholas" or "Harper's Young People."

I see your lip curl and hear you exclaim "Here's another who knows how to run

a paper better than the editor," and as I am not writing this for publication or twenty-five dollars, I will close with apologies if I have offended. You know 'tis only "Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread," nevertheless amongst your many well wishers and friends you may count,

Yours very sincerely,

"A Grumbler."

P. S. The inevitable P. S.! We all know from "Men and Things" what kind of a woman you don't like and we are curious on the subject of your ideal woman. Some day, if we are very good, won't you enlighten us? A. G.

As usual, the most interesting bit in this wholly interesting letter is the post scriptum.

Those who wish to know what my ideal of a woman is are welcome to come and call on her at any time; but in a general way I don't mind saying that the elements from which my ideals are drawn come nearly always from the past. I look for more comfortable, wiser, more evolved women to-morrow, but for better ones, happier ones, truer ones, — never! The fact of the matter is that I had an early love affair with my mother, from which I have not recovered.

"WHEN LOVE WAS SWEETEST SUNG."

By M. H. Douglass.

Dear little sunny heart of mine,
I bring to you a valentine,
To tell you Love's old song;
Some little, happy blushing verses,
Sweet as the summer breeze rehearses,
To play your thoughts among.

To tell you how your magic spells,
Your love's mysterious incantations,
Bewitch me with the fascinations
Their gentle music tells.

And thinking of the golden days
When love was sweetest sung, I breathe
A thought as fair as Love can wreathe,
And sing it in thy praise.

THE ROYAL HOUSE OF DAVID.

By William Harper Bennett.

Know Pop Mandelbaum? Why, everybody in the teeming lower east side of the metropolis knew honest Aaron, the pawnbroker, and public opinion stamped him a man of sterling honesty and perfect fair dealing.

No man could say that Pop ever took advantage of his extremity. Plunderers, seeking for a place to pledge their booty, avoided Pop's shop, because he was on excellent terms with the police, and a hurried message from him to the nearby station house had brought many a wrong-doer to justice.

His shop was in a tumble-down, quaint, old-world-looking building in a dark narrow street near Chatham Square. In its many-paned little show window were dusty and dilapidated articles of clothing, guns, swords, musical instruments, tarnished plated ware, the regalia and jewels of a long defunct lodge, old fashioned watches and chains, and a thousand and one articles, nearly every one of which, had it a voice, could tell a sad tale of its former owner's weakness, vice or adversity.

Passing under the weather-beaten, time-honored emblem of the proprietor's calling, the visitor entered through swinging, baize-covered doors and found himself in a musty smelling interior, its murkiness but dimly lighted by the two gas jets in the show window and the single jet above the long counter, the end of which was lost in the gloom at the rear of the shop. Shelves everywhere were laden with unredeemed pledges.

Every evening, when business was dull, Aaron seated himself in his armchair, under the gas jet, and read the "New Yorker Herold" or the Talmud, and his great shock of gray hair, long gray beard and strongly marked face reminded one of his ideal of a prophet of old.

Every night when the wheezy, dust-choked old clock in the show window hammered out the closing hour Aaron put aside his book or paper and taking his most valuable articles from the show window placed them in the ponderous old safe and swung to the heavy door with a clang that shook the place. Then the lights in the show window were extinguished and he walked to the door to look what kind of weather the heavens above promised for the morrow and to see what the confines of the narrow street revealed of what was transpiring on the earth beneath, and, may-hap, to chat a moment with a neighbor.

One night, in early November, Aaron swung open his doors before closing for the night. A fog partially obscured the outlines of the houses opposite and the falling rain had formed inky little pools in the uneven pavement of the street. The sidewalks gleamed like polished ebony, on which the gas-lights in the store windows shot beams of golden yellow. There was only one pedestrian visible—a dripping figure, which approached, carrying a large and seemingly heavy bundle.

"Am I too late?" the stranger asked as he approached the door.

"No, my friend, it's never too late to do business," replied Aaron as he led the way into the shop.

"I feared I was too late," said the stranger, as he placed his burden on the counter and proceeded to strip it of the oilcloth that covered it. The covering removed, a beautifully carved statue of the Blessed Virgin stood revealed. Aaron gazed spell-bound at the majestic beauty of the face raised heavenward. It reminded him of Esther, Judith, Rachel, Rebecca, Sara—of all the immortal women of his ancient race.

"I want ten dollars on this marble for about a month," said the stranger, recalling Aaron to the present.

"Whom does it represent?" asked Aaron.

"The Virgin Mary," replied the stranger.

"The Virgin Mary?" queried Aaron.

"Yes; and I hope your Jewish prejudice won't prevent you from loaning the money—God knows I need it badly—badly! Why, man, she was of the line of your royal prophet! Mary of the royal house of David!

"Of the royal house of David," repeated Aaron, "I'll make you the loan; but although I'm no judge of art, this, my friend, seems to me to be the work of a genius. How comes it that you are driven to pawn it?"

"By hunger, old man, by hunger. If I came to New York with a European reputation I might find purchasers for my work. I am only a young, unknown American artisan, therefore I starve! Do you know what it is to starve, old man? No, no, you don't; and God keep you from the experience. Come, let me have the money. I am cold and wet—and weak from hunger.

As Aaron busied himself making out the pawn ticket he stole a look, now and again, at the delicate, emaciated face of the artist—at his dark eyes blazing with fever, the drawn look about the mouth, and he doubted if he would ever redeem the pledge. As he counted the bills out on the counter, the artist snatched them up eagerly and hurrying to the door, cried:—

"God bless you! Take good care of my statue. Luck will turn and I'll redeem it."

When his footsteps had died away down the street, Aaron locked and bolted the heavy outer doors, and when that was done emptied a compartment of the shelves of its contents. He lifted the statue to the empty place. Then he drew back to note the effect. The light was poor, and rummaging under the counter he drew forth a bright, silvered glass reflector. He fastened it to the gas fixture and a stream of light was thrown on the statue.

"Mary, of the royal house of David!" he murmered, as he sank into his armchair and gazed on the marble. The flickering of the light changed the expression on the beautiful face of the statue and produced the effect of life. The old man's mind wandered back to the days of the founder of the royal line of Israel and followed the destinies of the chosen people through the ages. He was recalled from his meditations by the voice of Rachel, his wife, who, alarmed by his long sojourn in the shop, had descended from the living rooms above to seek him.

Aaron Mandelbaum was an officer of the Synagogue and Rabbi Jacobs was a frequent caller on this pillar of Juda. He entered the little shop a few days after the artist's visit and his eyes instantly rested on the statue.

"Ho, Aaron Mandelbaum, what graven image is this thou hast set up under thy orthodox roof?" demanded the Rabbi, pursing his lips and sternly regarding Aaron.

"That," replied Aaron, "is Mary, of the royal house of David."

"Vah!" cried the Rabbi, "knowest thou not she was the mother of Him whom the Gentiles call the Christ? Surely such a graven thing should not have room in the house of a Jew."

"I neither adore nor serve it," ex-

claimed Aaron, "it is a pledge brought here by a starving artist."

"Get rid of it, Aaron. Give it not house room," advised the Rabbi.

"Never will I part with it until its owner demands it," resolutely replied Aaron. "Is it not beautiful? The beauty of purity and goodness is on the face and, moreover, Rabbi, thou knowest she was of the Royal Psalmist's line, therefore shall her image rest securely here. I have said it!"

The Rabbi, knowing well Aaron's strength of will, and fearing a break with the best friend and most generous supporter of the Synagogue, never again referred to the statue.

Time passed and the sculptor never returned to redeem his pledge. Many of the evening hours that had formerly been given to the perusal of the newspapers or the study of the law of Israel were now passed gazing at the statue and meditating on the fortunes of the chosen people. Aaron had often noted the effect that the beautiful statue produced on many of his customers. The loud and rancous voices of the brazen and vicious were sometimes hushed to a whisper when their eyes rested on the pure white figure. Many times the weak and unfortunate had reverently made the sign of the cross, or brushed away a tear and had departed to return no more. Memory had carried them back to better and happier days and had awakened resolutions of amendment.

When little Rachel and David, Aaron's grandchildren, visited the shop they sat at the old man's feet, reverently regarded the beautiful statue and listened to his tales of Judith and Esther and Sara. While thus engaged one day the entrance of a portly stranger interrupted the old man's story.

"Mr. Mandelbaum, I presume? Some time ago, Mr. Mandelbaum, an artist pledged a statue,—ah, there it is! I'd know our poor dear Browning's work anywhere. Poor fellow! That man was the greatest sculptor the country has produced, sir. He died, sir, in Bellevue Hospital, of a complication of diseases, resulting from starvation. The miserable part of it was that we, his friends, who would have given the coats off our backs to help him, never guessed his poverty. It was another case of post-mortem fame, Mr. Mandelbaum. After he had been laid away in his grave the connoisseurs discovered that he was a genius. Now to business. A friend of mine, a detective, told me of the beautiful marble in your possession and I determined to look it up. It is undoubtedly a valuable specimen of Browning's genius. The time for redeeming the pledge has, I suppose, long since passed, but I am prepared to pay you a good round sum for it."

"The statue would have been delivered to its owner at any time, my friend," replied Aaron, "but as he is dead I will never sell it. It is mine." No inducement that the stranger offered could induce Aaron to change his resolution.

On that evening the green baize doors swung open with a crash and a woman entered. She was young in years, scarcely out of her teens, yet her face had the dry, parched look of age. Its dead pallor was heightened by the rouge carelessly daubed on the cheeks. A battered hat rested on her masses of dishevelled black hair. Her great eyes had a hunted, hopeless expression.

"There, Pop, that's the last of my old belongings," she cried, throwing a small gold medal, with a faded and soiled blue ribbon attached, on the counter. "The relics of former gentility," she added, and the light, forced laugh that followed had little of mirth in it.

"Now, you miserable old skinflint, you, I want enough mon' to hit the

pipe just once more and then — and then, when the tide is near the flood, I'll just slip off the dock and that'll end the whole miserable story," and there was a sigh and a catching of the breath that sounded like a sob. Aaron picked up the medal and as he examined it the girl continued: "I've fallen,—fallen so low that there is no hope for me in this life or in the"— her eyes, that had been wandering restlessly around the shop, had rested, when she paused, on the calm, pure face of the statue of the Mother Most Chaste. They were held there, and bending her body she rested her elbows on the counter and her chin on the palms of her hands; but her great, awe-stricken eyes never left the marble figure standing out, in the glare of the light from the reflector, against the dark background of the shelves. When she ceased speaking, Aaron glanced at her, regarded her silently for a few moments, shrugged his shoulders, and then moved softly towards the front of the shop. The noisy ticking of the timepieces and the far-off roar of the streets were the only sounds that disturbed the stillness of the place. Slowly — slowly but surely the hard, callous lines on the girl's face softened, the hunted, hopeless look was gone from the beautiful dark eyes and they became suffused with tears. A drop rolled, unheeded, down the face and fell on the counter.

"Mother of God," she murmured in the tones a little child uses in talking to its mother, "Mother of God, I wonder if your Blessed Son would forgive, have mercy and help one so wicked as I am?"

"With the Lord there is mercy and with him plentiful redemption." In deep, earnest tones the words of the royal psalmist flowed from Aaron's lips. Inured by forty years' experience to every phase of wretchedness and misery and vice the girl's prayer had touched his heart. She heeded him not but continued:

"O Mother, Blessed Mother! I cannot be the little girl who drove with father and mother from the farm to Mass, in the little church at Homedale, every Sunday. I cannot be the little child who was so lighthearted, so happy —'the sunshine of the house' father called me. All these terrible things that have happened since I left home must have been a nightmare and, bye-and-bye, I'll hear mother call and I'll wake up in my little room at home and hear the cows lowing and see the cherry tree, covered with blossoms, peeping in at the window — and O merciful Jesus, forgive a poor, miserable sinner." The little face was bowed to the counter and sob after sob shook her frame. Aaron waited patiently until, from exhaustion, she ceased weeping and then approaching he gently raised her, put into her hands the medal and a piece of money, and said:

"Girl, it is written that the Nazarene, Him whom you call the Christ, said to the sinful woman, 'Go, and sin no more,' and this I say to you: may the God of our fathers strengthen you."

With bended head, like one dazed, the girl walked towards the door. She halted at the threshold and after a long look at the statue, passed out into the night.

* * * * * *

Although two years had passed there were but few changes in Aaron Mandelbaum's little shop. Aaron, it is true, was feebler and lent more attentive ear to his good wife Rachel's counsel that he should retire from business and pass his remaining years in ease.

He was debating this subject in his mind, one day, when a woman entered the shop. Her eyes, dark beautiful eyes, Aaron noted, rested on the statue that still remained in its compartment on the shelf. Pausing before it a moment her lips moved in prayer and then turning to Aaron, she asked:

"Do you know me?"

Aaron scrutinized the pale face of the woman, marked its calm, sad expression, but failed to recognize her.

"Do you remember an unfortunate girl who called here one evening, two years ago, to pledge a medal and——"

"I do, I do!" interrupted Aaron.

"I am that girl. Through God's infinite grace and mercy I fled from the awful life I had been leading and returned to the home I had disgraced. My poor mother had died, but my good old father was living and he took me in. He has gone to his reward and, having left me well provided with this world's goods, I feel that I should devote my means and what remains to me of life in doing penance for my sins, and how better could I please God than by helping the fallen? I have submitted my plan to those in authority and they have given it their approval. I am seeking a house, hereabouts, to fit it up as a refuge for my fallen sisters. In it they shall be free to come and go. Its discipline shall be mild. Its sermons shall be preached in parable and by example. Oh, Mr. Mandelbaum, with God's help and the assistance of Our Blessed Lady, Refuge of Sinners, more souls will be saved from destruction even as mine was saved. Will you assist me in my work?"

Aaron, without replying, hurried to the rear of the shop and opening the door, called:

"Rachael! Rachael!"

His old helpmate responded promptly to the call and for an hour these three were deep in consultation.

The result of their deliberations was that Aaron consented to sell the old house to the visitor at an extremely low price, provided the refuge should be known as "The House of David." The statue that had played so important a part under its roof was to be enshrined in the little chapel and Aaron expressly stipulated that he should have free entry to the chapel, at any and all times, to visit "Mary, of the royal house of David."

* * * * * *

You certainly would not recognize the old building. The little show window has given place to a beautiful stained-glass window. The baize covered doors have gone and the doors of oak, beneath the little gothic porch, are always open to the weak and erring. That which was formerly the shop is now the chapel and on a pure white altar rests the beautiful statue of Our Blessed Lady. On the floor above are the bright, cheerful refectory and sitting-room and on the top floor the dormitory, with its rows of cots covered with spreads as white as driven snow. Oh! what a contrast to the vile hovels of vice and misery in the same street, and that very contrast is a valuable aid in the work of rescue. Mother Ann, as the beloved foundress is lovingly called, and her devoted assistants, have snatched many a brand from the burning. She is loved alike by those who have found peace and by those who have not found it yet.

You should have been in the refuge on the eve of the feast of the Assumption. Mother Ann had called for flowers to deck Our Lady's shrine. During the evening and far into the night they came. Flowers of all varieties, brought by hands that were calloused and hardened by toil, purchased by money laboriously earned, every cent of which, so expended, was a prayer from the heart because it meant self-denial and sacrifice; flowers brought in by soft hands, glistening with jewels, purchased by the wages of sin. On Assumption day Our Lady's altar was a bower of beauty. In the quiet afternoon, when the light streaming through the stained-glass window cast its glow along the little aisle, two figures passed down towards the altar,— Mother Ann supporting the tottering old man, Aaron Mandelbaum. He was paying his accustomed visit to Mary of the House of David.

DOES MACHINERY DEPRESS THE LABORER?

By Horace G. Wadlin.
Chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor.

A recent article in this magazine asks the question, "Shall Man Be Supplanted by Machinery?" I do not believe man, using the term in the general sense in which it appears in the question, has been thus supplanted, or can be; and I am asked to give the readers of Donahoe's my reasons for this opinion.

The application of natural forces in industry by means of machinery is the work of less than one hundred years. Under the old system the workman had few comforts as they are reckoned to-day, and no luxuries. His hours of labor were measured by the sun, his educational and social advantages were few and meagre. He was independent, in the sense that his efforts were not then interwoven with those of others, and co-operation for mutual benefit through the trades union and otherwise was, of course, impossible. The friction of different classes and the discussions upon social methods, which began when men were drawn together in industrial centres, and which, although deplored by some as evidences of discontent, have resulted in a higher social standard, were equally impossible. Here and there an artist craftsman wrought with infinite labor and quite exceptional skill some article of beauty or luxury which speedily became the possession of the rich, but the multiplication of things of general utility to the common, average man was unknown.

The modern artisan is a specialist, doing one or a few things extremely well by the concentration of his power. He forms one of a company of specialists, each being a link in an industrial chain, and each, like himself, confined to a particular field of effort. The change is due largely to the introduction of power machinery. It could not have taken place so rapidly without some disturbance of the industrial forces.

The first effect, that most easily seen, is the displacement of labor; and because the men displaced are seldom able to forecast the ultimate result, and can hardly be expected to be sufficiently altruistic to endure present discomfort patiently, even if great social benefits are finally to accrue, the introduction of machines has often been stubbornly contested. Nevertheless, the displacement, considered impersonally, is but temporary, even in the particular industry affected. The introduction of machinery finally, and even rapidly, expands the industry, thus enlarging instead of narrowing industrial opportunity.

Take, for example, the combined textile industry of the United States. In 1850 this gave employment to an average number of 146,897 persons; but in 1890, after forty years of the development of machines and machine processes, the average had risen to 511,897; this constituting a larger proportion of the total population than was shown before.

The iron and steel industries, underlying in a sense all others, employed an average number of 77,555 in 1870, earlier complete figures not being obtainable. In 1890 the average had risen to 175,506; and, as in textiles, this constitutes a larger proportion of the total population than was shown at the earlier date.

Finally, take the boot and shoe industry, which may be considered fairly typical. In 1850 this gave employment to 105,254 persons, most of whom were employed in small shops adjacent to their homes. The introduction of machinery occurred about 1860. In 1855 the labor of each operative in Massachusetts produced, upon

the average, slightly more than 455 pairs of boots and shoes. In 1875 the product per operative had risen to 1,205 pairs. Data collected by the United States Department of Labor and reported in its first annual report show that one man with the McKay machine can handle 300 pairs of shoes per day, as against five pairs by the old hand processes. In nailing, one man with a helper, can, by the use of modern machinery, heel 300 pairs of shoes per day, equivalent to the labor of at least five men working entirely by hand.

Shall we therefore conclude that labor has been permanently displaced? Facts like these form but one side of the shield. Let us look at the other. In 1850, as I have said, 105,254 persons were employed. In 1860 the number had risen to 123,026, a gain for the decade, the last under the old regime, of 16.8 per cent, while the population gained 35.58 per cent. Since then the number employed has constantly increased, until in 1890 the aggregate average was 159,097; the gain for the last decade under machinery being 15.5 per cent, while the population gained but 24.86 per cent, a larger proportionate ratio of gain in employment than was shown during the last decade of hand production. Not only this, but the proportion of males employed in the industry as compared with women has constantly increased. For example, of the total number employed in 1850, 68.6 per cent, were males, as against 70.8 per cent in 1890.

Machinery has widened employment most effectively by stimulating the growth of new industries, and we ought not to underestimate its effect in this direction, since it has an important bearing on the general question. Improvements in printing presses had a direct effect in extending the use of books and newspapers, and therefore in expanding the paper and printing industries. The development of railways, steam and electrical, in themselves simply the substitution of travel and cartage by machine for the old methods by horse and foot has given employment to thousands where hundreds were employed before. The invention of the typewriter has practically destroyed the profession of pen-copyists, but many more persons now find employment through the widely extended use of the machine. The application of electricity in the telegraph and telephone, and in numerous other directions requiring complex mechanical appliances, has in recent years created industries that previously had no existence. Prior to 1880 the manufacture of electrical apparatus and appliances was not of sufficient importance to be separately presented in the census reports. In that year the average number of employés engaged in the industry was but 1,271, rising in 1890 to 8,802. The development of photo-lithography has almost superseded the old processes of block engraving, but in photography, photo-lithography and photo-engraving as distinct branches there were more than 8,000 persons employed at the date of the latest census.

I need not cite other special instances, as the aggregate result includes them all. We shall find that while the average number of persons employed in manufactures in 1850 represented about four persons in every 100 of the total population (4.1 per cent), it now constitutes nearly seven persons in every 100 (6.7 per cent); and lest it be assumed that this increased proportion is due to the greater employment of women, let me hasten to add that notwithstanding the number of women in manufacturing industries constitutes a larger proportion of the total population than in 1850, the proportion of male employes in the industries as a whole, as compared with the total number of employes, is greater now than then; rising from about 76 in 100 (76.3 per cent) to about 78 in 100 (78.2 per

cent); due, of course, to the fact that, while women have displaced men in certain industries, the proportion of men employed in others has risen, and the creation of new industries in which women are not largely employed has in many cases absorbed the surplus.

Wherever steam and electricity have superseded the old methods of transmission of intelligence, the carriage of freight and passengers, or other work, men have been displaced temporarily, or forced to seek other employment, sometimes finding it within the transformed industry. But, as we have seen, even within the limits of a single decade, employment as a whole has been extended, and wherever this has taken place the pressure for positions in other directions has been reduced. Making all due allowance for differences in methods of enumeration in earlier as compared with later censuses, it is impossible to trace in these figures any permanent displacement of men, or of employes, in the industries as a whole.

I do not wish to obscure or overlook instances of hardship to individuals. In presenting the results of an inquiry along this line in 1885, the report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor remarks:

"Certain hand workmen, who have been unable to adapt themselves to the new conditions, have, of course, suffered. They have found it more difficult to obtain work and have had their wages reduced from year to year as the machine-made products have gradually monopolized the market."

All of which is perfectly true. Society, composed in large part of the workers themselves, has reaped the benefits, but has not yet been able to break entirely the force of the shock to some who have fallen by the way. That it may yet do so without radical change in the social structure ought to be possible, and, as a matter of fact, is by no means improbable. But, so far as relates to industry as a whole, machinery has widened instead of restricted employment, and it is well to bear in mind that the first step towards equality of opportunity for individuals is enlarged opportunity for the class.

It would be impossible to do the world's work without machinery. The facts upon this point are very impressive. The Department of Labor has projected, so as to cover the entire country, calculations originally applied to Massachusetts, for the Massachusetts Bureau, by Hon. Edward Appleton, a well known engineer, showing conclusively that if men had been employed without machines to produce only what was turned out in the industries of the United States in 1880, and to carry on by the old methods the traffic of our railways as they then existed, it would have required a total population of 227,500,000, and this population, let us remember, would have been obliged to subsist on that which was actually consumed by 50,000,000. Of course, as the Commissioner points out, such a condition would be impossible, and the estimate is so far fanciful; but it shows clearly that many of the elements of civilization, the multiplication of comforts in which all of us have shared, are due very largely to the development of invention and the introduction of machines. These things have become our permanent possessions.

We come now to the most serious indictment that is brought against production by machinery, namely, that it increases the amount of enforced idleness; or, in other words, creates "millions of unemployed." From what has been said it will be clear that a much larger section of the population is given an industrial status than formerly. But it may be asked is it not true that many, while nominally employed, are really at work but a part of the time, and that the amount of unemployment continually tends to increase?

Upon this point a little fact is worth much theory. It happens that the only figures at all complete with respect to

unemployment in this country are derived from returns made to the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor. It has been shown by a house-to house canvass, covering every person in the State during a year of ordinary business activity, that in a working population of 816,470 the total number of unemployed persons who were unemployed during the entire twelve months, that is, permanently unemployed, was but 822; while, on the other hand, the persons nominally employed in gainful occupations were actually at work a little less than eleven months in the year. It was shown also that while considerable numbers were out of employment at certain times during the year, nevertheless, more than 70 per cent of the entire number was continuously employed, and only a fractional percentage was unemployed for a period in excess of six months. From these and other data contained in the Annual Statistics of Manufactures it is conclusively shown that in Massachusetts, which is certainly a fair type of a modern industrial community, employment under ordinary conditions is much more uniform than is generally supposed. This is not saying that unemployment does not exist where large numbers are congregated in certain quarters of our great cities, or where the immigration of relatively inefficient classes has been unduly great; or, at certain times, in particular trades subject to seasonal fluctuations, or from other causes quite apart from the method of production; only, this should not be taken as a type of general conditions.

And it ought not to be forgotten, although it generally is forgotten, that when we speak of the "army of the unemployed" or the "million unemployed," it is not a fixed class to which we are referring. There is no such class among those who desire work and who are competent; and yet for various reasons there may be a considerable number of unemployed persons at any particular moment. Next week, or next month, or in extreme cases, next year, most of these will be employed, while others may be temporarily out of work. I do not, of course, mean to deny the existence of those who, in the words of John Burns, "get up to look for work at mid-day and pray that they may not find it."

It is unquestionably true that in time of unusual business depression unemployment may be extensive and long continued; and whenever this occurs, not only does the workman suffer, but the capitalist finds his profits diminished or entirely extinguished. And this brings me finally to what is, after all, the deepest truth respecting production by machinery. It is not that the effect of the machine is to expand rather than contract the avenues of employment. This, as we have seen, it generally does. But, more significant than this, less clearly seen, and of much greater import to the masses of the people, is the fact that production by machinery, or, to speak more exactly, production under the factory system, can be neither continuous nor permanently remunerative unless accompanied by a corresponding improvement in the social condition of the people.

Capital cannot in the long run reap a reward in industry unless, whether it wishes to be so or not, it is guided by humanitarian principles and regards men not merely as useful productive implements. Some employers already see this, and more would see it if as persistent effort were devoted to making it plain as has been expended in teaching that reductions of wages increase profits, or in the advancement of various radical theories of social readjustment. I mean, making it plain as an economic fact, as well as a principle of morals. There is no conflict between the spirit of brotherhood that lies buried in the heart of Christianity, and the principle upon which modern industry, in any large or general view of it, must be conducted or fail.

Some may obtain wealth by speculative schemes, or occasionally by fortunate turns in stocks, but it is impossible that machinery can be successfully operated and at the same time men be pushed to the wall, because the men who operate the machines, with those dependent upon them, are controlling factors in the market without which machinery cannot be put in motion. Fully 80 per cent, probably more, of the machine-made products are consumed by the masses. Harmful industrial conditions, where they exist, must be removed, as they have been already in many directions, by protective labor legislation; wages must continue to rise, as, measured by consumption, they have risen heretofore; working time must grow less in the future as it has in the past; but these things do not require the readjustment of our social and industrial system, so much as the clearer perception of the principles upon which production by machinery rests.

There is no permanently workless surplus in this country, and the workless surplus found under conditions of business depression is due quite as much to the futile attempt to expand production beyond the consumptive power of the market as to any single cause. The remedy is not to destroy the machine or to limit upon that side the productive forces; it lies in increasing the power to consume, by improving the condition of the masses of the people who make the market.

It is because step by step with the development of machinery the power to consume has also risen, that production by machinery has been profitable already. It is because the power to consume is on the whole higher in the United States than elsewhere that the home market is the best market. It is this that makes a market under freedom, such as we have had since the war, better than a market where large numbers were enslaved. And it is because some classes of immigrants, although effective workers, are poor consumers, that what is saved in wages paid them does not permanently benefit industry.

A maximum of wealth production with a minimum of labor is what all of us desire, but the maximum of production under the factory system is not possible except through increased consumption, and this is only possible through the elevation of the people by means of a broader culture, shorter hours, higher wages, and better conditions generally. By higher wages I mean real wages—the things that can be got for one's labor. This involves, of course, lower prices, as well as more dollars per day; and lower prices without loss can be secured only through production on a large scale by the use of machines.

The power of consumption as an economic factor has not yet received full recognition. Under the old system it was hardly felt. The welfare of the common people was comparatively unimportant when every man was to a large degree independent because solitary in industry. Before the age of machinery the condition of the masses mattered little to the man of wealth. His wealth was derived from sources quite distinct from their prosperity, and might be hoarded without loss. There can be no permanent prosperity to the capitalist in industry, as now organized, however, that does not carry with it the increased prosperity of the common people. In that respect alone the introduction of machinery has benefited the workers as a class far more than it has ever benefited the rich as a class, because it has made their welfare inseparable from that of the rich who hope to increase their wealth in manufacturing. The capitalist, it is true, owns the tools; but he is powerless to put them in operation continuously or profitably; for the effective employment of the machine depends upon the enlarged capacity of the man.

THE HISTORIC EPISCOPATE.

By Judge John W. Willis.

The acts and utterances of the Church of England are often invested with weighty import. As an ecclesiastical institution, that church appears to the other Protestant organizations to constitute a compromise between the truth as it rests in ultra negation and that body of doctrine which they are pleased to term "papal error." The other sects of Protestantism are attracted to their Anglican contemporary by her extensive denial of dogmas once universally held to be true, and are repelled by her hesitation in disusing many of the rites, symbols and usages originating many centuries anterior to the advent of the Tudor dynasty.

Not many years ago an international conference of divines professing the doctrines of the Anglican church, formulated an invitation for a re-union of all Christendom upon the basis of an acceptance of four cardinal propositions.

These propositions, borrowing a title from the palace at which the conference was held, have become famous in recent ecclesiology under the name of "The Lambeth Quadrilateral." One of the terms upon which the "Quadrilateral" proposes the desired re-union is acceptance of what is termed "The Historic Episcopate."

The nomenclature is peculiar. It is not derived from the Ante-Nicene period. It is not found in the writings of the Church fathers. It was never employed by Augustine, Ambrose nor Theodore of Tarsus; neither Cranmer, Luther nor Calvin gave it currency. It is a recent invention.

Again, the use of this term becomes significant by reason of what the term does not imply rather than because it has any positive implication. Mark well, it is not "The divinely instituted episcopate," "The episcopate ordained by Jesus the Christ," the "Anglican episcopate," but simply "The historic episcopate."

The term may be accurately employed, therefore, to designate the corps of ecclesiastical superintendents, called bishops, maintained by any religious body whatever, if only that body and its bishops may be rightfully said to be "historic"—to have a history. Thus the Armenian, the Anglican, and also the Wesleyan organization, commonly called "The Methodist Episcopal Church," all possess an "historic episcopate." Lest, however, we should excite too strenuous cavil on the part of our Anglican brethren, let us suppose, for the moment, that they have, in the Quadrilateral employed the term "historic episcopate" to designate the bishops of the Catholic, Greek and Anglican churches, and the bishops of past ages affiliated with one or the other of these organizations, often called by Anglicans "the great historic churches." What then? Why insist upon recognition of bishops as an historic institution? Some important reason must exist for insistence upon the episcopate as an integral and vital part of the constitution possessed by the true church. That reason must be two-fold:

First.—The episcopate is of divine origin.

Second.—The episcopate is an effective safeguard of divine truth.

This dual reason must, of necessity, be accepted by all Catholics. But in what situation does the claim that the episcopate has hitherto constituted and does now constitute the defence

and guardianship of religious truth leave our Anglican brethren?

The episcopate has a large place in history. It extends back to the initial epoch of Christianity. Its institution by Our Blessed Lord Himself will be conceded, nay, insisted upon, by the exponents of Anglican ecclesiasticism.

Grand, yes, magnificent, is the proposition that the episcopate has, throughout all the ages of the Christian era, been continuously in service as the guardian and faithful evangelist of religious truth! Unless that proposition can be established the whole system of dogma and practice known as Christianity fails. A divine and omnipotent founder who has declared that the system established by Him shall never fail; who gives the august and solemn assurance that He will be personally present and vitally, fundamentally, operative in that system, so long as the human race occupies this planet; who inspired His original and specially commissioned teachers to declare that the ecclesiastical society founded by Him was His Body, and that such body was to be perpetually vivified by His in-dwelling, cannot, surely, have continued the control of that society in the hands of errant and vicious trustees. The idea is preposterous. It is revolting to every pious, reverent soul. It is blasphemous. In the belief and teaching of the episcopate, or a majority thereof, at any given time, we must, therefore, find the true Christian doctrine. To contend that the bulk of the episcopate has, at any time, taught error, is not only to impeach the fulfi of divine assurances, but to prove the essential worthlessness of the episcopate as an ecclesiastical institution.

At what conclusion, therefore, must the pious Anglican arrive when he contemplates the condition of Christianity in the fifteenth century and finds all the bishops in England teaching the Roman Catholic doctrines of to-day! Aghast at such a spectacle, he turns to the continent of Europe only to behold all the bishops there, except those of the Greek Church, teaching the same—precisely the same—doctrines as those taught by their brethren in the land of Wilfrid, Anselm and Becket. Even the prelates of the Greek Church were then teaching all of the Roman Catholic doctrines, save only the doctrines relating to papal prerogatives. Does not this fact show the "historic episcopate"—the chieftains of the Christian hosts—to be ranged round the standard now termed by Protestants the emblem of "unscriptural superstition?" It must be borne in mind that in the fifteenth century the church—the body of Christ—was still under that special guardianship and supervision guaranteed by the majestic utterance, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the consummation of the world!" How speaks the "historic episcopate" in our day? Number all the bishops of the world, Catholic, Greek, Graeco-Russian, Armenian, Anglican, Coptic. Summon them into one grand conclave. Let the conclave vote upon the validity of the Roman Catholic doctrine upon the subject of the sacraments, and what would be the result? All except the Anglican bishops would vote the Tridentine definitions and conclusions correct. What then, my Anglican brother? Will you still profess an abiding faith in the "historic episcopate," or will you pitch that cherished institution out of the window?

Again, let me ask, has the "historic episcopate" any claim upon Protestant support when, of all bishops at present existing in the world, a vast majority are in close affiliation with the Pope? Has the episcopate always been a divinely appointed agency? If so, how does it happen that, at no time, has it even taught doctrines other than those now taught by the Roman Catholic Church? "Ah," you may say, "in the early days of Christianity, before dogma had become corrupted, the

teachings of present-day Anglican theology were the teachings of the "historic episcopate and all was well." That assertion necessarily condemns the episcopate, because it is a harmful rather than a beneficent agent if it becomes an erroneous teacher. Better throw the episcopate overboard than to sink the ship. The argument that the present teaching and practice of the Roman Catholic are wrong does not better the case of the "historic episcopate." If it has failed to preserve the truth it is useless. If it has fostered the teaching of error it is pernicious, As it must be clamorously avowed by every Protestant that the distinctive Roman Catholic doctrines are erroneous, and we find that in certain ages of the world all bishops were actively promulgating those doctrines, and that a vast majority has, for over five hundred years, at the very least, adhered thereto, the necessary Protestant conclusion is inevitable that the "historic episcopate" is rather to be anathematized than to be revered.

Having spoken thus, may we not conclude by asking our separated brethren of the Anglican communion to meditate upon the wondrously eloquent witness to Catholic truth borne by the attitude and teaching of the "historic episcopate?" Has not our Divine Lord, in His ever-present tutelage of His Church, not guarded His chief evangels against error? Is not their teaching His teaching? Could the episcopate in any age be swerved for the major part into ways of darkness? Surely not, for out of Revelation itself we hear the Divine designation of organized Christianity as "The Church of the Living God, the Pillar and Ground of the Truth."

SHADOWS.

By D. J. Donahoe.

Where pale shadows, lingering
Round the green-lipped woodland spring,
Move forever, night and noon,
In December and in June,
Restless, silent, cold and grave,
Listening to the dimpled wave,
There alone I love to keep
Fellowship with dreams and weep.

Oft the mirrored vault of blue,—
Sun-kissed cloudlets floating through,—
Shines from out the fair-faced brook
With a blithesome childlike look;
But it brings no joy to me,—
Shadows still my dreams must be,
Voiceless shadows, phantom pale,
Passing silent through the vale.

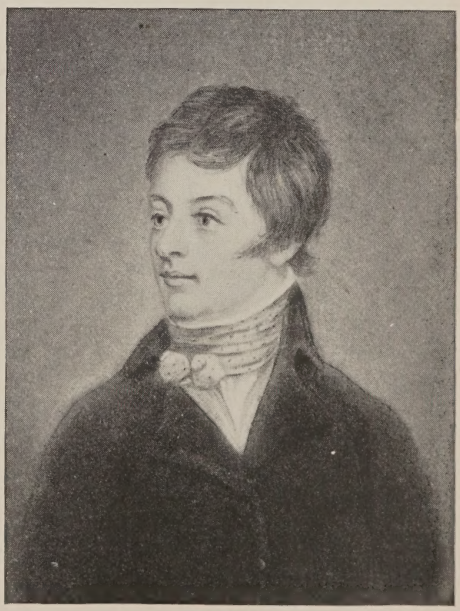
THE '98 CENTENARY.

By P. O'Neill Larkin.

Theobald Wolfe Tone.

In the present year of our Lord the scattered people of the Irish race are to assemble in the cradle land to celebrate the centenary of the rebellion of 1798. From every quarter of the world where the roll of England's drum is heard they will come, and from many quarters where it is not heard. On the fields where their fathers fought and died in a desperate contest to right the wrong of a nation, by the prisons where they were done to death, on the places where the scaffolds stood, the pilgrims will stand as upon holy ground and doubtless think and pray and renew vows. In this matter-of-fact day it will be a singular, touching and solemn spectacle.

People generally celebrate anniversaries of great national victories, of important successful events, like the taking of the Bastile, or the Declaration of American Independence, but the rebellion of '98 was an overwhelming defeat, stamped out with all that bloodthirstiness and cruelty which is characteristic of England in her warfare with weaker nations. What then does the celebration mean? Simply this, that the people of the nation at home and abroad honor the memory of their fathers, who one hundred years ago endeavored against terrible odds to drive the British garrison and flag out of Ireland, and that the struggle of centuries will be continued at any cost until Irishmen alone make the laws which shall govern Ireland. It means further that no land laws or

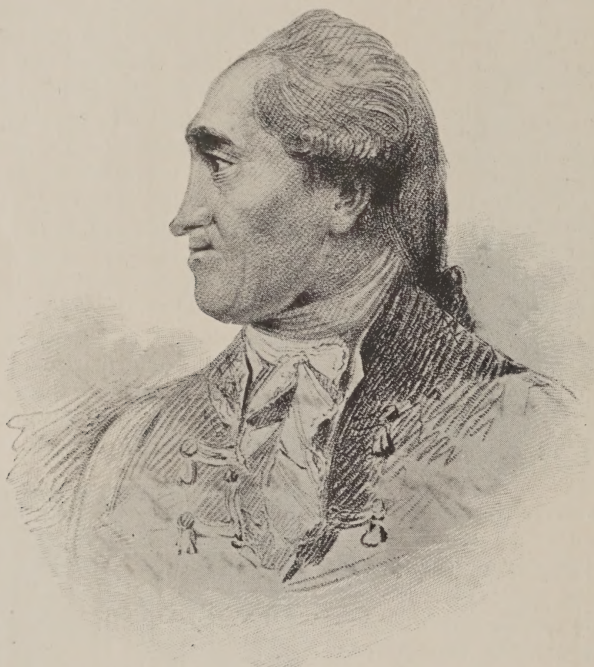


Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

trade laws, however favorable to Ireland, enacted by a British parliament, will satisfy the national aspirations. It will be a solemn public protest before the world against British rule.

A brief investigation of the causes that led up to the terrible convulsion of 1798 should prove interesting and instructive at this time, provided it can be made sufficiently clear to the reader. This will be a hard task I admit, owing to the turgid currents and undercurrents and whirlpools in Irish history, and more particularly from the time that England became Protestant, and by law imposed its church on Ireland while the latter remained Catholic. But I will attempt it, first begging the reader to bear in mind William H. Lecky's apt characterization of Irish history as "a study in morbid anatomy."

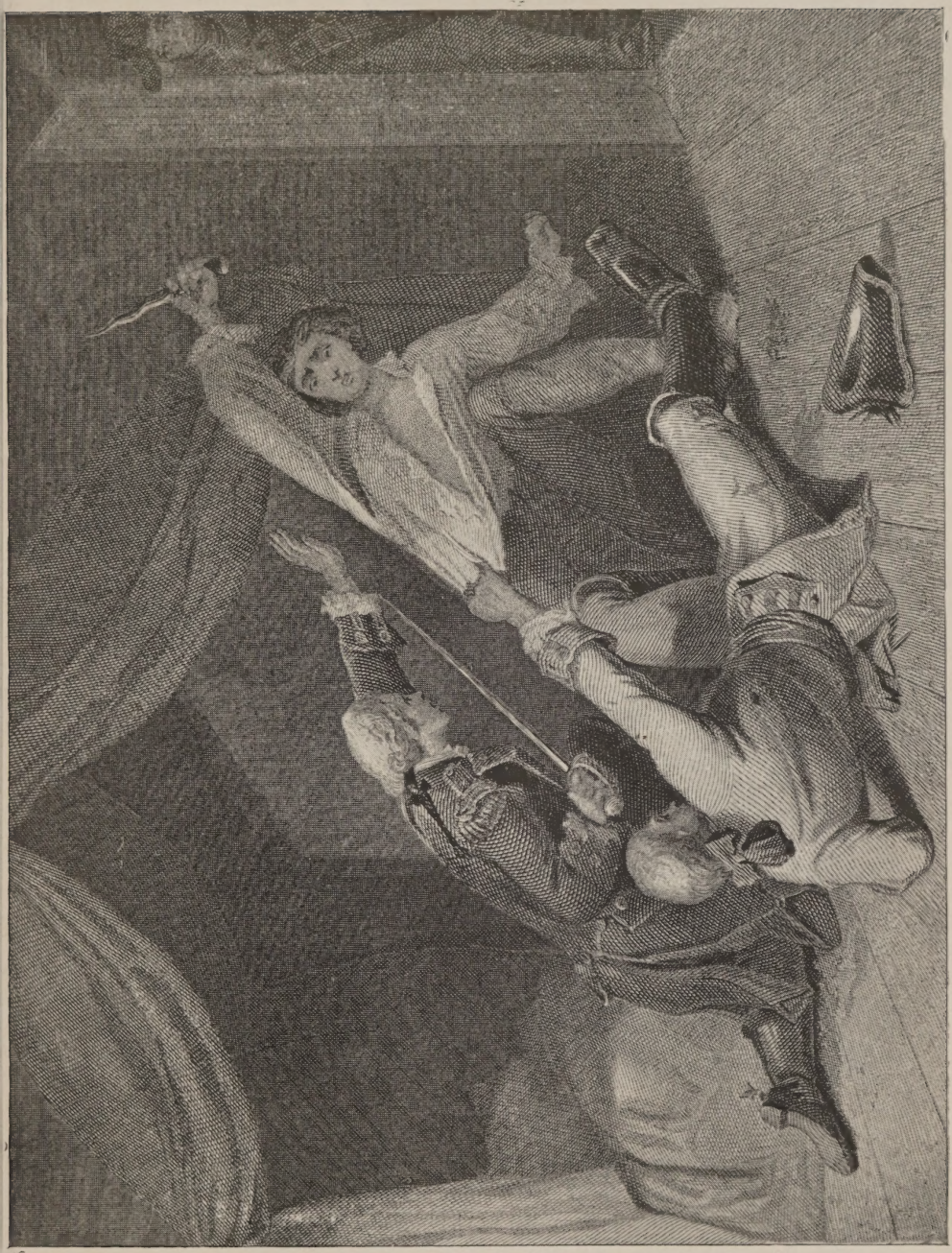
The struggle that had been going on for some centuries between the Anglo-Normans in Ireland representing England and the Celtic Irish prior to the reign of Henry the Eighth, became more acute and bitter after England's secession from the church. The Anglo-Normans who had settled in Ireland, and the old Irish generally, remained attached to the old faith of Christendom. Henry VIII. did not annoy himself very much about that,



HENRY FLOOD

but he suppressed, or to speak accurately, he appropriated all the Irish monasteries that he could get hold of without great trouble and disposed of them among his favorites, in most cases selling them to the highest bidder. Indeed the conversion of the Irish to Protestantism was always a pretense, robbery of the people was the real purpose.

His daughter, Elizabeth, however, on October 18, 1591, issued an edict or declaration having full effect as law wherever it could be enforced, in which



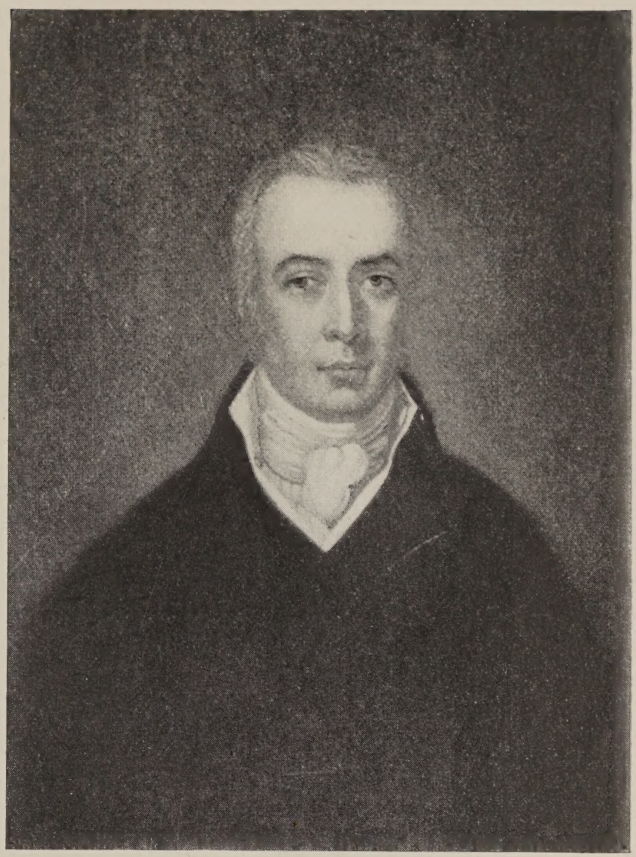
THE CAPTURE OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD FOR HIGH TREASON.

she denounced the Pope, priests, seminarians, and Jesuits. Ecclesiastics, and all who received them into their houses were condemned to pay heavy fines under a pretext that they were guilty of high treason, which consisted in their refusal to embrace the reformed religion established by her father and to acknowledge herself as supreme head of the church. When she undertook to enforce that law in Ireland resistance was offered to her deputies. The Catholics were unable to understand how a queen's edict could make the lodging or boarding of a priest high treason, or why they could not be loyal without regarding her as a sort of pope. To enlighten them she sent several armies, which for many years were defeated in quite a number of battles by the great Irish leader, Hugh O'Neill, and eventually peace was made on the terms of a general amnesty to the Catholics, with the free exercise of their religion and the peaceful enjoyment of their estates.

ARTHUR O'CONNOR.

Elizabeth died a few months after peace was declared (1603).

Then James I., son of Mary Stuart of Scotland became king of England. He had been brought up a strict Presbyterian according to the rigid tenets of John Knox, but in order to become king of England it was necessary that he should believe in the doctrines of Episcopalianism, a matter about which he experienced not the slightest difficulty. As head of the church of England he was a decided success. He made a law punishing with death any one who denied his spiritual headship, and issued violent proclamations against the old church of his mother. He became deeply concerned about the spiritual welfare of the Irish Catholics. By royal proclamation he declared that the two great Catholic leaders, O'Neill and O'Donnell, who successfully held their own against his predecessor, Elizabeth, were rebels to his authority. The two chiefs fled with their families to save their lives, and thereupon the head of England's church became the happy possessor of six whole counties in the province of Ulster which he parcelled out chiefly among his needy Scotch followers for various considerations.



THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.

In the new settlement of these counties it was specifically stipulated in the letters patent granted by James, and which conveyed the title, that no part of the land so conveyed should be sold, assigned, or transferred in any way, or farmed on lease except to Protestants and by Protestants only. What the king had robbed the rightful owners of should be consistently retained for all time in pious Protestant hands. On reading the history of this slobbering ruler, "his sowship," as he is called by Charles Dickens, one cannot help almost admiration for Guy Fawkes, when on examination before the council on the charge of being one of the principals in the Gunpowder Plot he boldly told James that he had placed the barrels of powder in the cellar for the purpose of blowing him and his Scotch beggars back to their native mountains. James was thrifty

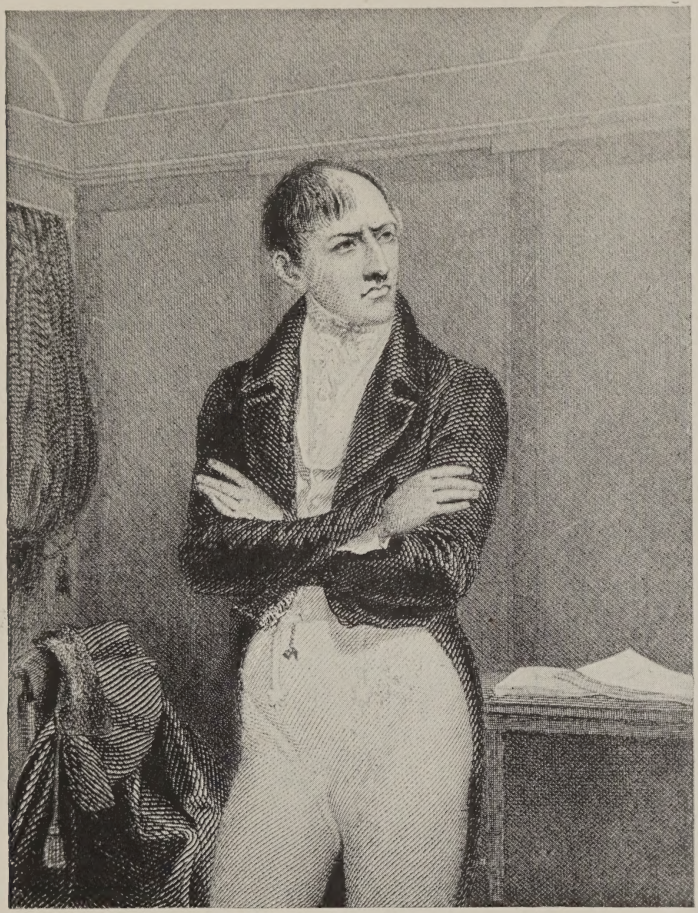
and had many poor relations whom he provided with office in England and property in Ireland. There were no more monasteries in Ireland left to confiscate, his illustrious spiritual predecessor had attended to them, but Irish Catholic laymen had some property which would be better placed in the hands of progressive Protestants. Hence by various pretexts he devised means to acquire it.

JAMES NAPPER TANDY.

At the time of his death (1625) the Irish nation was in a sad state. The people would not become Protestant even to save their property. English authority was exercised only where the garrisons were stationed, save in Ulster in the plantation of the six confiscated counties. The Catholic proprietors and farmers who had been summarily evicted were working as farm servants and at such other employment as they could find on the very land they once owned, and the Catholic proprietors who still retained property lived retired in their homes, meek, submissive, apparently slavish.

But Ireland sprang to its feet when the Puritans of the English parliament rebelled against the authority of Charles I. It took the side of Charles (1641) at least it is so alleged, but inasmuch as the fighting commenced in Ulster it may be reasonably inferred that the dominating thought in the Irish mind when the people sprang to

arms was the recovery of their lands and the expulsion of the whole English garrison from the island. In the struggle that ensued great excesses were committed on both sides. The Irish in Ulster were fighting to recover the property of which they had been despoiled, and the Protestants who held the property fought hard to retain it, backed by the English troops.



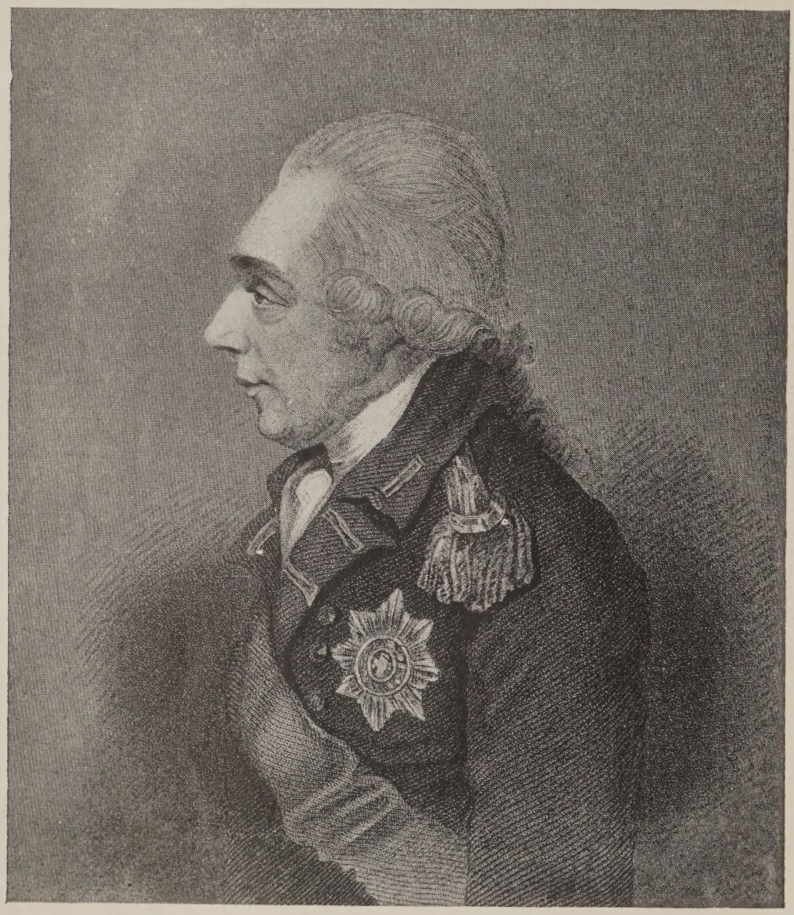
Robert Emmet.

English writers like Temple, Hume, Macauley and others, not forgetting the panegyrist of Henry VIII., James Anthony Froude, have endeavored to show that the Irish Catholics in 1641 perpetrated a horrible massacre on the meek and pious Protestants who were found in the northern part of the island, but inasmuch as most English writers, at least in the past, have shown themselves to be utterly incapable of telling the truth about the Irish nation, which has been the victim of their country's inveterate and merciless rapacity and cruelty up to the present hour, it is not of much consequence one way or the other. The robber and his friends always lie about the victim. And in these latter days of brighter omen many Englishmen are begin-

ning to see clearly the true state of the struggle in the time of Charles I., and since, and they are doing justice, as they see it, excusing neither the excesses of the one side or the other.

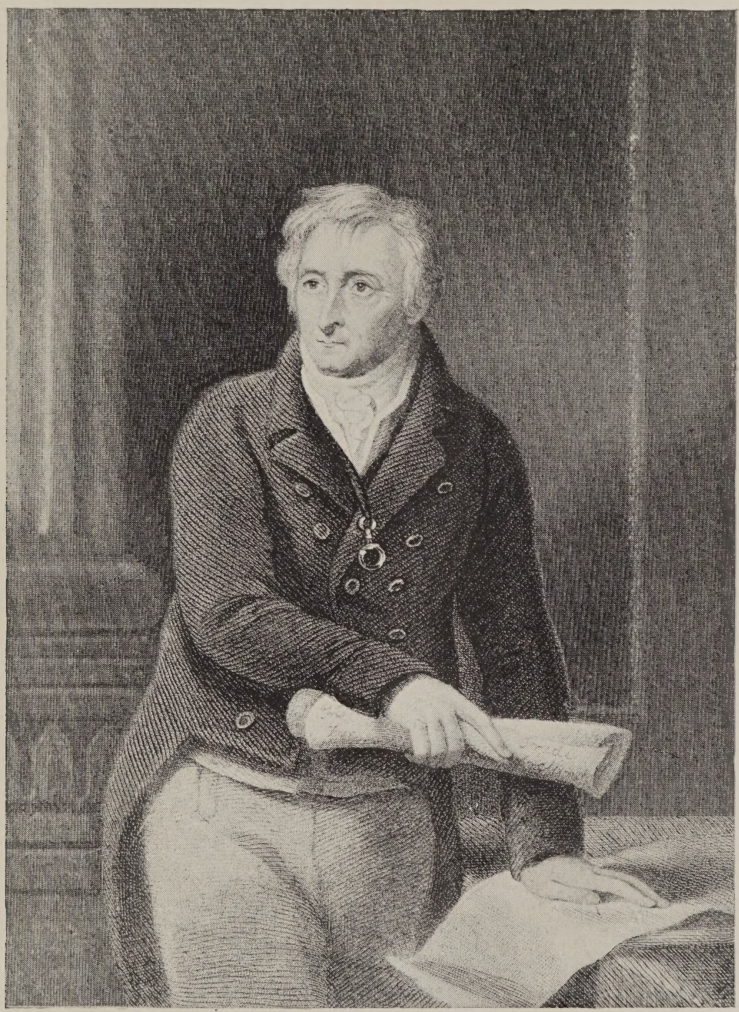
Whoever desires to get at the facts in relation to 1641, admirably presented, judicially sifted and commented upon without heat or partisan bias, will find them in William H. Lecky's "History of England in the 18th Century." There is one dominant fact always present, on the surface or close underneath, in the long continued warfare between England and Ireland, whether before the Reformation or since, and that is that England has been persistently robbing Ireland and the latter resisting as best she could.

The espousal of the cause of Charles by the Irish proved of no benefit to them, but rather an injury. After the execution of the king, Cromwell, at the head of a large army, moved into Ireland and dictated terms of peace to the Royalist party (consisting of Protestants as well as Catholics), which was left without a head. He practically confiscated the whole isl-



JAMES, EARL OF CHARLEMONT.

and and set apart the most sterile of the four provinces of Ireland, Connaught, and the adjoining county of Clare, west of the Shannon, as the territory to which all those who had taken up arms for Charles should betake themselves by a certain day in 1654. The confiscated country was distributed among his soldiers, many of whom took up their residence there, married Irish wives, and reared children who became in many instances more Irish than the old Irish themselves. The banner county of Ireland in the cause of nationality for many years back is Tipperary, where there is probably a stronger infusion of Cromwellian stock than in any other county. The memory of Oliver Cromwell has been bitterly detested by the Irish, his name execrated, and the phrase "The curse of Cromwell on you" became a com-



HENRY GRATTAN.

Father Clinch at Vinegar Hill.

mon saying to express a very dreadful malediction. This hatred has been fed by many sources.

Yet as the mists of ignorance and passion become dispelled I doubt not but that Cromwell even in the Irish estimation will stand higher than many of the other English rulers. Certain it is he was brutally frank; he gave the garrison at Drogheda no quarter, and it it said that his soldiers killed women around the cross at Wexford, but he did not stab their leading chieftain with the assassin's knife, as did the agents of Elizabeth, or suborn witnesses, as did the agents of James I., to swear to a rebel plot as a pretext to confiscate six counties; nor did he, by chicanery and bare-faced fraud, try to despoil every Catholic proprietor in Leinster, Munster and Connaught, as did Strafford, the Lord Lieutenant appointed by Charles I. He fought the Irish openly as enemies of parliament, took their property, divided it up, and directed that they should get beyond the Shannon at a specified time or suffer the consequences. The Cromwellian confiscation was the second general robbery within half a century.

EDMUND BURKE.

At the Restoration (1660), when Charles II. ascended the throne of his father, it was naturally expected by the Irish who lost all their property through fighting for that father that the property would be restored to them or equitable compensation be made in lieu of it. It was only twelve years since that property was taken, but the perfidious Stuart, after making some general promises to the too faithful Irish, instead of doing any-

thing to rectify the wrong, gave in to his prime minister, Clarendon, and a few other conscienceless nobles of his court, who influenced him to do nothing whatever in the matter. The worthless debauchee of a bad race had the losses in every case of his father's adherents in England and Scotland, but the Irish experienced at his hands what they always received from Britain's rulers, — perfidy. It may be placed to the credit side of his account

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

his intrigues to attend to and his secret loans to arrange with Louis XIV., and hence had no time to attend to the righteous cause or to the thousands of widows and orphans of men who had been stripped of their patrimonies for defending the throne which he occupied.

As far as possible he did make good that he did not prosecute them for religion's sake; indeed, as far as his own personal conduct may indicate he did not seem to trouble himself much about morals or religion.

When he died (1685) his brother, James II. succeeded him. James was a Catholic, king of England, and consequently supreme head of the Pro-

testant church of England as established by law. A most unique anomaly, unnatural, not destined to live long. He caused Mass to be said in the palace and, as seems very natural, was very partial to Catholics. In Ireland the Catholic religion began to be openly professed, ecclesiastics appeared in public in their professional dress, several of the old proprietors resumed possession of their estates in Ireland, ousting the Cromwellian soldiers, and Catholics as well as Protestants were appointed to the public offices. James claimed the power to suspend acts of parliament, a power that was considered by many to be one of the royal prerogatives, and which had been exercised often before by English sovereigns, but under radically different conditions to those which then obtained in the realm. His position was grotesquely unnatural.

A league of Protestants was formed against him, and the cry raised that the established church was in danger. This league invited William, Prince of Orange, a good general of great military experience, to come from Holland to aid them in maintaining the Protestant religion against James. William was married to James' daughter. He came to England with a great armament and was cordially welcomed by the people and the English troops. James, finding himself deserted, ran off to France in January, 1689, but finding that the Irish remained loyal to him and had placed an army in the field, he crossed into Ireland and remained there until the defeat at the Battle of the Boyne, when he ran away to France again, leaving the Irish to fight it out themselves with William in the best way they could. Then the capitulation of the Irish at Limerick occurred, and the famous, or, more properly speaking, infamous, treaty of Limerick was drawn up and signed. The flower of the Irish army, nineteen thousand and fifty-nine men, immediately sailed to France, and entered the French service under the proper officers; others sailed to Spain and joined distinct regiments there; others to Austria, and thus the high-spirited fighting element of the old Irish nation was dispersed throughout Europe.

The English Revolution of 1688, which gave the throne to William, opened a new chapter in the relations of England and Ireland. The British parliament had not only promulgated the Declaration or Bill of Right, but it had passed an Act of Settlement for Ireland. This latter placed the unfortunate Catholics absolutely under the feet of the Anglo-Irish Protestant garrison. It abrogated all the measures in favor of religious liberty and common justice enacted by the Irish parliament in 1689.

Ireland had a home parliament at the time. It was handed over to the few to be used as an engine of oppression over the many. It was a slave as well as a tyrant impotent for all purposes but those of domestic corruption and to crush the defenceless. It did not possess the power to legislate for the country it nominally governed. It could only frame the heads of bills, which had to be submitted in the first place to the Lord Lieutenant (who was, of course, appointed by the cabinet of England) for approval or disapproval. If he approved the spirit of the bill it was transmitted to the English privy council, who passed their judgment upon it. If they approved it, it came back to the Irish House of Commons, who could then debate and vote upon the measure. But if the Lord Lieutenant at the outset disapproved the bill, it could go no farther; or, if the English privy council proved unfavorable, it was dead. The Irish parliament might be termed a sort of council for registering such laws as the English privy council had no objection to. It seems with its narrow powers to be a toy, and so it was as far as accomplishing any good was concerned, but in the hands of the oligarchy, which pos-

sessed it, it became a monstrous engine for evil.

On the other hand, the English parliament claimed and exercised the right of legislating on every matter as it saw fit for Ireland. It restricted the Irish trade, governed the Irish church (established by law), ordered the sale of forfeited Irish estates, and in all matters directed the affairs of Ireland as if no parliament existed there.

Let us now see the relations to each other of the two classes of people in the island on the accession of William. There were only two classes, one made up of the Protestant garrison, numbering one-sixth of the population and holding all the offices, administrative, judicial and ministerial; the other class, the Catholics, excluded from every privilege, office, emolument, corporate right and political franchise. Five-sixths of the Irish people stood to the remaining one-sixth as slaves and enemies, — as slaves despised, as enemies hated, degraded and proscribed. The garrison class held most of the land of the country, acquired, of course, by confiscation; but the Catholics still possessed sufficient land and personal property to excite the cupidity and tax the ingenuity of the others to devise such legislation as would transfer it to them, or compel the Catholics to flee the country. If the garrison could only provoke them to show any signs of revolt, the job would be easy; but the Catholic masses were cowed, broken, submissive. The spirited among them were hastening to fill up the gaps made by war in the French or Spanish regiments.

Year after year the Irish Catholic Penal Code grew more diabolical as an ingenious contrivance to impoverish, demoralize and debase a people. It must be borne in mind that it was not devised to meet a sudden exigency. It was the growth of years, deliberately planned, calmly executed and steadily applied for a period of nearly a century. Every session of the garrison parliament added some new act of pains and penalties. Edmund Burke, in a letter to a prominent statesman, refers to these enactments as "manifestly the effects of national hatred and scorn towards a conquered people, whom the victors delighted to trample upon, and were not afraid to provoke."

The English privy council, of course, endorsed all these acts, or, as has been already pointed out, they could not become law. The English parliament did not concern itself in the least about the robbery or disabilities of Irish "Papists"; it had given the garrison full power over them, but at quite an early date in the game it proposed on behalf of Ireland to impose disabilities on the Protestant masters as well as on the Catholic slaves. It determined to teach its Irish garrison that it was the mere agent of England, and that it must aspire to no other freedom than the freedom to oppress and trample upon the great body of the Irish people.

In 1698 the English Lords and Commons addressed King William, asking him to represent to the Irish parliament that Irish woollen manufacturers were underselling the English manufacturers in foreign markets by reason of the abundance of sheep in Ireland and the cheapness of labor, and that some remedy must be devised to put a stop to it. The House of Lords, in their address, stated "that the growth and increase of the woollen manufacture there (in Ireland) hath long been, and will ever be, looked upon with great jealousy by your subjects of this kingdom, and if not timely remedied may occasion very strict laws totally to prohibit and suppress the same."

To that address King William immediately replied that "he would do all that in him lay to discourage the woollen manufactures of Ireland." He therefore recommended the Irish parliament to adopt means to put a stop to the manufacture of woollens in Ire-

land and to develop the linen industry. The garrison parliament, interrupted in their cogitations over some new penal device for the Catholics, were astonished at such a request, asking that they pass measures ruinous to their personal interests, because nearly every member was personally interested in the woollen manufacture, either as producer of the raw material or manufacturer. At length, after protests by some members and much serious and sorrowful consultation, they agreed upon a reply to the king in which this statement occurs: "We shall heartily endeavor to encourage the linen trade, and as to the woollen we hope to find such a temperament that the same may not be injurious to England." Some members of the Irish Commons bitterly complained of this treatment.

And how did the English parliament regard that reply? Thus: the next year, 1699, it made laws which minutely regulated the trade in woollens and wool; it prohibited all export of Irish woollen cloth to any country except to England and Wales; but already practically prohibitive duties prevented the export of such cloth to England or Wales. This meant that such wool must be sent to England to be made into cloth there, and the further limitation was that the wool could only be entered at the one English port of Barnstable.

Exactly two centuries since the British parliament asked William to give their garrison of Ireland notice that its personal interests must be subservient to English interests, and that while it might fetter and plunder Catholics at will it must be prepared itself to be fettered and plundered whenever the welfare of England demanded it. A little over a century ago John Philpot Curran, addressing the members of the Irish parliament, set forth a true picture of the garrison parliaments that forged the penal laws in these words: "Your ancestors thought themselves the oppressors of their fellow-subjects; but they were only their jailers, and the justice of Providence would have been frustrated if their own slavery had not been the punishment of their vice and of their folly."

But still the work of forging new fetters for the poor supine Catholics continued unabated. Most of the acts were entitled acts "To prevent the further growth of Popery" or "To discourage Popery." Here is verbatim one of the acts to prevent the further growth of Popery: "No Papist, after the 20th of January, 1695, shall be capable to have, or keep in his possession, or in the possession of any other, to his use, or at his disposition, any horse, gelding or mare of the value of £5 or more," and then follow the usual clauses to induce Protestants to give such information of such Papists and cause search to be made for the valuable horse, gelding, or mare, the property in the horse or horses to be vested in the informer. Surely, this looked like a scheme for buying horses cheap. A curious way, certainly, to prevent the growth of Popery.

Another strange anomaly arises in the mind. While the Irish garrison was denouncing the Pope and discouraging Popery, and the English parliament was doing likewise, William had the Pope for an ally, and Catholic Austria, Spain and Portugal as well were waging war against Louis XIV. Queen Anne, who succeeded William, also had Austria for an ally.

From time to time England's parliament exercised its dominance over Irish industries, now mainly conducted by Protestants, of whom a few began to question the justice of this dominance so contrary to the nature of things and against the law of the sovereign realm of Ireland. Indeed, as early as 1698 William Molyneaux, one of the members of parliament, returned by the University of Dublin, published a very brilliant book entitled "The Case of Ireland Being Bound by

Acts of Parliament in England Stated." This work questioned and denied that right in bold and vigorous language, and by order of the English parliament the offending book was burned by the common hangman. But the leaven was at work in many minds. The voice of protest soon grew louder, other pamphlets discussed it or kindred themes, writers like Swift flashed thoughts as vivid as lightning before the eyes of men, and the great and good Bishop Berkeley of Cloyne, by his famous queries to the people, provoked thought on the direful condition of the country. The garrison began to think.

The embryo of an Irish Protestant nationality was there. It developed slowly, until it culminated in Grattan's parliament, and the Declaration of Irish Right in 1782.

At this time the Anglo-Irish government, with headquarters in Dublin Castle, was very corrupt, anti-national and utterly sordid and contemptible. It was the agent carefully selected by the British parliament to do its work in Ireland. It may be observed that I now use the title British parliament for the reason that England and Scotland in 1707 joined in a legislative union called by that name. The British agent in Ireland was the Viceroy or Lord Lieutenant, but the country was in reality ruled by the Lords Justices. The legislature, like the executive, was corrupt. The majority in the Irish parliament represented nothing but wealth and cruel aristocratic power, but the specific character of the rottenness consisted in the fact that a few wealthy landlords' houses held in their hands the whole country, its offices, emoluments, and dignities. These houses entered into agreements with the Lord Lieutenant to carry England's business, of whatever nature, safely through the Irish Commons, as a return for the privileges they enjoyed. They were commonly known by the appellation of "undertakers," of whom Lord Charlemont said towards the close of the century that "they were well fitted to preside over the funeral of this Commonwealth."

The young spirit of Irish Protestant nationality continued to grow steadily. In 1741 it found its first leader and recognized him in Dr. Lucas of Dublin. He was a most remarkable character, strong and sagacious, honest to the core, intolerant of Catholics, but an ardent Protestant Nationalist. His first appearance was made in a series of pamphlets attacking certain abuses in the city government of Dublin. He followed it up by attacking the right of the British government to appropriate Irish taxes or to make any laws for Ireland. For taking this stand he was obliged to fly the country for a time, but on the accession of George III. to the throne he returned to Dublin and was elected to represent the city in the Irish Commons. The same year the eminent Henry Flood was returned for Kilkenny. From this time forth Irish politics assumed a higher tone and a greater importance. The Commons divided into two parties, the Court or English party, and the National party, the latter being a small minority, but containing men endowed with great eloquence, intellect and sterling patriotism, of the Protestant type be it understood. The discussions in the House became loftier in tone. The Nationalist minority pointedly questioned England's right to trample on vital Irish interests; they claimed Ireland was a sovereign state, subject to the king, but not subject to the British parliament, and while the mass of Protestant voters listened and thought, this minority arraigned with fiercest invective the system of corruption of the executive by which it was enabled to maintain a majority in the House.

Between the years 1760 and 1770 the battle raged fiercely, the Nationalists adding to their numbers in the House, as the country was becoming thoroughly aroused. Indeed on some

incidental questions the Nationalists snatched victory from the government. The latter became alarmed. The "undertakers," who had all the offices in Ireland at their disposal as compensation for always having a majority ready in the English interest, were not always able to deliver the "goods" because of the warm agitation that had sprung up. Hence Lord Townshend, the Lord Lieutenant appointed in 1767, made a radical change in the system of corruption. He abolished the monopoly of the "undertakers" and threw open to everybody the offices, pensions and bribes. In other words all the resources of the executive, including the Secret Service fund, not only of the Irish but of the English treasury, could be brought to bear on every solitary member of the House. The trade in bribery was now thrown open to general competition.

This new system of demoralization continued until the Irish treasury was exhausted in bribing members to maintain the corrupt majority. The demoralization grew by what it fed on. Before Townshend's arrival the Irish treasury had a large surplus, over which a hot fight was waged by the Nationalists when the court party desired to appropriate it for England's use. But now the treasury was empty, while the country was struggling under a heavy load of taxation and the injurious effects of some years of poor harvests. And then to increase the difficulty the war with the American colonies broke out.

This was the situation: Ireland had an exhausted treasury; the people, already overburdened by taxes, could not replenish it; it had a rotten, an imbecile government, and an impoverished and disaffected people; the Catholics had been crushed three quarters of a century before; the Protestant manufacturers and operatives had been heavily hampered by adverse English legislation, and now by the stoppage of the American trade they were completely ruined, compelled to stay crowded up at home; while the provision trade, recently flourishing, was crushed by oppressive embargoes, plundering Ireland to enrich some London contractors.

Every branch of the revenue was failing. Although French warships were threatening the coast, a militia force could not be raised for lack of funds. Sullen despondency reigned everywhere, relieved only by a malicious satisfaction at finding England in a difficulty. The Nationalists of Ireland sympathized with the American colonies, knowing that their causes were simuar in many respects. Benjamin Franklin, the agent of the Americans, visited Dublin at this time and was received with acclamation by the Nationalists of the Irish Commons.

The American Stamp Act had been repealed by the British parliament as a concession to Americans, but the duty on their tea being retained roused some American Nationalists in the town of Boston to violate the law by throwing a whole ship's cargo of it into the harbor. A little later the armed struggle between England and the Colonies began. As the war went on matters became critical for Britain. The British party in the Irish Commons, instigated by the now thoroughly alarmed Lord North, introduced some measures to ameliorate the abject condition of the Catholics. How abject was their condition at the time will be best shown by referring to the law proposed in their favor on the 5th of March, 1774. That law was to enable his majesty's subjects of whatever religious persuasion to testify their allegiance to him, but it remitted no part of the existing Penal Code against Catholics. It merely accorded them permission to express their allegiance to the king. It gave them legal recognition which had been denied them for more than three-fourths of a century. Indeed, in 1758, the head of the Irish judiciary, Lord Chancellor Bowes, in a case against

a Mr. Saul in Dublin, declared from the bench that the "law did not presume a Papist to exist in the kingdom, nor could they so much as breathe there without the connivance of government."

In the British parliament, also, Lord North carried through without opposition quite an important relaxation of the Penal Code, which of course became operative in Ireland as well as in Great Britain. Now that danger menaced, it was deemed wise to conciliate the Catholics. The game was to enlist Irish Catholics on the side of the British interest to play them against the Protestant Nationalists, the "divide and conquer" policy which Britain has followed up to the present hour.

And now Henry Grattan, one of the noblest characters of which any nation can boast, enters upon the stage of Irish public life as member of parliament for the borough of Charlemont, in the north of Ireland. By 1778 he was the recognized leader of the Nationalists, distinguished not less by virtue of his splendid genius and oratorial powers than by his lofty character and indomitable courage. Of him Byron truthfully said: "Corruption shrunk scorched from the glance of his mind." Pure, brave, opulently endowed with all the manifold elements essential to leadership, his nationalism was of a type broad and deep enough to include all the people of Ireland, Protestant and Catholic, rich and poor. He rebuked the violence of the high, smote the briber and the bribed, cheered his helpless Catholic fellow-countrymen, advocated their claims to justice, and pointed out and led the way to the goal of the national aspirations—the right of Ireland to make its own laws untrammelled by a British Privy Council or Parliament.

Dangers threatened Britain on every hand. Burgoyne's army surrendered in October, 1778, and soon after France, Spain and Holland recognized and aided the young republic. American and French privateers scoured the Irish Sea and British Channel. The town of Belfast asked the Lord Lieutenant for cannon and soldiers to protect it against a threatened attack, but he had neither to send, and even if he had he had no money to move them. The government that did not recognize five-sixths of the people could render no protection to the remaining one-sixth. No troops—no money—the reign of corruption had reached a total collapse. Buckingham, Irish Lord Lieutenant, begged from Lord North for supplies, but in vain. The American Continentals engrossed the whole of North's attention in that respect.

Then Ireland, thrown back on her own resources, arose equal to the emergency. The Nationalists in the Irish Commons proposed and carried a bill to authorize the establishment of a volunteer corps for the common defence, and in a short time throughout the country an enthusiastic, powerful body of armed citizens was organized. The companies chose their own officers and furnished their own equipment, and the artillery and other military stores required were purchased with funds contributed by the people generally. At first these "Irish Volunteers" were a Protestant organization exclusively. But after a little while its ranks were opened to admit the despised Catholic help. A fraternal feeling grew apace in the general enthusiasm. The drums beat, the trumpets blared, and the citizen soldiers stood to their arms "a Protestant front rank and Catholic rear" until the menaced French invasion was prevented. But not even then were the arms discarded. There were grievous political wrongs to be redressed, and political rights to be attained. Ireland had been restricted in her trade, embargoed and pauperized by arbitrary acts of the British parliament, evils great as a French invasion. "These wrongs must be righted," said the Volunteers, "before our arms are laid down."

Grattan, who was colonel in the Volunteer Corps, clothed in his uniform, addressed the House of Commons in reply to the Lord Lieutenant's speech, and declared that nothing would or should satisfy the people of Ireland save the total abolition of the restrictions on their trade. When he concluded the drums of the Volunteers outside the House rattled their stirring applause, and the military bodies of Dublin marched up to the Castle, defiling before it in all panoply of war, their artillery corps commanded by James Napper Tandy, bearing the legend—"Free Trade or This."—Meanwhile the people no longer looked to the members of parliament for redress, but to themselves. They realized how readily the British interest could buy majorities when requisite.

Recruiting therefore went on rapidly, the moral and physical forces of the country were gathering and concentrating themselves for a grand patriotic effort. November, 1781, brought to Ireland the not unwelcome news that Lord Cornwallis had surrendered to Washington, that the mighty power of Britain had been successfully resisted by three millions of people determined to be free.

Delegates from the First Ulster Regiment of Volunteers, commanded by Lord Charlemont, met in a few weeks after at Armagh to consider the state of the country. They adopted a number of bold resolutions, of which the following is one: "Resolved, that to avert the impending danger from the nation, and to restore the constitution to its original purity, the most vigorous and effective methods must be pursued to root out corruption and court influence from the legislative body."

Copies of these resolutions were forwarded to every corps of Volunteers in Ireland, and the meeting called a convention of delegates representing every corps of Ulster, in the Church of Dungannon on the 15th of February, 1782. And then the memorable convention was held in the parish church of Dungannon, two hundred armed delegates representing one hundred and forty-three corps in Ulster. After solemn deliberation a series of resolutions were adopted which have become monumentally historic. Almost perfect unanimity prevailed in the vote on each resolution. The keystone of these resolutions, the one which revealed the spirit of the meeting and of Ireland, was passed unanimously. It is as follows: "Resolved, that a claim of any body of men, other than the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland, to make laws to bind this kingdom is unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance."

Every corps of Ireland's citizen soldiers meeting in provincial convention adopted the Dungannon resolutions, and they were received with acclamation at the public meetings called in every county. Colonel Henry Flood, Grattan's rival in the Commons, presided over the convention of delegates of the Leinster corps. The government and its corrupt majority stood helpless at the uprising of the nation, an armed nation, prepared to back up its demands as the American colonies had backed up theirs. Catholic and Protestant, in the hour of their common country's challenge to the arch enemy of both, forgot for a time the one his servitude, the other his ascendency. The ennobling fire of nationality began to fuse the long hostile and discordant elements. Indeed, among the Dungannon resolutions was one expressing joy at the relaxation of the Penal Code, which was adopted, there being only two dissenting voices. And on the very day that the convention assembled a Catholic Relief Bill was introduced into the Commons. This bill was supported by Henry Flood, and in a great speech by Henry Grattan, the latter exclaiming, "The question is now whether we shall be a Protestant settlement or an Irish nation? Whether we shall throw open the gates of the temple of liberty to

all our countrymen, or whether we shall confine them in bondage by penal laws? So long as the Penal Code remains we never can be a great nation; the Penal Code is the shell in which the Protestant power has been hatched and now it is become a bird, it must burst the shell asunder or perish in it. I give my consent to the clause in its principle, extent, and boldness, as the most likely means of obtaining a victory over the prejudices of Catholics, and over our own. I give my consent to it, because I would not keep two millions of my fellow subjects in a state of slavery, and because as the mover of the Declaration of Rights I should be ashamed of giving freedom to but six hundred thousand of my countrymen when I could extend it to two millions more."

This Relief Bill, which in the light of the present day appears a stunted, wretched affair, was passed. But it should be remembered that the age was intolerant and that probably the most intolerant community in the world at that time was the garrison that had held Ireland for England. The true standpoint from which to view it seems to be that it originated, was supported, and voted for by the very men whose fathers and grandfathers had forged the shackles. It shows clearly, too, how the current was setting, the intelligent Protestants at least had begun to partly realize the true meaning of an Irish nation.

One month after the Dungannon Convention, on March 14th, Grattan arose in the Commons and gave solemn notice that he would bring in the Declaration of Rights, and, to prepare the House for such action, he moved that the membership of the House be called over on Tuesday, the 16th day of April next, and that the speaker send circular letters to the members ordering them to attend on that day "as they tender the rights of the Irish parliament." The motion was passed and the speaker did as directed. Britain's majority in Ireland's Commons were not prepared to combat with a man who, by a signal of his hand, could at once call around him one hundred thousand armed men. A new Lord Lieutenant was dispatched to Ireland by the British premier, who held a consultation with Lord Charlemont, the commander-in-chief of the Volunteers. Charlemont was firm as the Rock of Cashel. He said to the Lord Lieutenant: "We ask for our rights, our incontrovertible rights; restore them to us, and forever unite in the closest and best-riveted bonds of affection the kingdom of Ireland to her beloved, though hitherto unkind, sister."

The momentous 16th day of April arrived. The streets of Dublin were lined with Volunteers in glittering uniforms. Drums were beating and colors flying. Enthusiastic multitudes from far and near filled every thoroughfare, cheering the nation's army and the well-known Nationalist members of parliament as they made their way to the House. The chroniclers tell us that the sun shone with unwonted splendor as though Heaven smiled upon the new birth of the nation—but alas!

Grattan stood forward, matchless, incomparable, the sponsor, guardian and defender of Ireland. He addressed her as already free, and by moving the Declaration of Rights placed the crown on her brow so that all the world might see. It declared "that there is no body of men competent to make laws to bind the nation except the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland; nor any other parliament which hath any authority or power of any sort whatsoever in this country save only the parliament of Ireland."

It passed both Houses unanimously, was sent to England, and on the 17th of May it was adopted by the British parliament. Ireland was now a nation. Her parliament wiped out every restriction on her trade, the ports were opened, and the judges were made irremovable and independent. Lan-

guishing industries revived, new ones were established, and signs of business prosperity were visible on every hand.

But from the very day that Ireland's legislative independence was assented to by Britain the British ministers began to conspire against it, and to lay plans to bring about a legislative union between the countries. Legal quibbles were raised as to commercial relations between the countries, and a persistent effort was made to create dissension among the Volunteers. The latter took steps to bring pressure to bear to reform the system of representation in parliament. Without such reform nothing could be secure or permanent except continuous bribery by the executive, who was of course still appointed by the sovereign. Flood introduced a bill to correct the most grievous abuses in the representation. The army of office holders, pensioners, and the wards of the little pocket boroughs, after a fierce debate, defeated it by a vote of one hundred and fifty-seven against it to seventy-seven in its favor. Dissensions crept in among the Volunteers, and a motion was adroitly introduced in parliament to appropriate money to clothe the militia force. It was supported by some honest Nationalists, including Grattan. For what sound reason it is difficult to see, but it was passed, and was a deadly blow. The executive secured a military body of material selected by its own creatures and under their control.

At this distance of time we can clearly see that the independence of Ireland rested not on any act of repeal, or contract with Great Britain, expressed or implied, but upon her own union and strength. Whatever weakened that union sapped her and rendered valueless all that had been won with great exertion and sacrifice. As long as Ireland possessed the spirit and power of the armed union which won her independence, her independence was safe; when that became weakened or lost her independence was gone.

The nominally independent Irish parliament was found to transcend in shameless and sordid tyranny all that had gone before. It was now absolutely necessary for the dominance of British interests that it should always have a majority on hand in the Irish Commons. Hence arose a system of parliamentary bribery much more extensive and prodigal than during even Townshend's disgraceful administration. This state of things continued down to the year of the legislative union. The Nationalists introduced reform bills only to meet ignominious defeat. They agitated in the press, but the government muzzled the press. Some, who sympathized with the Catholics, called a national congress in Dublin to consider their claims, but Fitzgibbon, the Irish Attorney General, declared the congress illegal, and prosecuted a number of those who called it, and also the printers and publishers of newspapers in which the call appeared. The Castle grew bolder day by day, while the helpless Nationalists vainly struggled on. The bolder spirits despaired of reform through parliament and whispered of revolution. John Philpot Curran, introducing a measure of inquiry in the Commons, closed a remarkable speech by saying that "The people would now see whether they were to hope for help within these walls." There was no help. The political condition grew steadily worse. The French Revolution exploded like a volcano, throwing fragments in every direction. Toryism grew pale with fear in every palace and castle in Europe. Dublin Castle shook on its foundation of corruption, and applied the screws of oppression to put down popular agitation with all the unlimited power at its command. The active spirits among the Nationalists organized the "United Irishmen," a society having for its object the union of all Irishmen,

regardless of creed, to further the interests of Ireland. Theobald Wolfe Tone, a Protestant lawyer of Dublin, a man of prodigious energy and indomitable persistence, was one of its founders. He worked with untiring effort to bring about a union between Irish Protestants and Catholics to prepare for the inevitable struggle against Britain. The society was at first perfectly open and legal, held its meetings in public, and had its resolutions published, but after the Convention Act was passed by parliament, in 1792, it became illegal in common with any other body not in the interests or in favor of the Castle.

The Convention Act passed January 31st, 1792. From that day every convention held in Ireland for nearly ninety years after was illegal. Indeed the writer of these words was present as a delegate in the first regular convention that has been held since 1792. That was the Land League Convention, convened in Dublin on September 15th, 1881. An interesting incident about the passage of the Convention Act may be noted. The Castle of course had present its overwhelming majority. The Nationalists made a short resistance, but just as the vote was about to be taken Lord Edward FitzGerald stood up and protested, saying, "I give my most hearty disapprobation. . . . . I do think that the Lord Lieutenant and the majority of this House are the worst subjects the King has." At this indignant outburst loud cries of "take down his words" were heard from the battalion of pensioners and office holders. The words were taken down and for the space of three hours the House went into executive session with closed doors considering them. Lord Edward's explanation was evidently not satisfactory, because the House resolved "That the excuse offered by the Right Honorable Edward FitzGerald, commonly called Lord Edward FitzGerald, for the said words so spoken is unsatisfactory and insufficient," and he was ordered to attend the following day to further explain.

On that occasion the House divided on his apology, one hundred and thirty-five voting to receive it and sixty-six against.

Already the shadow of the coming event in Murphy's house in Thomas street had fallen upon him.

From this period the society of United Irishmen became a secret society; its members had no other resource. They looked around for assistance to aid them in an armed struggle and quite naturally turned to the French Directory. Agents passed between England and France to devise a plan of action. Wolfe Tone, the indefatigable, was the resident representative of the United Irishmen in France. In 1896 Arthur O'Connor and Lord Edward FitzGerald met General Hoche by appointment in Switzerland, where it was arranged that the French Directory would send fifteen thousand French soldiers and a large supply of war material to aid the Irish cause. Dr. MacNevin was another of the trusted agents engaged in the negotiations with France. Young Robert Emmet was obliged to fly the country, while his brother, Thomas Addis Emmet, was in prison for complicity in treason.

I have now brought my tedious narrative down to the eve of the explosion, into the details of which I shall not enter. This, however, I will say: the Rebellion of 1798 was an Irish Rebellion, not a Protestant or Catholic revolt. Its founders were foremost among the self-sacrificing Protestants, whose aim was not Protestant ascendency, but Irish independence, with equal rights for all. It had Protestants for its directory, Catholics on its executive, and rank and file of both creeds united in aiming at the subversion of the British power which plundered and trampled upon both. The Rebellion of 1798 was the confluence of two streams mingling together in the organization of United Irishmen.

AN ANCIENT CAVALIER.

By N. J. Welles.

You look so beautifully satisfied staring back at me from that bit of painted porcelain. You look as though you had not done a thing you were ashamed of in all your life, and meant to have other people know you had not, by having your face painted and handed down to them. You felt quite certain it would be kept. Who could destroy such a perfect thing? Think of it and be grateful, in all the hundred years your features have been traced on glass, you've never tumbled to the floor. You might have scratched your face, or smashed your nose, or cracked a hand that's hidden by old lace.

I found you in a most disreputable place. An antiquated shop where people sell their broken china plates, and chairs with missing legs are stored. You did not like the chairs and made wry faces at the broken plates, but when I picked you up and wiped the dust from off your noble chin and brushed away a cobweb that was spun across your eye, you never looked a thankful man at all, but stared at me with such a proud and haughty look, I bought you on the spot.

I own I bought you cheap and you were well worth twice the price I paid. I wonder if you ever sold yourself for quite the price you brought to-day? But you are older now and hardly in your prime.

Poor man! You never thought you would be here—an ornament on some stranger's mantel-shelf. When you put on your scarlet coat and those small clothes—a coachman's brown, with golden buckles at your knees and donned your high cocked hat, you thought you were a mighty man. Perhaps you were, and yet to-day you are a stranger in a strange man's house.

You are a very handsome man. You make me think of rooms upholstered in brocades of pink and blue, with gold cords hanging everywhere. I see down pillows, when I look at you, and carpets softer than the softest grass. I see you walk across them with your legs so straight and long, your back so stiff, your head thrown back, you look a very king. And yet, for all I know, you are a handsome valet dressed in his master's clothes.

How perfect are your hands, no valet ever had a hand like that. The more I look at you, the more I think you were some ancient leader among men, a Beau Brummel, may be, and held imaginary feasts with kings. And who shall say, you did not feast the king? When you were young, we had our kings; for Washington had not yet thought to propagate a nation or teach lessons to a king. I think you feasted with the king and those long slender fingers held above your head a brimming cup to drink that worthy's health. I am sure those well curved scarlet lips could give a toast with any of your time, or crack a joke, or tell a story that would do me credit could I hear.

Your powdered curls—what perfect curls they are, as round as chairlegs and as white as wool. They cluster round your forehead, part and roll away to show your brow. You have a handsome brow, as white and smooth as alabaster, sufficiently high for intellect and not too high for looks. Your nose is straight and long. Your chin both prominent and square.

Tell me, my lover of a hundred years, is there one grace you lack? Of course you lacked, else I would think you only fruit of some ambitious mind and no true man at all. The grace you lack is in your eyes. Now look at me, and while you look, I'll tell you what I see.

I see a house, a large and roomy house spreading out until it reaches rows of elm trees dressed in summer green. I see a meadow and a patch of clover bloom. I see a little stream and hear it purling over pebbles underneath a rustic bridge. A cow steps to the brink and dips her nose to take a cooling drink. A sheep bleats softly from a neighboring hill. A bird calls loudly to its mate. Tell me, has not life begun?

You are riding now the fastest horse in all the countryside. Your dust brown clothes, your high top-boots, your cornered hat and coat of scarlet hue, all tell me who you are. You cross the rustic bridge. You do not see the cow, nor hear the sheep bleating on the hill. You have no ear for birds, nor crickets chirping in the grass. Your eyes are on the house, and as you closer draw, they centre on a window square with small, square panes of glass. What lies behind that window? Cavalier, my cavalier on porcelain, let me see your eyes again. Ah, yes, I see it now, that window shuts from out your sight—a woman. You lived so many years ago to count them seems a task; and yet, the heart that beat in you and fluttered sometimes and again grew still is quite the same as those we know to-day. It pumped its warm, red blood until your head grew dizzy at a knot of ribbon or a bit of costly lace. A little satin shoe, with silken laces and a knot of blue would make your cheek grow pale or scarlet, as the case might be.

Let me look through that window, past the dainty lace that hangs in festoons to the floor to shield her from the gaze of curious passers-by. No, you cannot look, you cannot move from off that mantel shelf, but of necessity must stand there while I tell you what I will. And yet, don't look so sad, you lived your life, and moved your wonted time, and saw this lady in her life while I see but a—dream.

A dainty room, your lady love would never have been satisfied with other. The softest carpet covers well the floor and adds such brightness to the room it seemed some brilliant bird had dropped its plumage everywhere. A tiny bed, so white, with legs so tall, and flounces reaching to the floor. Some slender chairs, a couch of ease, a dressing-table, and there my lady sits. Her little foot taps restlessly the carpet where her ruffles lie. She sees you coming down the sandy road, between the rows of elm trees, up the little hill and to her door. Her little hands are trembling in the meshes of her yellow hair, she always trembles when she feels you near.

Gallant lover with a scarlet coat, your lady meets your best approval. Her face is like the porcelain your picture is painted on. It is so white, so clear, so pure to gaze upon, with such rare pink well mottled in her cheeks; with lips so red and eyes so blue, and hair in such small sunny curls to cluster round her face and drop down in her neck and tangle in the meshes of her silken lace. How sweet she is! A growth of those dear times, so long ago, when all men were gallant and all ladies fair. We cannot find them now. I've searched the courts in every land. I've been among the peasants and looked into youthful eyes in every caste—they are not there. They lived when you lived, Cavalier on Porcelain, and passed away a hundred years ago.

Your horse is at the door. I hear your spurs and hasty orders to the black man standing there; your eyes are stern and stern the orders that you give. You raise the knocker and you

enter in. You cross the oaken floor, you pass the rooms where strangers stay and enter in that inmost room where children gather for the evening prayer and father sleeps the hours away; there is my lady fair.

Presto, change! You are another man. Your face is wreathed in smiles. Your eyes shine soft as evening when the stars are out and catydids are singing out of sight. You touch her hand, what reverence is this? You touch it with your lips and hold it tenderly the while she bids you welcome with her soft, sweet words.

How plain I see you now. You are a lover and all men can see you. The men who ride in carriages and those who drive a cart. They all have stood where you are standing now,—before their lady's face. Sweet common ground where all men meet. The men of yesterday, to-day, all days that ever more shall be. The smile when she is near; the love words when her sinless eyes are looking into yours; the sigh when e'er she leaves your side or passes out of sight, if only for a moment from your view. Sweet ancient lover mine, be glad that you have lived. The grass is waving high above the mound they made for you. Your dust has mingled with the dust of earth, for lo these many years; but love, the love you gave this pretty maid and whispered low when winds were still, and breathed upon the night when clouds were chasing clouds to hide the moon, will live when death is past. You are immortal and 'tis love that made you so.

I look again. A little cloud has risen to my view, a cloud no larger than the mantle that she wears when winter comes; and yet, it darkens all. The lovelight in your eyes, the smiles that play a mad chase on your face. The shadow falls on her. It wraps her curls and gentle laughing eyes, her sweet, white face and all her charming ways. How black it is and near, so near my lady's face. What cloud is that? You bit of porcelain, you dead man's face, I wish that you could speak. You cannot speak, but I can see your eyes, thev look so wild and gaze about the room.

Poor eyes! I can see all. Dear lover on this porcelain, there were so many in that day like you. You suffered much, you gave your all—the woman you adored, to stand beside the king. We call them Tories now and hold them up as men who fought us back, but you were staunch and we were—rebels and we fought the king. You followed duty and it took you far from many things you loved. You marched through deep ravines, you entered forests wild, you traversed plains, and ever at your side, her sad, sweet face was looking into yours to call you back.

I see a battle now; not war with guns or cannon booming in the night, but a silent conflict carried on in a poor bleeding heart. The night is long, you kneel and try to see the stars and canopy of blue. There are no stars, there is no moon nor any light, except the light of her dear eyes that shines into your soul. How bright they are, how warm they make your pulse to move. No matter that the fire is out, the blankets thin, the ground is hard, and cold winds whistle through the opening trees, her eyes are there.

And yet, poor Cavalier, you give her up to duty and the king. You tear her from your heart, you chase her eyes away and wonder why the sky is dark. The wind is whistling through the dying leaves and sings a dirge for love that used to be. You moan. Some men have cursed in anguish such as this and thought it were better had they not been born. You wait for brighter days to come, but all days are but nights and morning never comes. You think of all that used to be: the walks you took beside the old elm trees; the path you fol-

lowed, arm in arm, beside the chattering brook. The wind still whistles in the branches tall. The brook goes on its way. But — she and love are gone.

Why is she gone? Because she could not lose herself and follow you. Because, within her soul a voice was calling her as loud as one was calling you. Because she saw the red and white, and blue emblazoned on a sky where you saw only scarlet and a sunset gold. She could not come, no more than you could go.

Cavalier so straight and tall, mad lover of the long ago, come see your lady's face. We'll go together up the winding lane; you need not take your horse, we are humble footmen now. We enter through the door, we climb the winding stair and to my lady's room. We do not need to lift the latch and enter in to see my lady's face. She loved you and we know the rest. Beside her little bed she kneels in prayer. Her hair has tumbled down, that yellow hair that you have kissed and called so wondrous fair. It falls about her waist and touches pale blue ruffles edged with white. Her hands, those soft, white hands that you have pressed in such devotion, now clutch each other in a mad embrace. There is a spot of blood, her own dear blood — the clutching nails have brought it.

Ah, no, you must not touch her! Stand here beside me, Cavalier — my lady prays. Her sweet blue eyes look up, her hands are raised, her pale lips tremble out the words she wishes God to hear. And would you hear those words, my Cavalier? They are for you. You may sail over many seas and love again, or forty times; you may forget her, if you can, but know you this: a woman's first love gets her prayers. She may not wed you, heaven decrees that many first loves fall to earth like unripe fruit, but all the same, she prayed for you.

The sunlight falls into the room, the red light of a setting sun. It falls aslant the snow white bed and reaches to the pale blue dress, the red, the white, the blue, her colors and they fill the place.

Poor Cavalier, the war is over and she won the race, but look how bowed her head. You rode your fastest horse and shouted loudest for your king and led an army for the cause you loved. She only walked about her room, or scanned the battle-fields when war was done. Perhaps, she bound the wounds your bullets tore and prayed they would not strike too many heads. And yet, she won the race.

Can't you come back, my Cavalier, across that boundary line of pride and rank ambition? Had you but won, you could come back and take her in your arms defeated and forlorn. But that imperious head, that tall stiff back, those legs, so long and straight, they could not kneel to any but the king; and yet, she is your queen. Forget you are a man or else forget that she is but a woman. A man is not so much — a puppet of some greater man, a creature of some random power; and she — she is the object you adore.

You could not come, men could not come a hundred years ago. She waited for you long and weary days. She walked between the old elm trees and watched the distant sails and hoped they bore you home. She sanctified her heart for you and dreamed you were more perfect than you had ever been.

Let me tell you, Cavalier, as man to man, you never did return. You lived full many miles away and yet you saw your first true love a hundred thousand times. You saw her out at sea, her fair sweet face would rise above the waves where white-caps shone and glinted in the sun. You saw her in a mother's face and gave a crown to ease the pang you felt. You saw her when a slave was hurried on to

crime and bought and set the prisoner free. You saw her often when the lights were low and evening shadows filled the silent room. Those soft, sweet, perfect eyes, those sunny curls, that old blue dress and cotton lace, how beautiful they were. You mingled with fair women everywhere, who wore rich dresses with rare jewels blazoned, and yet, they did not hide your first true love and her old dress.

I think she married someone good, — I hope she did, — who gave her smiles and kisses plentiful. I hope her children played among the trees, and by the singing brook, and filled the silent rooms where once you sat. And if she did, her early love lives all the same. A helpless, smothered thing that never rises in the light nor sees itself at all. In quiet moments when the clock is still and little birds are under mother wings, she sits so quiet in the cooling shade and thinks of — you, for love lives on.

THE CRUSADER.

By John E. Donley, Jr.

Alone I stand in a frowning land,
  My mount my only friend.
'Tis the meed I give while yet I live,
  The sins of youth to mend.
And in solitude to my sacred rood
  These lips I reverent bend.

Not for gold my lance I hold,
  For gold I have no care;
And not for pelf or love of self,
  The combat fierce I dare;
Nor yet for fame — an empty name
  That's gone like a breath of air.

But the foes who feel my stinging steel
  That strikes their armor through,
Can witness bring who is the King
  To whom my hand is true.
For the Crucified my wounds betide;
  Alas, for Him too few!

SOME CATHOLIC CHAMPION ATHLETES.

By James B. Connolly.

The firm grip which the Catholic youth of America have upon the athletics of the country is not at once apparent to casual notice. The influence of the Catholic preparatory schools and colleges has ever been given to healthful sport, and the number of clean-living young men developed in these institutions can only be appreciated by inquiry into the personnel of the leading athletic teams of the country. Champion baseball, football, rowing, cycling and track athletes are so often found to be Catholic young men that at once we ask why it is so. It seems a good explanation that this comes from the wholesome atmosphere of our Catholic schools and colleges. A great athlete is the product of wholesome training from infancy to boyhood.

Many of the great amateur athletes of America are Catholics; a resume of their doings would be almost a history of amateur athletics in this country for the last dozen years. No great meeting was ever held where they did not shine, and no great team victory was ever won that they did not help toward the score. Every National, Intercollegiate and International Championship meet has been the occasion of victories for Catholic athletes. Of the great International team that defeated the English at Manhattan Field in September, 1895, five were Catholics; three of the seven American leaders in the Olympic games in 1896, and five of the dozen winners at the last National Champions were Catholics. Of the American record holders at regular athletic events, Wefers, Burke and Conneff, the runners; Sweeney the jumper, and Mitchell and Flanagan the weight-throwers are Catholics.

The most brilliant athlete now before the public is generally held to be Bernard J. Wefers of Lawrence, Mass. He is rated the greatest sprinter the amateur ranks have ever produced, and in natural running gifts perhaps the equal of any sprinter whatever. Wefers holds these records: 40 yards, 4 3-5 seconds; 75 yards, 7 3-5 seconds; 100 yards, 9 4-5 seconds (on several occasions); 120 yards, 11 3-5 seconds; 150 yards, 14 3-5 seconds; 220 yards, 21 1-5 seconds, 300 yards, 30 3-5 seconds. He has been beaten only three times from scratch since he first acquired his speed; two of these defeats were plainly the result of poor condition, and the other was received when he went beyond his distance to meet the wonderful Tom Burke. He has been doing so much running, in-doors and out, during the past three years that periods of staleness were inevitable at times. Wefers is a big handsome fellow, and as he appears on the track he is a living picture of the value of athletic training. He is finely built and in the heat of summer, when the sun and close training have burned off every ounce of fat, he weighs above 170 pounds. So large is his frame that he could carry 190 pounds and not appear logey, but at 170 pounds he looks well-proportioned and active.

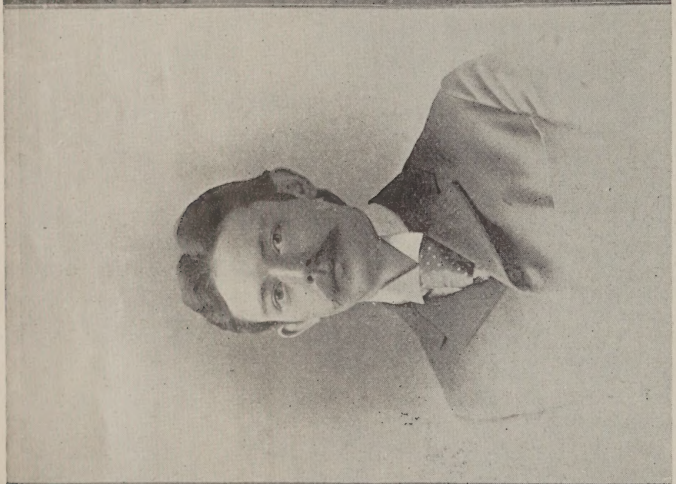
Wefers in action is a sight worth a long journey to see. When going fast, but under no great pressure, he is a picture of graceful vigor; when forced to his best, he is the embodiment of energy and determination. When running hard he digs his spikes

J. B. Connolly. J. F. Quinlan. J. F. Cregan. Dick Grant. B. J. Wefers. J. Quinn. A. F. Duffy. Tom Burke. F. E. Connolly.

AT GAMES OF THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, ROXBURY, MASS., SEPTEMBER ., 1897.

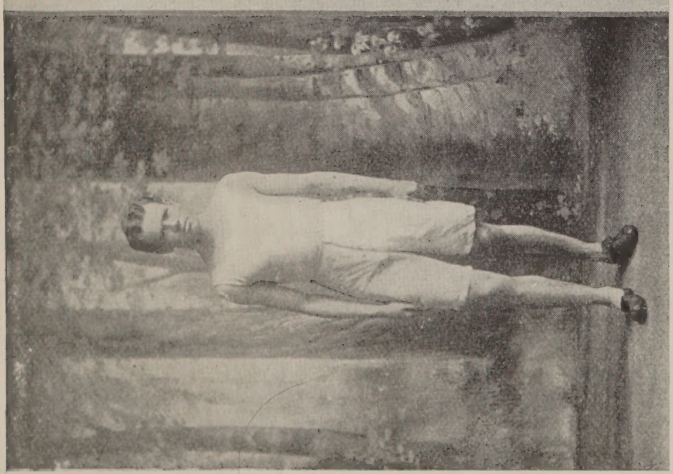
(Largest group of Athletes and Officials ever photographed. Athletes in front row represent a dozen or more championships.)

THOMAS E. BURKE.



ARTHUR BLAKE

THREE OLYMPIC ATHLETES.



JAMES B. CONNOLLY.

into the cinders most viciously, driving his legs and arms with intense force; but in all the heat and stress he never loses the perfect style which distinguishes him above all others in the bunch. His knees may lift a little faster, his feet kick a bit quicker, and his arms drive back and forth more nervously, but everything is true. Every nerve is obedient to his will and power; every muscle and socket moves in a way that years of careful training and coaching have brought to mechanical perfection; no force is wasted. He runs best under pressure. That means that he is the man for a great occasion.

In the International meet of 1895 Wefers came to the front at a critical time. He had only a local reputation in Boston up to that year, although

already exploited by his friends as a coming man. On the recommendation of John F. Moakley, Handicapper for New England, he was taken on trial by Mike Murphy, then training the New York Athletic team at Travers Island to meet the Englishmen. Though Wefers had

TOM BURKE IN THE STADIUM IN ATHENS.

had only a limited experience up to this time, his sudden elevation to the company of such men as Crum, Stage, Lee, Goodwin and others did not disconcert him. Crum had just won the intercollegiate championships in a fashion that stamped him as a phenomenal man; and Stage, Lee and Goodwin had been running record-breaking trials. But even with these it seemed chance work to defeat the English sprinter, Bradley, and any new possible wonder was eagerly tried with the hope of getting a man to meet the measure of the foreigner. Many were given a chance for that international meet, but Wefers was the great "find" of the lot. His natural speed and stamina were at once evident to Trainer Murphy, who soon picked him as the fittest American to harness with Crum for the two dashes against Bradley.

On the day of the games it was rumored that this new man Wefers was a wonder. Great things were looked for by the always sanguine few, but the majority could see only Bradley in the sprints. When the race was run Wefers did more than even his trainer had expected of him. He not only beat the Englishman in

ATHLETIC TEAM, KNIGHTS OF THE SACRED HEART, ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, BOSTON.

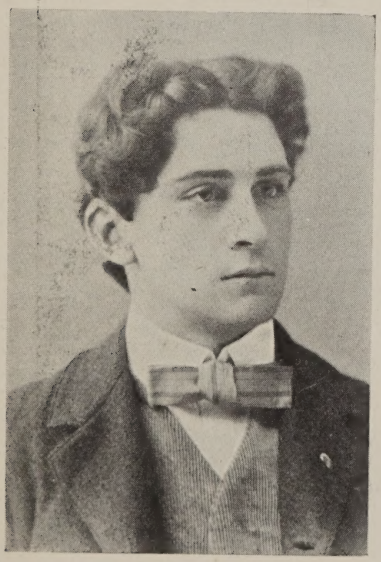
BERNARD J. WEFERS.
Champion Amateur Sprinter.

the 100, but again in the 220, and he made great time in both events. His 9 4-5 seconds in the 100 yards tied the world's record, and his 21 4-5 seconds in the 220 closely approached it. His friends had thought 220 yards too far for him to run through, but he showed himself strongest where he was thought to be weakest, by a desperate and successful effort at the finish. Wefers' stride of 7 feet, 6 inches at the end of his long dash may give one an idea of his style of going.

That race established his rank as the leading sprinter in America. After that his career was a long series of triumphs. His few defeats are lost in his long table of victories, and hardly needful of the explanation that he was beaten at his own distances when not at his best.

The man who defeats Wefers when in good form may rightfully pose as a marvel. Every now and then a sprinting phenomenon jumps to the front to have a try at the champion.

After Finish of Quarter Mile Run in 1896 American Championship.



D. F. O'Brien.
Captain of Brown University Athletic Team.
Courtesy Boston Journal.]

Last year it was Maybury from the University of Wisconsin, who had been winning everything he tried for in the West and making all kinds of records in practice. When Maybury and Wefers came together in the National Championships, the great public was much exercised to think that at last their idol was to meet his equal, and maybe, his superior. But the great public might have saved themselves some worry. Wefers won the 100 yards without apparent effort, again doing 9 4-5 seconds, and looking coolly back at his rival as he broke the tape. The 220 yards was admittedly Maybury's best race. In the West, where he had run it through in marvellous time, he was thought to be the equal of Wefers at the distance. But the actual race gave us the same story again, except that this time Wefers came away at the finish and won by five yards in 21 2-5 sec-

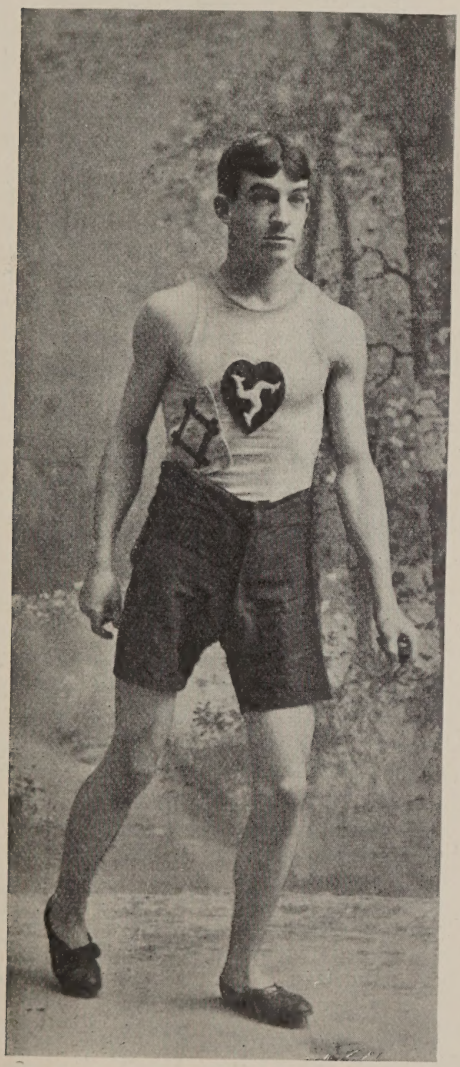
onds. Later in the day "Bernie" ran a fast quarter mile on the champion relay team. Two fast heats in the 100 yards, two more in the 220, and a quarter mile in 49 1-5 seconds will give one an idea of his staying powers.

E. F Pettee. J. J. Wren. Jos. Cross. J. F. Moakley (Captain.) D. Fenton. Tim McCarthy. James Kearney.

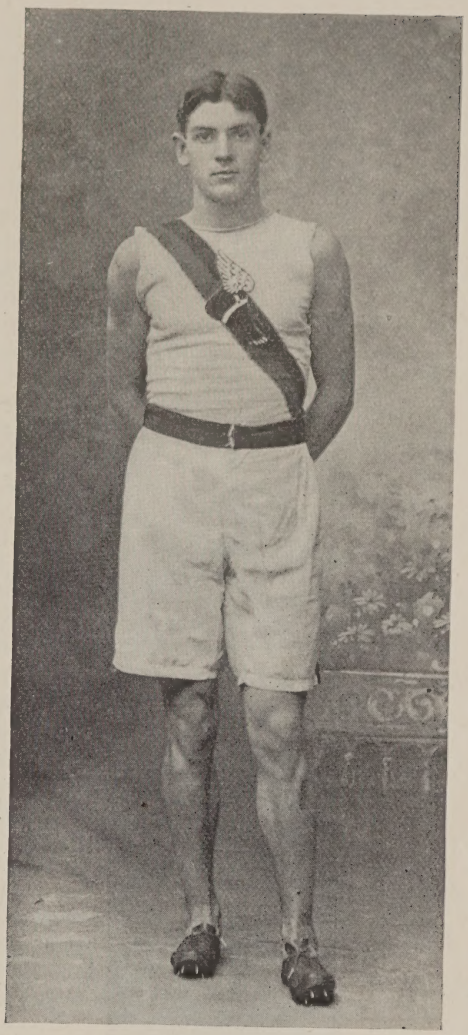
CATHOLIC CHAMPION CROSS COUNTRY TEAM.

Wefers got his early running practice at Holy Cross College, Worcester, and at Boston College. When he

first came to Boston he was so little used to running methods that he did not know the proper position for a start. The day before his first Indoor Championships he was found by Handicapper Moakley hopefully trying a new style of starting. Mr. Moakley set him right, but as the lad had just finished three heats of 75 yards under the mistaken idea that it would put him in condition, no thought was entertained for his chances in the championships. Yet, at that, he won the 75 yards dash next day, and in record time.

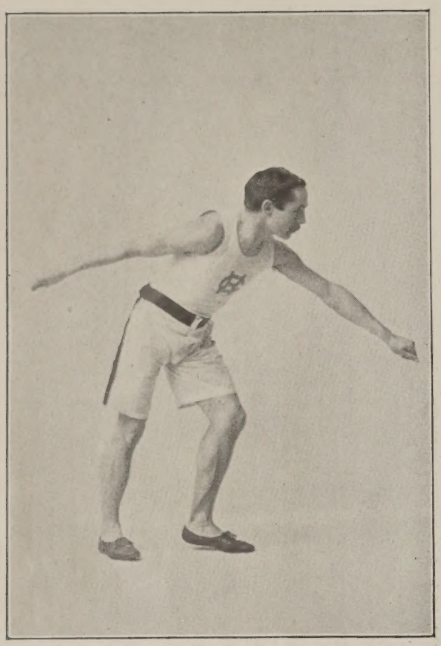


T. F. McQueeney, St. Anne's, Worcester.
Champion High and Low Hurdler of New England.



J. F. Cregan.
Mile and Champion Half-Mile Runner.

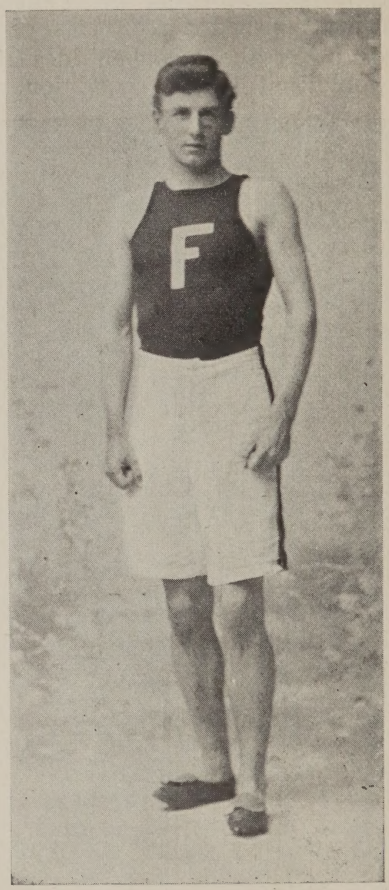
Wefers' improvement, which has been constant, is largely owing to himself. He has had the benefit of good coaching, certainly, but he has practised intelligently and faithfully, and therein is where he has attained his present power, though, to be sure, he had great natural ability.



THOMAS P. CONREFF.
Holder of Record for Mile Run, 4.15 3-5.
Photo by Partridge, Boston.]

MICHAEL F. SWEENEY.

He is still a young man and there is no reason why he should not hold his speed for some years yet and, possibly, do even better work. There is talk now of sending an athletic team to England to meet the Australian



J. FRANCIS QUINLAN.
Captain Fordham College Athletic Team.
[Courtesy Boston Journal.]

and English athletes in international championships next summer. If this should take place it will be safe to say that Bernard Wefers will be a shining star there, and that the American colors on his white jersey will be up front at the finish. Wefers is now a student at the Georgetown University, Washington, where he is studying medicine.

From 400 to 600 yards, our greatest runner is Thomas E. Burke. He begins to break records where Wefers leaves off, and his reputation is second only to that of the great sprinter. Tom Burke could run fast from the first day he put on spiked shoes. In his first novice race he lost his field. Burke is tall and slender, wiry and enduring. He has won more different kinds of championships than any runner we have ever had; he has been interscholastic, international, intercollegiate, national and Olympic champion in turn, winning all these honors in brilliant fashion. Burke broke into wide public notice in much the same fashion and at the same time as did Wefers. He, too, was sent on from Boston as a trial candidate for the International team of 1895. In that meeting Burke had, perhaps, the hardest job of the day. He was sent in to beat Jordan and Fitzherbert in the quarter mile run. Burke and everybody else supposed that Fitzherbert was the dangerous man and in the race all attention was centered on him; as the runners neared the straight, Jordan, who was really the Englishman's first string, jumped into the lead and was several yards away before the Americans realized what the game was. When Burke went after Jordan it looked like a hopeless job, but the Boston man kept a plugging desperately away, while the frenzied crowd cheered him on. The gain was painfully slow, but it was sure, and when the last convulsive jump was made for the tape, Burke had won by a foot. The time was 49 seconds, justly rated a grand performance. That race established Burke's speed and gameness beyond question. In the following spring Tom Burke, Arthur Blake and James B. Connolly of Boston were the three Catholics who shared in representing America at the Olympic games in Greece. Those were the greatest games held since the classic events of ancient times, and Burke shared heavily in the honors. He won two first prizes against men from all over the world. Blake was second in the 800 and 1500 metres races. In the great race from Marathon to Athens Blake was a game contestant, but his training had not been sufficient to carry him through the bruising work of twenty-five miles over a rough, hilly country, and he fell exhausted on the road, after he had covered the worst part of the course, with the Acropolis in hazy view of his dazed eyes. Connolly won a first, a second and a third in the games. During and after the games the victorious Americans were accorded a reception unparalleled in modern athletics. From one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand people were the daily audiences. When an American victor stopped in the streets of Athens a human eddy was at once formed about him; his entrance into a shop preceded a distraction of all clerks and precipitated a blockade outside the door. Their twelve nights and days in Greece were a merry carnival, and when they left the impulsive Greeks cried to see them go.

Since the Olympic games Burke's greatest triumph was his defeat of Wefers for the quarter mile championship of America in 1896. The two men fought the whole distance, Wefers at Burke's shoulder, both digging away furiously on the heavy track. The pace was held all the way, clear to the tape, where Wefers staggered in three yards behind, beaten only at a pace and distance too fierce and long for him. The time, 48 4-5 seconds, shows decidedly the fastest quarter-mile race ever run considering the softness of the track. In the National Championships last September Burke again ran a great quarter mile, defeating such men as Rush, Townsend and Long, after a killing race.

Since Burke acquired his first fame

he has been the mark of every ambitious runner in the country. He never comes out on the track for an important event that he is not at once selected by every entry on the list as the man to go for. To get near Burke means to be in at the finish, and his feelings are never considered in the jostling at corners and the elbowing in the straights. But Burke has a naturally long head made longer by experience. He puts more brains into his running than does any other crack in the country. He runs every race to meet the needs of the occasion, and always seems able to overcome the difficulties of gauging two or more formidable opponents of varying tactics.

Burke graduated at Boston University last June and is now taking a special law course at Harvard. He is yet a young man and there is no reason why he should not round out a great athletic career by making a few more world's records before he retires.

A shining star of 1897 was John F. Cregan, who represented Princeton College in the Intercollegiate Championships, where he won the mile in fast time, and afterward, under the colors of the New York Athletic Club, won both the mile and half mile at the National Championships. To win these two events at a National meet is rated an unprecedented performance in these days of high class athletes. The method by which he won these events was characteristic of Cregan. Before he left the mark he had sized up his field and decided exactly how he was going to run. He stuck to his plans and everything came out as he hoped.

Cregan is one of those men who allow nothing to distract them from the work in hand. Standing on the mark, waiting for the pistol, the spectators and grand stand might be a thousand miles away for all they influence him. When the pistol cracks he jumps somewhere near the front and with eyes that never waver from the leader he plugs on, heedfully thinking of the moment when the pace can be changed to his benefit. Cregan's general plan is to run a waiting race and have it out with his men on the home stretch. At these tactics his stubborn determination, coupled with unusual speed for a mile runner, are almost certain to land him ahead. He asks no more than to be near his man when the tape is within sprinting distance. In a killing finish he will pit his gameness and stamina against anybody. Cregan sees only two things in a race,—the leader and the tape. He keeps the first in reach until the home-burst comes; then he sees only the tape. He never looks behind. A man behind seldom overtakes Cregan, and even should there be a ground gainer coming up from the rear one's ears can give notice of it. It was in this indomitable style that he won both his National Championships last year.

Cregan is only nineteen years of age. He prepared for Princeton at Union College, where he had Kilpatrick, the world's half mile champion, to pull him on. A conscientious student and athlete is Cregan. He never shirks his college work for athletics, but neither does he neglect the smallest detail that may add to his speed. He trains faithfully and is ever studying his game.

A man who recently retired from the cinder-path and was known by reputation the world over was Thomas P. Conneff. For ten years Conneff was held to be the greatest amateur distance runner on the path. It was after some brilliant campaigning in Ireland that he was induced to come to America. He will be long remembered for his gameness, great speed, and beautiful style of running. He won more championships, National, Irish, English, American, Canadian and International than he could name without a distinct effort at recollection.

His greatest exhibition of speed was his mile on the Travers Island track in August, 1895, when he did 4.15 3-5 for the distance, breaking the world's amateur record. That was just previous to the great International meet, in which he carried off the mile and three mile honors. It was his intention to try for a new three mile record on International day, but poor pacing defeated him. He never again trained so carefully as at that time, and he afterwards suffered defeat at a pace that would hardly have served to start a sweat in his best days. In 1896 Conneff forsook the track for a medical course at Holy Cross College, but within a year the old desire to run came over him, and in order to find a worthy foe he matched himself against the wonderful professional, Bacon of England, and even went across the water to meet him. But he suffered defeat at Bacon's hands, the sudden change of climate having affected him. Conneff, frequently referred to as "Little Tommy," was a sturdily built, rather short man, of dark hair and skin. At his best he was a wonderful runner, but after he had become careless of his training he succumbed to better conditioned men.

The world's record for the running high jump is held by Michael F. Sweeney of New York, at 6 feet, 5 5-8 inches. If you think for a moment that this is no great leap you have only to set up a stick at that height and then fancy yourself hopping over it without weights, poles, or any other aid except such as comes from the power of your jumping muscle.

From 1891 to 1896 there was nobody in this country who could give Sweeney a battle in the high jump. Whenever it pleased him to jump, and very few good meets escaped him, he won his event with seeming consummate ease. He had a grand style of jumping. It combined the science of Byrd Page, the initiator of the present style of jumping, with the bound of a wild Gael leaping over Irish bog. Sweeney, with Wefers, Burke and Conneff, was a member of the famous International team that camped at Travers Island all the summer of 1895, preparing a warm reception for the Englishmen in September. On that great day, when Wefers, Burke, Conneff, Mitchell and other less celebrated athletes covered themselves with glory, Sweeney was the hero of a sensational athletic feat. After defeating Williams of London in the high jump he was asked to try for a world's record. The bar was raised to 6 feet 5 5-8 inches. At this height Sweeney made two failures, and a sigh arose from ten thousand bosoms at each effort, so close was the attempt. When he went back for his third and last trial few of the audience believed he would succeed, but the great jumper went calmly about his preparations for one of those nerve racking trials that every great athlete has to make at times. He carefully paced his run, solicitously retied the handkerchief on the bar, and carefully re-adjusted his marks on the turf. The scene was a rare one; ten thousand enthusiastic spectators, gradually working to frenzy by successive American victories, were now gasping for breath, while the greatest jumper of the world, with nerves strung and muscles taut, was crouched like a panther, preparing to compass the greatest jump now on the record tables. When Sweeney came bounding toward the bar the great crowd held its breath—when he sprang into the air it gasped—and when he cleared the stick with two inches of daylight between bar and hip, it sighed in relief and then broke into a long booming roll of cheering, stamping, clapping and waving. It was the delirium of ten thousand spectators witnessing the successful performance of a marvellous physical feat at a really dramatic moment.

Michael Sweeney is a man above

medium height and of fine physique. He has given up amateur athletics and is now a teacher of physical culture in a school in Pennsylvania, leaving behind him a record of victories hard to beat. He has won more prizes than could be packed in a crockery crate. They include medals of all designs and material, watches, clocks, diamonds, hand-bags, brushes, music-boxes, manicure sets, and other bric-a-brac of more or less use.

In the fall of 1888 a small band of Irishmen came over here to show us their notions of athletics. Some of them stayed here, and the greatest of these was James Sarsfield Mitchell, who soon began to astonish us with his weight throwing feats. He celebrated his first pleasant morning in New York by breaking the American record for throwing the 56 pound weight; this merely by way of practice. He did not take off his coat to do it, nor drop the derby hat which he held in his left hand while he swung the big weight with his good right. This kind of man was a revelation to us. After he got to feeling at home here he made hammer and weight throwing records without end. Every time he broke a record his club gave him a fine gold medal to commemorate the event. Nearly every meeting furnished him with commemorative opportunities.

The fashion in which he carefully raised records, conscientiously adding not too much, so that his work might more nearly approach a continuous performance, was a constant source of delight to his friends, who dearly appreciated an athletic artist, and a never-ending expense to the New York Athletic Club, who had to meet the resultant bills for commemorative medals.

Mitchell's athletic power has gone the way of all who neglect their training for a considerable length of time. He is now too heavy to do good work, though some experts seem to think that a season of careful, constant outdoor practice would yet bring back to him the marvellous power of other days. It is hardly probable though that he will make the effort. He is no longer in his youth, and as one grows older violent exercise gets to be more and more in the line of work.

About the time Jim Mitchell's power began to wane, a fine, sturdy young Irishman was making a great name for himself as a hammer thrower. He made records with all weights of hammers and at all kinds of styles. Last spring he came to America and since then he has been our only weight-throwing idol. His first month here saw him make a new world's record with the 16 pound hammer. Since then he has done even better, and if he has an equal on earth he never showed up in this part of the world. Flanagan is an artist in his line. Every turn of Flanagan's as he swings the lead is a study in dynamics, and every whole performance is a centrifugal poem.

Flanagan's personality may be expressed by a famous athlete's response to a New York reporter's question. The famous athlete, of reputation in many lands, was rubbing his limbs after a refreshing salt water bath at Travers Island. Up on the track a few other famous athletes were gleefully cavorting in the summer sun; out on the waters of the bay there was much pleasing yachting life; and on the grassy bank nearest the club-house waiters were serving cooling drinks. The celebrated athlete on the raft was feeling too dreamily lazy to talk much, and when the reporter asked: "How tall and heavy a man is Mr. Flanagan, and how far can he throw the hammer, and what are his peculiarities?" he stopped admiring a new coat of tan just long enough to answer: "Mr. Flanagan? O yes—John; well, he's not so tall,—about as tall as any other man,—and he weighs about as much as a barrel of flour with the staves on.

He can throw the hammer about as far as he wants to. I don't know how far that is—he's never been licked. Records? They're cinches for John. He'll keep a clerk busy putting them down. Turn him loose in a ten acre lot with a wire-handled hammer and he'd die right there. And he's all right, too, except that he's got a habit of jigging one of those pleated concertinas nights when the rest of us want to sleep. Soon as he's used to the climate, and wears out the concertina we're going to run him for alderman or something. He's dead popular up where he lives. Yes, that's John—the chunky man." Flanagan holds the present record of 150 feet 8 inches for throwing the sixteen pound hammer. Once he threw 157 feet, but one foot went two inches over the line and the record was lost.

Besides these, America is full of young Catholic athletes of lesser fame. Dennis J. O'Brien and J. Frank Quinlan, who captain the noted athletic teams of Brown University and Fordham College, are almost worthy to rank with men of the Wefers, Burke and Cregan stamp; Jerome Buck, the great hurdler might be named in this company, and there are hundreds of almost equal cleverness.

In Boston there is an association connected with St. Joseph's Church in the West End which is sure to form the model for similar organizations throughout the country. Under the guidance of Father Walsh two hundred boys, enrolled as Knights of the Sacred Heart, are being encouraged to go in for athletics of all kinds. It keeps them straight as nothing else would. Ninety-five per cent. of them go to Communion every month, and yet there is nothing of girlishness about them. Their uniformed athletic, football and baseball teams have so far won about everything they tried for. These are the world beaters of the future.

America is full of young Catholic athletes who are known more than locally. The practice of athletics is becoming recognized in our Catholic universities and preparatory schools as a necessary part of a youthful education. So long as a young man is sound and clean physically he is not far from being sound morally and mentally. A great athlete is more than a mere bunch of muscle; if those opposed to athletic sports knew the amount of will power and self-restraint exercised by an emotional man to retain his leadership in athletics for any length of time there would be little further objection to competitive sport. The development of muscle is but an incidental part of proper athletic training; the champion runner, jumper or vaulter of these days is never noticeable for a huge biceps or an enormous calf; but he is remarkable for the quality of his nerve and the quantity of his nervous energy, and those are the things that rule the people of this world. To the athlete the inevitable result of flagrant disregard of moral and hygienic laws is loss of that superior power that kept him on top, and continuous ill-treatment is sure to bring on general decay.

It would be a fine thing, certainly, if we could get the same beneficial results without the danger of competitive sport, but we cannot hope for that, and it is a question, anyway, if familiarity with certain forms of danger does not develop some highly desirable qualities. It is better to have a broken leg, or even a death now and then, than to lose to the race that manly vigor which is our strongest anchor against the drag of degeneration. The Catholic youth of America have won in open athletic competition more than their percentage of honors. And their superiority will be clear just so long as they are encouraged to live the same clean lives that now mark them.

WESTCHESTER.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

By Henry Austin Adams, M. A.

CHAPTER XIV.

The swoon into which the unknown girl fell upon coming into the presence of him whom it was evident she had engaged to meet proved a profound one.

How long it might have lasted she could not say, but when at length consciousness was once more fully restored to her, she hath told me she found herself seated alone in an apartment strange to her, and dark, save for the flicker of one smoky lanthorn.

As one that waketh from a dream of more than common vividness, upon her coming to herself, she did not yield to the alarmed surprise natural to one finding oneself so strangely situated, for that she felt she must have been asleep and dreaming, and that the lingering deception would presently depart.

But upon finding that her surroundings were but too truly true, memory rushed in upon her, filling the void unconsciousness had made, and every terrifying detail of her adventure instantly returned, and she sprang up and gazed about the low, long room in which she found herself. The last she could remember was being half led, half borne, up an ascent of broken and uneven steps through what would seem to be a subterranean passageway, damp, dark and dreadful.

But that seemed hours ago, and how was she in this strange place, alone; and why?

Her survey, made with the rapid eye of terror and anxiety, disclosed that she was in what might have been a basement room of some abandoned house. The furniture consisted of some half-dozen chairs covered with mouldy leather, and one long table of heavy oak pushed now before the cavernous old fireplace.

Upon the mantelpiece of rough-hewn stone the solitary lanthorn stood, and with its feeble light did scarce illuminate that end of the apartment, and left the other end in well-nigh total darkness.

Toward this impenetrable region the agitated occupant now turned her anxious gaze, and would have doubtless followed herself her look, but that at that same moment she saw the form of an old and venerable man emerge from the shadow and approach her.

With a cry of grateful relief the young woman sprang down the room to meet him. There was that in the character of the aged apparition which did immediately appear to give the conscience of the girl that reassurance of the which her every look and movement betrayed that she stood in the direst need.

"Where am I, reverend sir?" saith she, clinging to the arm of the clergyman; "and how long have I been here? I cannot say it is long or short. Indeed, my heart and natural maiden's fear have so much fought for mastery within me I am unstrung and know not what I do."

"Rest ye in perfect confidence, dear lady. My character shall vouch for your safety not less than for your honor."

"My thanks be ever yours; but, sir, is there indeed necessity for these clandestine measures? Cannot an honorable purpose be compassed be-

fore the honest day, or must a gentleman like you and a brave youth like him plot as do smugglers and banditti under the ground?"

"Alas! my child, it has become our only means. Your father's spirit spake in your words just now, and I do much applaud it; but these malignant traitors have so high-handedly demeaned themselves of late that death and sequestration of our goods await us who shall contrive in any way for the King's Majesty."

"Well, since ye must, ye must. But to what purpose doth he peril my good name thus? He knoweth I love him."

"And when did woman's love weigh what is asked too nicely?"

"Aye, reverend sir, such is indeed our weakness, or our strength, — but think you not that it should purchase for us the very nicest measure of consideration? I feel a traitress to my father's principles in this; I do, indeed."

"Grieve not your filial heart upon that score, lady. Nor think that he that you love would wantonly expose your honor or your person to these unusual plights were there not desperate necessity therefore."

"That comforts me. I do confess a love less measureless than mine would have cried halt ere this. Why, sir, each step I take, each breath I draw, seem to convict me liar. My father thinketh me this moment safe at home. I never in my life deceived him so. I like not this contention against light."

The venerable clergyman had led his trembling companion back to the lighter portion of the room, and now drew one of the red chairs beside her own and sate there silent a little space.

"I have not been entirely free myself from your so natural compunctions; but let my sacred office be guarantee, dearest young lady, for what I now declare. Our aims are high, our secrecy is not dishonorable; therefore there can be naught of sin in our enforced proceedings."

"But I, sir, I — why am I thought a necessary agent in these manly deeds? I cannot take up arms, nor influence opinion, nor any otherwise assist save as a woman may, by prayers and suffering, — and this I may do certainly at home and properly."

"Nay, nay, my child. History hath more than one example of noble womanhood compassing noble ends. From that time that Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, did by her arts beguile Sisera into her tent and slay him, to that in which a peasant maid of Arc, Joan by name, saved France, there have not lacked among the gentler sex them that did valiantly maintain their country's cause."

"But, how am I to think His Majesty's cause my country's cause?"

"Your father does so think."

"He doth not, sir, saving my duty to you. He hath at heart the cause of all mankind. He would see universal human rights respected. He hath no faith in the untried vagaries now thought so popular; but, pray believe me, sir, he hath still less regard for monarchy as such."

"Yet as the matter standeth he passeth for the enemy of this rebellion."

"I grant you yes; but to what purpose doth his neutral stand cause that I be selected for some mysterious, unwomanly design?"

"In a few moments all shall be plainly shewn." As he spoke several voices were heard approaching, and, upon the opening of an unseen door, a flood of light filled every corner of the large apartment. Four men then entered. Foremost among them was he whom we have seen to meet the lady in the grotto, — a man not more than five and twenty years of age, and of a bearing so erect and martial he would have passed for handsome, even had not his face proclaimed him so. Of a somewhat sallow cast his face was of that oval type so much affected

by painters of romance, and a pair of dark brown eyes and hair of almost black completed a beauty of so semi-tropical a sort that one would have pronounced the dashing youth at least half Southern. Such was the case indeed, since that he was Italian in his maternal origin.

By his left side, and bearing in his arms a burden of great weight, there came another man of his own age, but manifestly not of his station, who, having placed his load upon the floor with much relief, fell to wiping the great sweat drops from his brow, remarking: "Only a baker's dozen of them, after all, and yet they cost my back and sinews full as much as would an arsenal's equipment."

"Good send us that no worse evil come to us all than the wrenching of your tough sinews," replied another fellow, dropping his own armful of rifles as he spake.

The clergyman and the young man who would be their leader then withdrew a few paces to one side and held a brief parley, to which the lady was an eager though silent party.

Giving some sharp commands to the three attendants, our cavalier offered the assistance of his arm to the trembling maiden, and, preceded by the venerable divine carrying the lanthorn, they made their way up a broad staircase to what was formerly the great hall of the Abbey.

Meanwhile the three less worthy persons, looking to their matchlocks, disposed themselves at as many entrances to the deserted mansion, mounting guard against any not very probable approach.

The clergyman then led his young companions into the old wainscoted library and closed the door. Silence and darkness resumed their wonted and immemorial reign over the blasted domicile. A quarter of an hour may have elapsed, when a shrill and prolonged whistle, the preconcerted signal, brought the three sentinels to the rendezvous in the same basement room where we first saw them. The lady, now closely veiled, hung on the arm of the minister, while he whom we may denominate the hero of the mysterious adventure, busied himself in pushing the great hearthstone to one side, as it appeared was possible from its curious construction, upon unseen rollers.

This being done, it was discovered that the fireplace was indeed the upper entrance to the subterranean passage by which the lady had been introduced into the building.

Disposing the bundles of firearms within this secret recess, the company began to descend the damp stone steps, leaving one of the three attendants to replace the hearthstone.

The muffled echo of their footsteps sunk gradually away at it were in the bowels of the earth, and the abandoned building relapsed into its secret-keeping stillness.

CHAPTER XV.

Not more disturbed by beholding my beloved daughter's agitation upon the veranda than by Mackenzie's unwontedly serious words, I put spurs to my horse, and closely followed by my best of friends, turned, on our coming to my gates, in the direction of Pelham. We rode along in silence a matter of two miles, and the exhilarating exercise did much allay my undefined foreboding.

Within a patch of very dense pine woods where they were sheltered from the sharp-edged wind, we suffered our good horses to relax their pace.

"Well, Tom," I then said, facing Mackenzie, who, much unlike himself, was grown abstracted.

Mackenzie looked at me. I waited. He said nothing.

"Miss Broadbent hath seen fit to choose some other confidant than her own father," I said.

"Nay, Broadbent."

"How then? I thought —"

"Aye, aye, Broadbent. Madge hath

indeed, I will not say confided in me, but rather I have put two and two together, and she hath honestly confessed them four. A poet's license merely."

"By common sense, Mackenzie, I understand ye not."

"I have been much in the dear child's company since your return."

"And doubtless there ye mean to say I have neglected her?"

"You have been wholly taken up."

"And thus my child hath been compelled to seek a parent's confidence from —"

"Me? No, Broadbent. Ye shall not do yourself nor Madge such wrong. Hout! Man, will ye not give me even the poor credit of possessing imagination?"

"Have I not ever held you lacked naught but the application to make you a great poet?"

"Truly. Well, then, while you have been harassed by politics and plunged in your farm business, and — and —"

He rode close by my side, and at these words I felt his hand upon my elbow.

"And, Broadbent, while ye have eaten out your great old heart, man, over that other face not being beside your hearth and that other voice still now forever, — while ye have bravely faced it all, — why, d—n it, what was I good for with my poor heart and good-for-nothing dreaming, if I could not keep half an eye on Madeleine, poor child, against your feeling cheerier and heartened up a bit, or anyhow until the coming back of Father Newton?"

I grasped his hand.

"I have indeed been negligent of my poor girl," I said.

"Not so!" he cries out then; "not negligent. These heads of ours have neither skill nor room for everything at once. Yours was indeed preoccupied."

"Yet I did vaguely feel all was not well with her."

"So Wilberforce did tell me, and he did well to rally you as best he could, since your uneasiness, if manifested, would have but made things worse."

"Aye, Caleb had his Horace, and heaven knoweth whom besides, to cheer me with. Not longer since than yesterday at chess he bade me lay the ghost of my anxiety for Madeleine with some exquisite line out of his Plautus. And verily the exorcism had virtue. I had no dream of her last night, — the first these six weeks gone."

"Wilberforce knows as much of a girl's heart as I do of algebra."

"True! Caleb, I must confess, prefers his poetry and womankind in Latin."

"And that in rare editions."

"And if the line have a disputed text, so much the better."

"I have a thousand times tried to conceive friend Caleb as tete-a-tete with the Phyllises or Amyrilises or Chloes of whom his scholarship is so prone to speak."

"Marry and Amen! Broadbent, that were a rendezvous worth watching! Egad! but that man would first scan her feet —"

"Fie! now Mack!"

"Nay; no harm, no harm! I but meant that, were it shown that the fair did not foot it out in your true spondees and dactyls with never a touch of false quantity, Wilberforce would not sleep till he had writ to the 'Gentleman's Monthly Gazette' and exposed her for a 'spurious recension' as he hath it."

We were now emerged from the cover of the pine wood, and the touch of chill wind, together with the sudden quickening of our horses, brought my mind rather painfully back from the lighter vein to the more anxious thoughts with which we had entered it.

Mackenzie felt this revulsion in my feelings, for that when he had suffered a little space to elapse he, without hint from me, recurred to the mutual solici-

tude we entertained for my daughter.

"To come to the heart of it," saith he, "I do confess I bent my rather earnest thoughts upon Miss Madeleine on your home-coming after a period of five years, — those years, moreover, which had beheld her graduation into young womanhood. Ye cannot well forget what Madge was to me as a child."

"Ye loved her well, I know."

"I did. And I was loath to lose that oldtime sense of kinship with that girl. Not every day are minds and souls like Madeleine's to be fallen in with."

"My daughter hath, no doubt, uncommon feeling."

"Ah, that she has! And would that all experience did not proclaim the danger incident to such a nature."

"Her mother oft did use to say that from a child the girl was sensitive as an aeolian harp."

"Which the tempest no less than the light zephyr may play upon."

"Which God forefend!"

"Amen!"

"But, Tom, man, since (while I plagued my aching heart with these accursed politics and bootless business) you, poet that ye are, studied the child, what made you out of her? I never saw her in such mood as we now left her."

"She is in love."

As if struck by a shot from an unsuspected ambush, I reined my horse at this, and looked at Tom Mackenzie. That is a moment of supreme importance when a devoted parent feels first that something deeper than parental love has reached his child.

I know not if a father can hear for the first time that his dear daughter's love hath gone forth unreservedly to any man without a sickening, profound, uncertain sort of sorrow.

Mothers be different; they know not men as men know one another.

It was absurd! Here was Mackenzie, true to his old nonsensical romanticism, flying unquestionably to the soft passion for explanation of any lady's sudden change of humor! I fell therefore to laughing heartily at him, but Tom joined not in merriment so forced, and so my laugh was echoed back to me by the pine thickets, empty enough, and — died.

"Why, man, during our whole five years abroad Miss Broadbent spake not a dozen words to any man."

"So be it, Squire. Yet could we peep into that fluttering heart of hers this minute, odds that we would find there a terrible commotion and conflicting 'tween love and reason, — or I am neither poet nor friend of yours, nor can the immemorial symptoms be longer argued from."

"But, Mack, in heaven's name, whom would your foolishness conceive to be worthy of that girl?"

"Ah! there you miss the mark! Nobody, nobody; but that's not here nor there. This had indeed been a far different world had love and worthiness but gone together."

"Good God! Do you dare to hint Miss Broadbent hath not only cherished a secret love, but that the object of it is some unworthy scoundrel?"

"I said, and still say, nothing whatever, Broadbent, about the object."

"What then?"

"Why, sir, that I am now convinced that Madge, — pray let her be Madge with me, — that Madge hath quite unconsciously for some time past harbored a vague attachment for some young gentleman, and that some recent and important passages have taken place, the which some way have crystallized her passion."

I rode some moments without speaking.

"Mackenzie," then said I, "do you connect my child's unfortunate condition with our returning home and the political confusion of our distracted country?"

"With both, — and closely!"

"I am no poet, but I am a father: I have feared much, though I could guess but little. If you know aught,

— aye, if ye but guess or think anything bearing upon Miss Broadbent's happiness, — I think I have the right to ask it — the whole of it, the worst. Say on."

We had now come to a fork in the high-road, and as the wind was due west and the sun dropping, we chose without discussing it the branch which ran more southerly and which indeed was that which by a circuit of perhaps a league gave on the turnpike skirting the Abbey woods.

We ambled quietly along this road for twenty minutes, knowing, our faces being now turned homeward, that leisure would not cause that we be found far from home upon the fall of darkness.

Mackenzie then made bold to trust me with his least grounded and least probable surmises no less than with those solider and now not to be questioned facts of which his sound, good sense, his deep devotion to the girl, and his fertility of fancy, combined to make him the possessor.

Nowise insensible to my friend's reasoning, I had it not in me to credit what he feared. Accordingly, no further issue would have likely come of Mackenzie's revelations than a firm resolution on my part to give my child my company more constantly, but for a strange adventure which befell upon our homeward ride.

The road we held, as hath been said, skirted the woods upon the northern borders of the Abbey place, and we were come to that point on it whence through a natural or a designed clearing in the forest a distant and most entrancing view is to be had of the old mansion.

Albeit darkness was settling fast, light was there left enough upon our coming to this open glade for us to catch a glimpse of the dark outlines of the Abbey.

That scene so little to be looked for in our raw new world caused that I never rode that way, but I did stop and feel as it were anew the nameless influence of such old-world pictures.

Checking our horses, we gazed in silence at the scene.

Suddenly then did Tom Mackenzie start, — his eyes were sharper much than mine, his fancy quicker, — and cried to me: "A light in the old Abbey! And at this hour!"

"Impossible," say I, but bending my own gaze more fixedly.

"There! See! See! It moves, — there! Broadbent, there it moves along from casement pane to casement — there, see you not, in the old wing?"

There was no doubt a light did glimmer, now at one, and then at another window.

"At times like these," cries Tom, "there can no good be boded by the uncanny dwellers in that cursed place." Mackenzie, in his character of poet, was for maintaining against all cavillers, the authenticity and the good name of every ghost and familiar wherewith the idle fancy of the superstitious had peopled our old houses.

He was upon the best of terms with all that gruesome crew whom he dared swear one might fall in with at midnight at the Abbey.

Accordingly, his interest in the so unexpected glimmering of lights in the deserted ruin partook, and not a little, of the enthusiasm of your true necromancer.

"A party of conspirators, no doubt," I say, "for King or Congress."

"More like a revel of Titania's court."

"Seriously, Tom, I do not like it."

"Nor I. Let us break in upon them, be they a pack of rebels 'or goblins damned!' "

"Softly, man, softly. Since it hath pleased John Jay to charge our consciences, on pain of guilt to publish and declare all treasonable acts we may be privy to, I like not altogether this breaking in upon them you speak of."

Mackenzie laughed.

"Aye, ye may laugh, but God alone knows who they may be on whom you rashly counsel that we intrude. Zounds! Tom, one is prepared to find one's very flesh and blood deep in their plots and counterplots in these mad times."

But such a promise of romantic interest was not to be made light of, and ere my words were done Mackenzie had begun to trot along the road in search of the first gate into the Abbey park.

This was not long in finding. I came up with Mackenzie as he entered and in a moment we were advancing along one of the lesser avenues of the estate, which, much to our delight, was thickly shaded and hedged in by dense shrubbery. The avenue curved sharply to the right and made the circuit of the home field, giving at length upon the side or rear of the old mansion. On coming to the end of the secluded road, we tied our horses and made our way more cautiously afoot to the long terrace, the which, it being not on that side where we had seen the lights, we deemed afforded us a safe approach.

Assuring ourselves that our great holster pistols were in readiness, we advanced with haste close to the walls and so came to the windows of the wing.

At the angle whence we both knew we could command a view of the illuminated casement, we breathlessly did pause as though not willing either to have our fears substantiated or our folly proven.

Were we deceived by some reflection of the evening light?

Would we on turning the next buttress see, or not see the gleam? And if there were, indeed, some thus mysteriously inhabiting a long abandoned and ill-reputed place, who were they? And knowing who, what would our duty be?

These and like anxious thoughts clamored for answer in that brief moment when Mackenzie paused, saying to me: "None looks to me for aught. Let me go first, Broadbent. Come if you hear me whistle softly. I am a fool, mayhap, but from my soul I feel you should not see, no, nor be seen here."

"We go together, man,—or neither goes," firmly say I.

"So be it! Come!"

We did then turn the corner of the wing. There was the light as we had seen it from the road, in what I knew to be the library. Mackenzie looked to me for my opinion. I nodded, we should take the half dozen paces which would enable us to see who they might be venturing thus into the haunts of the dead past.

We then stepped forward. But at that instant in which we peered into the dimly lighted room, the solitary light went out—not, oh! my God! before we saw a woman's form disappearing through the door. I felt the blood and spirit of my life ebb from my heart. Mackenzie gasped, failing to find a voice wherewith to cry. The next moment we did hear a long, low whistle, which recalled us to our calmer reason.

Speechless we hurried to our horses, and putting spurs to them, we had gained the great park gates before a word was spoke. There standeth by the gates a then quite rank and overgrown thicket, or copse, of evergreens, and as we dashed by these my horse shied viciously, and we beheld a man plunge through the hedge in whom I thought I recognized that alleged sergeant and assured ruffian who had arrested me.

Our minds, however, were yet so wrought upon by the mysterious apparition in the Abbey, that we scarce noticed him, and pressed at a smart pace upon our journey.

At the next turn in the road we came upon a horseman making at scarce a walk, in the same direction as ourselves, and would have passed him with but the hour of the day, had not

he wheeled his horse across the road as we approached.

"A chilly evening, gentlemen," he saith.

"By your leave, sergeant," then I cry out, fully recognizing him, "the evening being cold we shall pass on."

"No offence, squire, but as I am desirous henceforth to serve you, may I make bold to ask where ye are making at such an hour? Uncommon rumors have of late been spread."

"By the eternal!" burst forth Mackenzie, fingering his riding whip.

"Peace, Tom!" says I, and then pushing my horse past the good sergeant's, "Sir, had you but been only a moment since hiding beside the gates of the park yonder, you had known that Thomas Mackenzie, Esquire, and I be just now come forth from the Abbey. Otherwise I have to tell you that we are making now as best we may for home, whither we recommend all honest folk to make (come nightfall) until the country be got well rid of just such gentlemen as he that even now impedes us."

With this we made ahead at a round pace, and came without further molestation to the Grange. Once in my study I summoned Barker.

"My compliments to Miss Broadbent, and will she wait upon her father here immediately."

In half an hour my child came to me. She was, I saw, under a terrible strain. I closed the study door.

(To be continued.)

MY STAR.

By L. Marion Jenks.

The room is bare and dreary since you went;
I miss the charm and light your presence lent;
No other voice rings music, and no face
Smiles with your tender, with your perfect grace.

You do not know I listen when you speak,
And watch the young life pulsing in your cheek
With every word, laugh, stirring at your heart;
Nor with what sighs I hear your step depart.

But he who leans on lonely window-sill,
And sees a star gleam in the heavens still —
Though he must look and live in distance dim,
Shall he not say its shining is for him?

CHARACTER SKETCH OF JOHN DUNS SCOTUS.

By Rev. C. O'Sullivan.

John Duns Scotus is usually known in the halls of learning and among theologians and philosophers at large by the designation of Subte Doctor. The question of the birthplace of this man, who by his extraordinary learning shed a halo of glory on the land of his nativity, has given rise to a diversity of opinion among the writers of England, Scotland and Ireland. Camden, Pitt and other English analists assert (without anything like solid proof) that he was born at Dunston, now contracted to Duns, a small village about three miles distant from Anewick in Northumberland, but the epitaph on his tomb in Cologne, "Scotia me genuit, Anglia suscepit," shows the glaring impossibility of England having been the land of his birth. On the other hand, Dempster, Mackenzie and other Scotch writers (with as little authority as Mac Pherson had when he asserted that Ossian was a native of Scotland) try to maintain that Scotus was born at Duns, an insignificant little place within the Scottish border, eight miles distant from England.

Finally, MacCaghel, Wadding, Connaeus and a host of other Irish writers, who actually lived in the libraries where the manuscripts of Scotus were preserved, and who consequently were the most competent judges on the subject, strenuously maintained, and proved beyond cavil or contradiction, that John Duns Scotus was a son of Ireland, and that he first drew the breath of life A. D. 1274 in Down, a county in the province of Ulster. The decision of these writers has been embraced by Arthur A. Monasterio of Rouen, by Paul Amalth of Italy, by Nicholas Verneuil of Louvain and by many others distinguished in the literary world for their genius, accuracy and erudition.

A complete, critical and satisfactory discussion on the subject may be found in the sixth volume of Wadding's "Annals of the Franciscan Order," a highly interesting and elaborate work, whence the reader may draw at pleasure a precious fund of antiquarian historical knowledge.

We are informed that Scotus in his early youth was admired for the acuteness of his intellect and the brilliancy of his genius, and that among his principal patrons were two Franciscans, who at that time wielded considerable influence in the university of Oxford. It is uncertain where he made his novitiate; but we are told that after he had become a member of their order, those two sons of St. Francis introduced him into that university. There, according to Joannes Major, he made the principal part of his ecclesiastical course under the guidance and instruction of William Ware (Latinized Varo), his first professor, and the only one of whom we have any cognizance.

In due course of time Scotus became a fellow of Merton College, and ultimately chief lecturer of theology in the university of Oxford. His reputation for virtue, as well as for learning, was then so highly esteemed that students flocked from various countries to hear the words of wisdom that flowed from his lips. On the authority of Pitt it is even stated that several thousand students were at one time applying themselves to the acquirement of learning within the walls of that famous institution, and that they unfailingly attended his lectures.

However this may be, "the fame of Scotus was such," we are informed by his biographer, the learned Wadding, "that his rival could not be found in any literary establishment of that age,

nor perhaps anybody comparable to him, St. Thomas alone excepted, in any national church of the Christian world for several previous centuries." In the year 1304, the thirtieth of his age, acting in accordance with the mandate of the general of his order, he proceeded to Paris, where he was honored with the degree of Doctor of the Sorbonne, of which institution, a short time afterwards, he was appointed professor by royal edict. While delivering his public lectures at Paris, Scotus, according to De Bustis, first undertook the defence of that celebrated question on the immaculate conception of the Blessed Virgin, which at that period occasioned and which for years after continued to occasion clamorous controversy among the schoolmen of the times.

Scotus remained in Paris until 1308, when he was by the orders of his superior general, Gondisaeri, removed to the city of Cologne, whither the fame of his erudition had already preceded him, and where it obtained for him a reception adequate to his acquirements. As he approached the walls of the city, this great but humble man was received with all marks of appreciation and honor by the public authorities, the nobility and the people, and conducted with all the pomp they could command to the ancient university of that capital. There his labors ended all too soon. After a short illness he breathed his last at Cologne on the eighth day of November, A. D. 1308, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. He was buried in the church attached to the Franciscan convent of that city.

St. Thomas died at the early age of fifty, on his way to the Council of Lyons, there to defend the cause of the Latin church against the Greeks. Duns Scotus died at the still earlier age of thirty-four, in the midst of his usefulness. How much the church and humanity at large lost by the demise of those two intellectual giants! Had they lived to a ripe old age, how many more works of splendid erudition would they not have sent forth for the honor of their own country and the enlightenment of all future ages!

The remains of Duns Scotus were afterwards removed to a more conspicuous place in the chrurch of the Franciscans at Cologne, where a monument was erected to his memory. We are told that on it the names of fifteen doctors of the order were engraved.

Now with regard to the followers of Scotus, and those that put themselves under the leadership of St. Thomas, we are informed by authorities of great weight, that they both were Scholastics in the strictest sense of the term. The one, as well as the other, accepted the whole tradition of the church as it had been collected by Peter Lombard. "To Scotus as well as to St. Thomas the Pope is the supreme guardian and divinely instituted exponent of the deposit of faith, left to the church, the highest guide and ruler of the Christian commonwealth, the supreme representative of the church's judicial power." Werner, p. 497. Again, to Scotus, as well as to St. Thomas, Aristotle, the representative of human reason, is the decisive authority in philosophical discussion. Hence, according to Bergier, "the difference between the two schools move within very narrow limits, and save on a few occasions, they are exceedingly insignificant." Questions far wider, far more interesting and momentous arose afterwards in the conflict on the power of the Pope, begun at Constance and Basle, and prolonged for centuries, in the learned French church. Even we would say that questions far more varied, conflicting and important yet originated after the rise of scholarship and historical criticism, in the war between the old and new philosophers. Because the limits there formed were so narrow, it probably came to pass

that the Thomists and Scotists fought on so many points that have but little interest for us of the nineteenth century. So numerous, so trivial and so hairsplitting were the differences that existed between these two schools that we will make but a slight selection from them here.

Both Thomists and Scotists were Realists, but the Realism of the latter was more pronounced than that of the former. To St. Thomas no universal exists as such. The essence is only actually found in the individual; it is by a process of intellect that we separate humanity in general from humanity as it manifests itself in this particular man, and reach the idea of humanity in general. "Universale dum intelligittur, singulare dum sentitur." At the same time St. Thomas, unlike the Nominalists, held that the universal has a "foundation in reality," because the same species exists with identical qualities in a number of individuals. It has precisely the same character, though it is not numerically one. But this universal unity was just what the Scotists maintained. To them the nature in all individuals of the same species was numerically one. The obvious difficulties of this theory led later Scotists to modify it till it was scarcely distinguishable from Thomism, or else to take refuge in unintelligible subtleties.

The Thomists made matter the principle of individuation, so that in spiritual beings like the angels there could be only one individual in each species. The Scotists believed that in individuals there was a "haeceita," something which made them individual apart from matter.

St. Thomas held that seconds, including the will, only move so far as they are moved by the first cause. God moves the will to act, gives the action as well as the power to act, in such a manner, however, as to leave the freedom of the will unimpaired. So at least the Dominicans, rightly as it seems to us, understood their Master. Scotus, on the contrary, held "that the created will is the total and immediate cause of its volition, so that God, in respect thereto, has no immediate, but mediate efficacy." The will is like a "free horse, grace like the rider, and the horse can throw its rider; otherwise the will could not be free, and there could be no possibility of sin." Observe that Scotus and St. Thomas argue on general philosophical grounds.

Scotus against St. Thomas denies that the immortality of the soul can be proved by natural reason; and he separates by a much sharper line than St. Thomas, natural from supernatural theology.

Scotus taught that the Blessed Virgin had never contracted original sin, and he proved this belief to be consistent with the fact that she had been redeemed by Christ. This especially redounds to the honor and glory of Scotus, when we consider that he was the first to formulate and maintain that doctrine which more than five centuries later was proclaimed by Pius IX as a dogma of faith in the church.

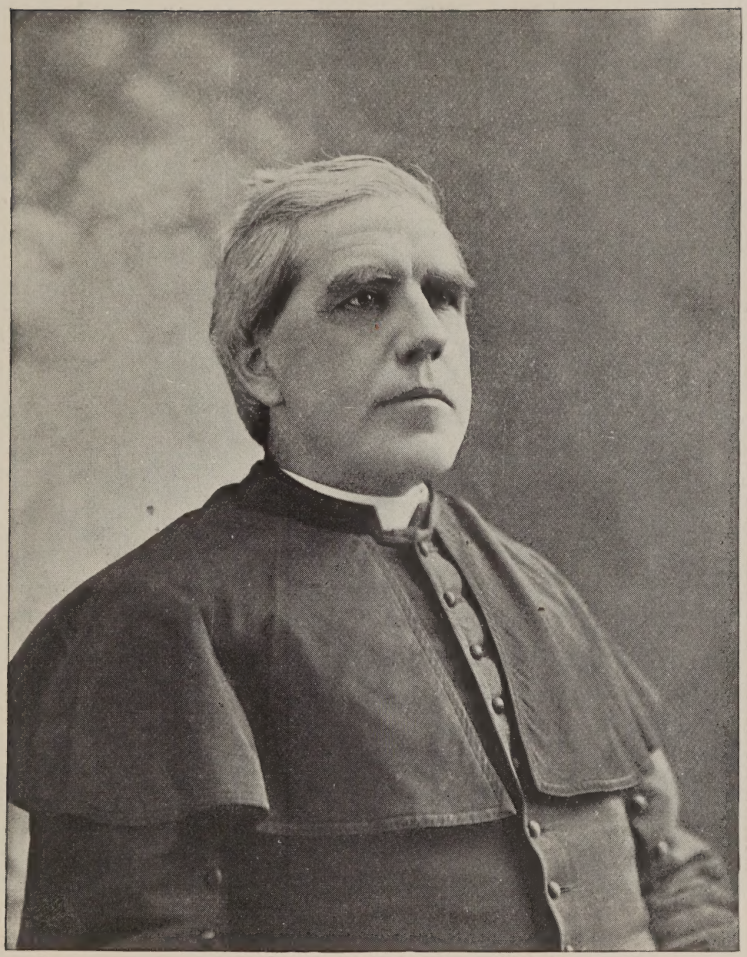
With regard to the Sacraments, it may be observed that he rejected the Thomist doctrine of physical, and admitted only a moral efficacy in connection with them.

On moral points, two doctrines of Scotus can be noted here. St. Thomas denied that any deliberate action, however indifferent in itself, could really be indifferent when it is done. Either the action was referred to a good end and so morally good, or not so referred, and therefore evil. The Scotists rejected this doctrine, and held that the end, and therefore the action itself, might be indifferent.

John Duns Scotus was the only intellectual chief capable of dividing the empire of philosophy and theology with St. Thomas, who, according to the most competent authorities, is the greatest prodigy of learning and mental ability that the world has beheld for the last thirteen centuries.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

By William Hopkins.



Rt Rev. Monsignor Conaty, D.D., President Catholic University.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Thomas J. Conaty, rector of the Catholic University of America, has just completed his quarter centennial in the priesthood. The Washington university, of which Dr. Conaty is the honored head, first recognized the anniversary in a most impressive manner, and this memorial was followed by a generous testimonial at Worcester, the scene of the learned jubilarian's early labors.

The Academic body of the university desired to participate in the fund of good wishes that spring spontaneous on an occasion such as this when a worker for Church and State may pause amid the sheaves already bound and look back upon the labor of twenty-five years with consolation in the past and the earnest of new hopes for the future.

Dr. Shahan, dean of the faculty of

REV. ANDREW MORRISSEY, C. S. C., PRESIDENT NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

Theology, addressed the rector in the name of his conferes. The Rev. M. T. Slattery of Springfield diocese, and Mr. Leo Stock of Gettysburg, performed a like pleasant duty for the clerical and lay students respectively. Dr. Conaty responded in a feeling manner, and the evening passed off with the cordiality of a family reunion.

Dr. Conaty's career has been a most interesting one.

Educated in the public and parochial schools of Taunton, Mass., and later at Holy Cross College, Worcester, from which institution he was graduated with honors in 1869, he pursued his studies in divinity at the Seminary of Montreal, where he was ordained December 21, 1872.

He labored with his fellow-priests in the city of Worcester until in 1880, when he was appointed to the charge of the newly formed parish of the Sacred Heart in the same city. He resigned from this charge to assume the duties of rector in the Catholic University of America.

Always engaged in educational work, he yet found time to devote to the social

problems. From a leader of the Springfield Diocesan Union of temperance workers, he rose to the presidency of the entire national organization in 1887. Identified with the Irish National movement in its incipiency, he attained the highest positions of trust and honor, and has always been regarded as possessing in a very pronounced degree the genius of an organizer.

Connected with the Worcester School Board for fourteen years, and with the Worcester Free Public Library for several terms, he was always associated with the best interests of the city and merited unstinted praise from G. Stanley Hall and Senator Hoar for his learning, patriotism and eloquence. The Catholic Summer School of America owes its splendid organization chiefly to his untiring efforts, and stands as a monument to his power of organization.

It is only natural that a public character such as his has been should claim attention, and the expression of cordiality at the University came as a fitting tribute to one who by his public utterances and his private, humble, steadfast endeavors has always endeared himself to Church and State alike, always working for social betterment, always counselling advance toward the highest, the noblest and the best in the interests of faith and humanity.

Rev John R Slattery.

Under the regime of its present president, Rev. Andrew Morrissey, the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, is attaining an international reputation. The University is one of the oldest in the country and has always been famed for its learning, but since the Rev. Fr. Morrissey assumed the presidency so many precious tomes and old-world treasures have been added to its archives

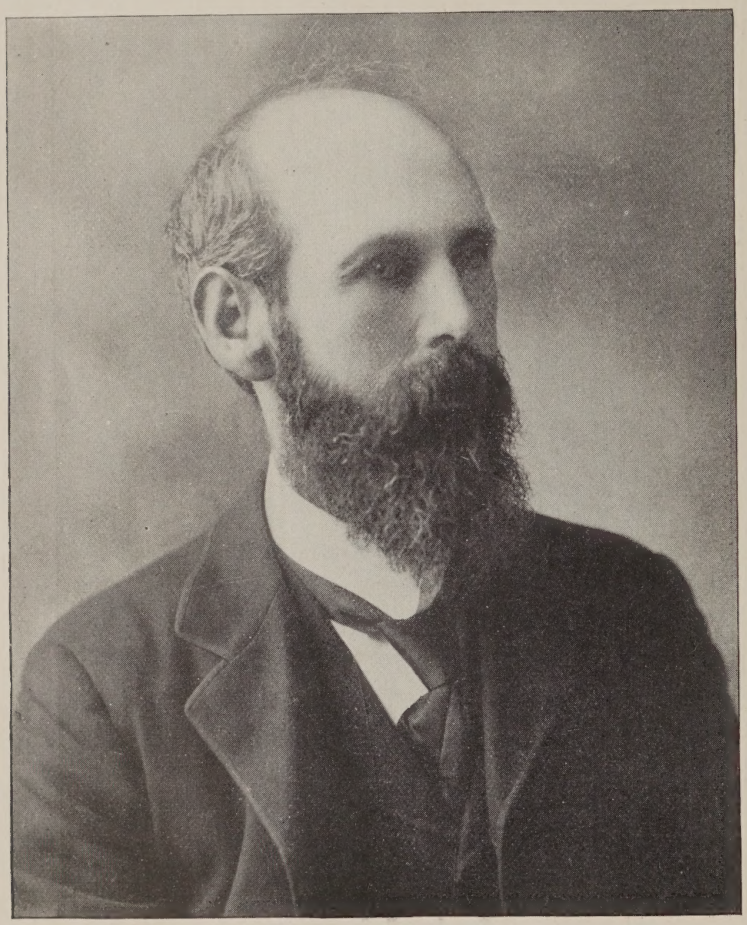
that the attention of the savants of every land has been attracted to this western institution.

Notre Dame University numbers among its alumni some of the cleverest men in the country.

Rev. John R. Slattery, of St. Joseph's College, Baltimore, is doing notable missionary work among the negroes of the United States. The St. Joseph's Missionary Society, in the words of Cardinal Manning, "owes its existence to the zeal, the devotion, and the self-sacrifice of one man, Herbert Vaughan, the present cardinal. He has done for the Church in England that which no other man has done. He has supplied that which before it did not have, a beautiful college destined to train priests for the foreign missions."

The society's mission among the negroes of the United States started in 1871, was in 1883 organized as an independent American body, under Fr. Slattery of St. Joseph's College.

John Daly was undoubtedly the ablest and most important of the men who were sentenced to penal servitude for alleged offences of a political character within the last twenty years. While in prison the government recognized that fact, and by imposing additional indignities on him marked him as the head and front of the offending.



JOHN DALY.

Daly is a man of ability, and as such had taken an active interest in Irish affairs for many years before he was imprisoned. He was actively engaged in the election of John Mitchell and O'Donovan Rossa as

members of Parliament for Tipperary long before he was forced to follow in their footsteps and fill a felon's cell himself.

He never made any secret of his views in reference to Irish national affairs, always advocating advanced ideas and maintaining them under all circumstances.

The story of his prison sufferings, told as Daly himself tells it, does not fail to impress the people of America, and is of great aid to the friends of amnesty for the remaining prisoners.

In his efforts to draw public attention to their sufferings during his stay in America, Mr. Daly is having the assistance of Irish organizations and lovers of freedom generally. He is making a most successful lecturing tour throughout the United States.

The Columbian of Columbus, Ohio, is an honor to Catholic journalism, and Mr. John A. Kuster is the accomplished master who guides its destinies.

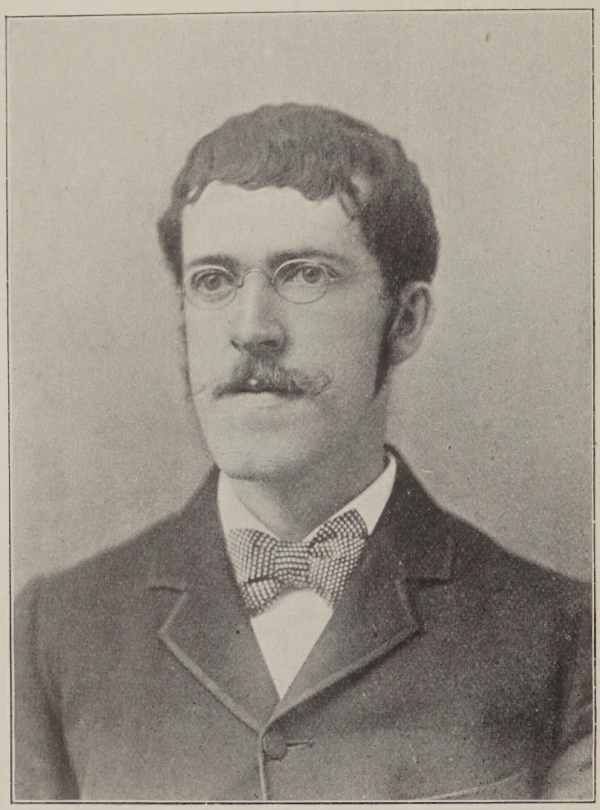
Editor Kuster is but a young man yet and greater glories are naturally in store for him. He is well equipped for success. College-bred and widely-experienced in his profession, it is easy to understand his splendid achievements in the present, and to have lofty expectations for the future.

The Columbian has done distinguished work in the educational and moral field. Being for many years a pioneer paper, its editorial policy has always been of that sterling quality which wins converts by the very faith that is in it. Its editorial page rings clear and true, and shines forth with the beauty of Catholic belief.

JOHN A. KUSTER, EDITOR OF "CATHOLIC COLUMBIAN."

The Columbian's selected matter is always of the most interesting character, and its special departments are well conducted. Notably, its "R. C. Gleaner" column is full of literary rarebits; and "Uncle Raymond," too, enlivens and enlightens the children in a very happy manner every week.

The Columbian is Bishop Watterson's official organ.



WILLIAM AUGUSTINE LEAHY.

William Augustine Leahy, one of Boston's most promising sons, is only thirty years old. In 1888 he took his bachelor's degree at Harvard, receiving highest honors in the department of Modern Languages and Literature. During his college course he was elected to membership in the O. K. Society, the Phi Beta Kappa, and the Mermaid Club, and was for three years one of the editors of the Harvard Monthly.

After a post-graduate course, he taught school for two years, then passed through the higher grades of journalism into the purely literary life which he now pursues. His most distinctive achievements at an earlier period were in verse. His lyrics soon found their way into Scribner's, the Cosmopolitan, the Independent, and other periodicals, and he has published independently two tragedies in verse, "The Siege of Syracuse" and "The Wedding Feast." The latter, written with strict regard for the requirements of the modern stage, may soon see the light in an acting version.

Mr. Leahy's name first came before a larger public in connection with the Chicago Record's recent prize story competition, in which he was so fortunate as to receive the thousand dollar reward. His story, "The Incendiary," was presented simultaneously to several million newspaper readers in the various large cities of the country, and is now offered to the public in book form.

A second novel, of loftier aim, and more serious interest, is about to appear from Mr. Leahy's pen. "Rollo Atlee," the successor of "The Incendiary," though not in

any sense a "problem novel" or disguised tract, handles boldly, with uncompromising sympathy for the flouted poor, the great question of labor, and especially of trades unionism, which has already worked its way to the respectful, if more or less, hostile literary recognition in "The Bread-Winners," "Marcella" and "Tom Grogan."

The Dominican nuns are a great teaching order, and among the many notable graduates from their convents is Mrs. Katherine Tynan Hinkson, poet, essayist and novelist. She was born in Dublin, educated at the Dominican Convent of St. Catherine of Sienna, in Drogheda, and began to write verse when very young.

Her first book, "Louise de la Valliere and Other Poems," was published in 1885 and quickly ran into several editions. This was followed by "Shamrocks" in 1887, and "Ballads and Lyrics," in 1892.

Her first prose work was the "Life of Mother M. Xaveria Fallon," which also appeared in 1892. Since then she has published "A Cluster of Huts," being sketches of Irish life; "Cuckoo Songs," "The Way of a Maid," "The Land of Mist and Mountain," "Miracle Plays," "An Isle in the Water," and "Oh, What a Plague is Love."

One of this writer's favorite stories appears in the Round Table of Representative Irish and English Catholic Authors, recently published.

MRS. KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

Miss Tynan was married in 1893 to H. A. Hinkson, who is also engaged in literary work, and since her marriage she has made her home in the neighborhood of London.

THE VIRGIN'S PURIFICATION.

BY REV. JOHN J. DONLAN.

Within Nicanor's Golden Gate the Virgin stood
Craving the cleanliness of motherhood.
The spotless altar of the King
To His altar bore her offering.
Whilst Iris-Hogion the Temple filled,
Mary's soul with exaltation and delight was thrilled;
But Simeon's prophetic words severe
Wrung from her heart a mournful tear
Yet aged Chaunah's inspiration
Calmed her soul for the world's salvation.

CHANGES.

By Rev. Stephen S. O'Brien.

A lily grew in a lonely glen,
Pure as the heart a virgin brings,
White as the robe that round her clings,
Ent'ring the presence of the Lamb.

A hope grew up in a restless heart,
A hope of a great deed nobly done,
A hope of a conflict fought and won,
A hope of an earthly, lasting bliss.

The lily is dead on Our Lady's shrine;
The hope is fled from the heart away;.
Dear Lord, do Thou ever with me stay —
Nor die nor fade — be Thou ever mine.

[These beautiful lines, composed by Father O'Brien shortly before his death, represent the last literary work of the talented young priest. — Editor.]

A COMING ATTRACTION.

By Margaret M. Halvey.

When Henry Germaine announced his determination to write an Irish play which should be the sensation of the coming season, there were those amongst his audience who believed quite as firmly as he himself did in his ability to keep his word. The night he had chosen to declare his literary intentions was the closing one of a "society drama" from his pen which had enjoyed an exceptionally long run. To this, his maiden effort, the press had been uniformly kind, the audience appreciative thereof, and the "star" correspondingly grateful to the author, so there was no lack of incentive to more ambitious effort.

One of the shrewdest managers amongst his recent acquaintances had repeatedly assured him there was "money in the Irish drama," and hinted of more than one shining light in the theatrical world ready to appropriate anything in that line which savored of novelty.

That this was essential all agreed, the playwright's admiring friends who were his guests at the congratulatory gathering being a unit in emphasizing this opinion of the manager's.

On the point of how novelty was best attainable, however, opinions differed widely, and although the host seemingly invited discussion of his project by this semi-official mention, it was evident that his plans were already formulated, and would be acted upon, whether or not they carried the day (or, rather, night) of joint consideration. Henry Germaine would go to Ireland, there to study up his "types."

Realism is the demand of the age, and theatre-goers had long since agreed that, in this qualification, the Irish romantic drama, wherein the hero alternates between displays of brogue and brawn, is indeed sadly lacking. Plots needed freshening, too; at the popular rate of stage destruction (now prevalent for at least two decades), absentee landlords and villainous English Captains should have been long since annihilated from the very green earth they trod, and all the eligible English Earls mated with attractive Colleens, whose costumes invariably suggest the "chest" of the ancestress, dear to the story-teller.

Only of one amongst the interested audience did Germaine ask an opinion, and, naturally enough, he was the one of all others who had volunteered none. As the critic of the "Sunday Globe," he was a personage of much importance with playwrights and managers; as an Irishman born and bred—which was about all the company then present knew of him—he might reasonably be supposed to know whereof he spoke.

"What would you advise, Joyce? I think of leaving soon—long before the tourist crowd—going leisurely over the ground and taking my chances of 'types.' But where to begin and how is the question—whether to hurry back with my material and seek inspiration in an American inkstand, or to write as I go, insuring the 'aroma of the hedgerow.'"

Neill Joyce's quiet smile was evidently evoked by the enthusiasm of the querist and his own conviction as well, that plans so carefully considered were hardly to be altered by any advice he could give.

"I should certainly steer clear of tourists," he said, as though considering the itinerary piecemeal, "their idea of Irish

sight-seeing is landing in a shower and departing before it has had time to cease, so proving to their own satisfaction that it always rains in Ireland."

"You don't want to waste time on Killarney or the Causeway or the Seven Churches, Germaine. I've done them all beautifully in my foreign letters written from No. 77, and the references are quite at your service," broke in a tall youth, known to fame as the weekly "Delineator of Trans-Atlantic Facts."

"Then, Rapparees and Colleens are made to order at Vandevere's—no need to burden yourself with descriptive sketches—he's strong on historical costumes and dates thrown in," volunteered Winston, late of Harvard, who wrote short stories and affected mediaeval backgrounds.

"I have my list complete of all I don't want," interrupted Germaine, with a gesture which rather suggested that the flow of individual opinion prevalent was included therein. "But I need Mr. Joyce's assistance to think out what I do."

"To which you would be heartily welcome, my dear fellow, did I consider it necessary. Unfortunately, I can only remember points to add to the 'don'ts.' As, for instance—don't seek types, and, above all, don't notify the country at large of your intention to study its peasantry—that's the literary phrase, I believe. Now, I know from experience how it feels to be 'studied up'—I have seen fingers twitch for the familiar pencil to aid in reproducing phonetically some localism of mine which the scribe could not 'turn his tongue on,' as we say at home. Phonetically we are a failure, and there's the temptation to get even with the student, which, to my mind, is the true origin of our stage Irishman."

Mr. Joyce's speech—particularly long for him who was best known as a listener—was punctuated by the laugh which went round the board when he permitted his glance to rest an instant on the story-teller, whose notebook and pencil were much in evidence on occasion.

Later, however, when host and guest took their way officeward, the one at the dictate of business, the other of inclination, the conversation was resumed, and with the skill of a man accustomed to garner suggestions, Henry Germaine appropriated many a salient point for future use.

This future had materialized, and one of Neill Joyce's diffident suggestions was being acted upon, that pleasant August day that found Germaine wheeling rapidly along the white level of a country road leading through one of Leinster's fairest counties, for all its fairness comparatively unsought. He had started in early April, hastened unconsciously, perhaps, by the earnestness in Joyce's voice when he said:

"You must see the May bushes, Germaine, if you want to study backgrounds; there's inspiration in a hawthorn hedge."

Now, in the capacious note-book that never made a public appearance, there was page upon page of May-day reminiscences,—a wealth that would rejoice the heart of the story-writing friend and the puzzled delineator of "foreign fancies" were it theirs to assort and appropriate.

What pages, sentimental and descriptive, might not be evolved from these sketchy impressions; types he no longer alluded to even in the brass-bound seclusion of note-book or diary, for, on that point, the wisdom of his newspaper friend had become apparent at an early stage of procedure.

One of his fellow voyagers, with mission somewhat similar to his own, was of the genus known as the "lady novelist." Energetic and irrepressible as the stereotyped heroine of her continued stories in the "Hearthstone Friend," the lady's demand for "types" was urgent and insatiable. Before their

third day "out" the courteous captain and gallant first officer, who, as in duty bound, shared his superior's difficulties, succumbed to her system of incessant query and too evident study. The doctor, accustomed as he was to the role of victim, was aroused to rebel against his long accepted fate, —now in his own interests when the daily demand for a supposititious diagnosis grew unbearable—again, perhaps, on behalf of the wondering firemen seeking a quiet deck nook after their "spell below," only to be confronted by the smiling lady, fearless even of the smut of accidental contact, who sought the pleasure of putting their experience into readable English.

The absurdity of the situation appealed to Henry Germaine's sense of humor, and the possibility of avenging the woes of the ship's company by typing the lady on her tour for types grew daily stronger.

"The ruling passion strong on sea and land has conquered, although action is deferred," he wrote, regarding this intention of his, in the promised letter to Neill Joyce, dated from Moville.

He had chosen to deport there, as one would, who had predetermined avoidance of the experience described by the Dublin jarvey as "sitting familiar"—"six on a car"—in search of the advertised beauties of nature around Cove and Kingston.

"Dear Joyce," the letter had commenced, "I do not forget the box labeled 'Fines for Quotations' on our Club table, and must ask you right here to drop my forfeit therein to be repaid on return, for I positively must quote, — let me say, en passant, — that I still think quotable lines were inspired for general use; anyhow, here goes! 'There was a chiel amang us takin' notes,'—a lady 'chiel,' Joyce (with apologies to Burns), and not only will she 'prent 'em,' but she announced that she intended to do so. I shall be there as the returning exile, — luckily I remembered the name of my grandfather's native locality, — I left it as a small boy, picked up by a woman philanthropist,—American, of course (so ran my tale). Education at her hands, — distinguished honors at the college whither she sent me, — brilliant business prospects inherited from a deceased ancestor of my benefactress have all been mine; but my heart still yearned for the 'ould sod,' — that's correct, is it not? Always to yearn for the 'ould sod,' never omitting the 'u,' — and behold me on board the good ship 'Abyssinia' bound for a sojourn on holy ground, where I may daily tread above the bones of my ancestors. The last expression is also a quotation, as yet only spoken, but soon to appear in the 'Hearthstone Friend.' How thankful I should be to you who showed me the error of my intended ways! And I must tell you that, with the exception of myself (enlightened by fellow-feeling) only an Irish sailor or two were equal to the occasion and the lady's demand for original material.

I start East to-morrow, Mother's investigations on my behalf resulting in the information that I may knock up against some sure enough relations around there.

Although you would select no counties for my hunting ground, I inferred from your conversation that Leinster owns some, not overdone in the tourist's sense.

Sorry you would entrust me with no personal commission.

Was it that you had your doubts of the reliability of

Yours very truly."

Other letters had been exchanged since this, postmarked Londonderry, had found the desk of the sporting and dramatic critic, but in the short notes which were Joyce's contribution to the correspondence, and excusable on the grounds of much occupation, there

was never any word of personal reminiscence or the commission that Mr. Germaine was so anxious to undertake.

With him weeks and months passed, leaving delightful impress. Their experiences, like the ploughshare of the laborer beside whose furrows he had plodded many a tireless hour, could only be realized when the harvest days of achievement came, and the play was not yet achieved.

Nay! Its prospective author had become daily more willing to postpone, dreading as a miser might, even personal incursion on the wonderful hoard he had accumulated. He would have liked to consult Neill Joyce before its final disposition, and when that time came he might again be generous, remembering those Bohemian friends of his in somewhat different fashion from the conventional visitor who returns laden with bog-oak and blackthorn for indiscriminate distribution.

For instance, there were the numerous incidents, dramatic enough, but not sufficiently bizarre for that exigent star and his sensational manager who were busy filling hotel corridors and promenades of fashionable resorts with echoes of the "clever things" written from abroad by the author of their coming attraction. Such was the story of the dear old "Grandmother" he had met in Clare, when he made his pleasant visit to the hospitable couple who had been "so much taken by him" on shipboard. Paul Winston could collate her simple history of pathos and honest pride, and find it fit setting in the pages of his pet magazine.

There was that May Day festival he had attended, —another of Joyce's suggestions, by the way, — it was a theme for a poet, and he knew one who could do it justice. Back of it, too, that little bit of half-forgotten family history that the kind landlady of a week resurrected in consideration of his interest in county customs. The aroma of the hedgerow lingered indeed around such chronicles, but its sweetness was too ethereal for theatrical purposes, hence the years of dire artistic failure in Irish delineation and the present difficulty which he had been selected to remedy.

Wheeling in the clear afternoon sunshine, Germaine found himself in a dissatisfied mood, hardly in keeping with the surroundings, for it is only such early harvest days in Ireland which have that accompaniment of activity that carries the contagion of hopefulness. The road he had happened on was bordered by fields of waving wheat nearing ripeness, and tall-plumed barley; graceful oatheads fluttered in the light breeze and fell in phalanxes before the onset of the noisy "reaper." Not he of the sweeping scythe and rhythmical motion, but the mechanical substitute that in its name alone perpetuates his memory.

There is little mental strain in the occupation of bicycling on modern Irish roadways; indeed, the name of Macadam of roadmaking memory, might well suggest itself to votaries of the wheel seeking a patron as that of the departed friend who had unwittingly builded best for their comfort.

An odd lime-cart, — the horse keeping well to the beaten tracks while the carman dozed a-top, — sometimes drove the rider towards the shaded footpath side, where in turn an occasional stone-heap to be avoided showed white and purple in the half light permitted by the sheltering trees.

Usually two men sat astride of the heap, their coats serving for temporary cushions, and the ring of their mallets on the shivering stones timing the whistled melody of either.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILD-STUDY CONGRESS.

By Mary A. Burke.

The halls at Cliff Haven, on beautiful Lake Champlain, are deserted, but in cities and towns, conferences, congresses, reading circles and lectures demonstrate the lasting influence of the work of the Champlain Summer School.

They are the direct result of the inspirations begotten there, and cannot fail to shape thoughtful minds to educational aims. The Child-Study Congress recently held in New York under the auspices of the Paulist Fathers was perhaps the most important outgrowth of the session at Champlain.

Being the first of its kind held in New York state, and under Catholic supervision, the result was awaited with eagerness, and great was the wonder when it called forth the encouragement, co-operation and presence of some of the best and most experienced educators of the country.

Those immediately in charge and constituting the Committee of Arrangements were Rev. Thomas McMillan, C. S. P., chairman; Mrs. B. Ellen Burke, secretary; Miss Kate G. Broderick, and Miss Anna A. Murray.

The object of this Congress was to bring together earnest men and women, to evoke their ripest thoughts on the training of the child, and to discuss the relative values of selected subjects in promoting spiritual, intellectual and physical development, with special reference to the Catholic child.

The programme presented the child in a three-fold aspect, — in his relation to God, to man and to himself. The plan of discussion was as comprehensive as the minds of its promoters are broad.

The Congress was opened on the evening of December 28. At this meeting Rev. Thomas McMillan, who presided, spoke of some of his interesting experiences with newsboys, and of the good work done by the Gerry Society in protecting children of tender age by not allowing them to sell papers after certain hours. The other speakers of the evening were Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, Altoona, Pa., and Rev. Daniel J. O'Sullivan, St. Albans, Vt. Father Sheedy, in his usual clear and convincing style, spoke upon "Spiritual Development versus Socialism." He said in part: "The appreciation of moral responsibility of the individual regulates the well-being of society, and the sense of moral obligation of the individual is due to the character and extent of his education. * * * * There are two distinct theories of education,—one which declares that the spiritual development is as essential as the material development, and the other that man is not immortal, and therefore his education should be material to the last degree, and should not be hindered by religious interferences. * * * *

"It is a significant fact that not a single Socialist of note can be named who came out of a Christian school or a Catholic educational institution!"

Father O'Sullivan dealt with "Incentives to Patriotism," and remarked: "True patriotism is developed in the child by the inculcation of the moral law and of the various duties imposed by the Fourth Commandment. Explain to the child how all lawful authority has its source and its sanction in the will of God. Caution young children against the spirit of irreverence so unfortunately disseminated by the flippancies of the modern press. * * * * Teachers who wish to obtain the best results will observe the patriotic anniversaries. They will teach their pupils patriotic songs and

recitations. They will familiarize them by interesting talks and readings with the valor and virtue of our national heroes."

The two able speakers of the evening of Wednesday, December 29, were the well-known scholars, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Conaty, D. D., of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., and Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., both of whom are deeply interested in all educational questions of the day. They represented the two institutions in this country that are devoted exclusively to post-graduate courses of study.

"It is certainly a great privilege," remarked Dr. Conaty, "which comes to me to preside at the meeting of this evening and to participate, to some extent at least, in the discussion of the important questions which have brought you together. I feel that the University which I represent is deeply interested in all questions of education, for the University is particularly interested in the good formation of the educational character; in the first place, of the students that come under its influence, and in the next place, in all students seeking for the best there is in education.

"Child-study may be regarded theoretically or practically. From a theoretical standpoint it is important to the psychologist because by the early manifestations of mind may be seen the order in which the faculties develop and the movement wrought by different action. If we consider child-study practically we will find that it will serve several purposes. There is, first, the purpose of education; the more we know of the order of development the better we are able to assist the growth of the man in a normal way."

Dr. G. Stanley Hall was received by his audience with hearty applause, and in his address dwelt upon the proper development of the body from its earliest stages, and spoke of the importance of studying automatism in children.

Besides the evening meetings there were held two sessions, both morning and afternoon, on Wednesday, the 29, and Thursday, the 30th. At these meetings here and there in the audience were Sisters of the orders of St. Joseph, St. Dominic and St. Francis, who represented their respective institutions in Flushing, Long Island, and in New York City.

On Wednesday Rev. James P. Kiernan, Rochester, N. Y., presided, and opened the discussion by the reading of a paper entitled "The Relation of the Catholic Child to the Parish School." Father Kiernan is an earnest advocate for the cause of Catholic education and a staunch supporter of the Catholic Summer School movement. Among other things he said: "Of the highest importance is the moral development. It is impossible for the state schools to attain even the desired perfection, because they must of necessity leave out the most important element of education. * * * * An erroneous notion seems to be abroad, namely, that there was no real education worth talking about until the advent of Rousseau and Pestalozzi in the eighteenth century. Nothing could be more false. * * * * In child-study follow the principles laid down years ago by the great Fenelon. 'Study well,' he says, 'the constitution and genius of your child, follow nature, and proceed easily and slowly.'"

Father Kiernan quoted Carroll D. Wright as saying: "America will some day thank the Catholic Church for standing like a wall against this flood of socialism."

Addresses were made by Rev. A. P. Doyle, C. S. P., and Rev. Peter J. O'Callaghan. "The cultivation of virtue," said Father Doyle, "was best accomplished by showing children its beauty rather than by impressing them with the ugliness of sin; and that religious education was the best remedy for socialism."

Father O'Callaghan remarked that he had yet to be convinced that morality could be taught only in the parochial schools, though he thought under present conditions they were a necessity. He added that the priest who understood how to win a child's confidence in the confessional was the greatest educator.

Father McMillan closed the session with an address on work done in the Sunday School, and read some very profound questions asked by children under ten years of age. A few were: "Did God make Himself?" "Why doesn't God kill the devil?" "Why must we all die?"

Mrs. J. H. Baird, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., presided at the afternoon session. Altruistic tendencies were treated of during this session, and papers relative to the subject were read by Miss Matilda T. Karnes, Buffalo, N. Y., and Miss Mary A. Burke, New York city. "A Neglected Element in Altruistic Teaching," was well handled by Miss Karnes. The following pithy paragraphs indicate the quality of this paper:

"In the universal plan men and animals are in a measure dependent on each other. Although animals are not moral agents, still man owes it to himself, to his higher and nobler manhood, to treat with justice and mercy the sentient creatures which have been placed in this world not only for his use and pleasure, but often to fulfil a destiny not always apparent to the human understanding. * * * *

"Wide is the gulf between the warped existence of some of our Christian philanthropists of the present day and the graciously beautiful and sympathetic life of the patron of humanitarianism.* * * *

"That class of sentient beings below the children in the Divine plan are his inferiors; and by a tender regard for the sacredness of life as represented by these lowly beings; and a sympathetic interest in them, the soil of the young heart may be made fertile for the sowing of other thoughts." * * *

Miss Burke dealt with the power of patriotism to cultivate altruism. She quoted Archbishop Ireland's definition of patriotism, and then proceeded to define altruism as the love of the 'alter' outside ourselves, or the realization of the God-given command, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Her remarks led to the conclusion that the proper teaching of patriotism developed altruism and finally led to the conquest of selfishness.

The advantages and dangers of country life were taken up in a paper read by Rev. William J. Fitzgerald, Lambertville, N. J., and written by Rev. Michael W. Holland, Tupper Lake, N. Y. Some of the physical advantages cited were good air, pure water, fresh food, better housing, greater exercise; the intellectual were the spirit of self-dependence bred, a better conception of the sublime and beautiful, and a better idea of simplicity; the spiritual, a purer heart, generosity, frankness and a clearer understanding of the parables of the Gospel, especially the similitudes in them drawn from Nature.

Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, chaplain of the State Industrial School, Rochester, in a paper on the advantages of city life, gave some remarkable statistics as to the comparative amount of crime among city and country children.

"It goes without question," remarked Father Hickey, "that absolutely and relatively speaking the standard of morality in the country is better than in cities. In attempting to find causes for effect it would be presumptuous to select a given one or few; for in the different cases found in institutions different and various conditions arise that will seem to make in one sense almost as many species of causes as there are commitments. However, we must all admit that in the city there are more and greater allurements to wrong-doing than in

the country; on the other hand, the city child has an advantage over the country child in this, that although in the former place of residence there are more external temptations, there is also the greater counter-attraction to virtue; churches are in greater number, and are thus more accessible; there is the greater trainer of youth, the Catholic School; the societies; and there a premium is placed on true manhood and womanhood."

A paper on the training of teachers by Miss Teresa J. Kennedy, Malone, N. Y., was read by Miss Susie Swift, New York city. "The sculptor, the artist, the engraver, the musician must have trained soul and sense and hand before he becomes worthy of the name which his profession bestows upon him. To what a degree should his soul be trained who is to train young souls. The trained teacher is able to gain and hold the attention of the child by her own interest and love for the subject, and by her ability to build up a relation between the child and the subject."

On Thursday Miss Cummings, an able teacher and a writer of some note, read the first paper. Her subject, "Defective Imagination in Children," derived much of its interest from her original manner of treating it. She remarked that imagination is the favorite haunt of childhood. From her personal experience in this city she has found that in some districts the imagination has never been cultivated, and the purely material dominates; and that city life is the primary cause of defective imagination.

Miss McGinley of Boston followed with a paper on "Religious Prejudices in Children." The writer remarked: "The whole world of religious thought to-day is absorbed in the one great problem of Christian unity. It has shaken the Church to its depths, and the hearts of men have been strangely moved by the stirrings of this spirit amongst us that it seeking to bind man with man by the strongest, holiest tie in human life, — by a oneness of religious belief. How can it come about? Only in one way. By teaching the little child, — rather, by never unteaching it, — that it is not brother or sister to every human being in the whole world; that being a Catholic or a Protestant or a Pagan does not make God love its soul more or less than another's.

"Mothers' Meetings" was the topic treated by Mrs. Elizabeth G. Martin, New York city, who spoke from the mother's point of view, dwelling upon the importance of her work, the need of understanding the individual child in order to deal with him wisely, and the necessity of avoiding rash judgments. Mrs. Martin stated that there are no spiritually defective children, and that the object of education should be to place every individual child in vital union with God, the one great Educator.

A nun from Ottawa, Canada, sent a paper relative to the subject under discussion. It treated of the child's life in the nursery; the necessity of treating the child individually, and how far he should be encouraged in the role of entertainer to his elders.

Mrs. B. Ellen Burke, the Secretary of the Congress, an able and enlightened worker in the cause of education, convinced her auditors that she had the subject of mothers' meetings greatly at heart. Mrs. Burke contended that there is a tendency to forget parents and their claims and duties; that if it were possible to educate children through the parents the world would be better, and that many problems that perplex the teacher are not, or ought not to be, school problems. Tardiness, cleanliness, a large measure of obedience, punctuality, perseverance, etc., are obviously home problems.

A plan of organizing a parish into bands, all united under one head, was briefly outlined, and those in authority were urged not to allow the Christmas time to pass, the holy season when

motherhood is glorified in an especial manner. The plan was practical and might be put into execution in many localities, not all at once, as the speaker suggested, but gradually.

Many things were suggested leading to the conclusion that Catholic mothers must begin the work of mothers' meetings.

Mrs. Burke showed her ability to organize such a work and to aid local societies in making beginnings.

Mrs. Heineman, New York city, who stated that she came to the Congress to learn how to educate her children, spoke emphatically in favor of mothers' meetings, with special reference to the mothers of her own locality.

At the afternoon session Mr. C. E. Franklin, Albany, N. Y., presided.

"The Child and Nature Study" formed the subject of discussion opening the afternoon session.

Mrs. Baird, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who, having had considerable experience in the training of children and teachers, spoke with authority, saying: "In the present phase of nature study we stand between two extremes: those who tell us that 'the chief nature and object of this work is that it should be wholly informal and unsystematic.' The proper object of study being the things the one meets most often, — to-day a stone, to-morrow a twig, a bird, a leaf, an insect or a flower! Informal? Yes. The objects nearest at hand? Yes. A child can consider from any point, but any lesson even of ten minutes with no definite plan, that is, a lesson in educational spinning, is disastrous.

"At the other extreme we have the Nature study faddest, portrayed by a Southern writer as 'one who perchance does not know an oak from an elm, an eel from a snake, but who analyzes all the poetry out of childhood.' "

Miss Reilly, Trenton, N. J., spoke of Nature study and how it developed in the child the power of independent investigation. By this study children were led to observe nature, then the desire to know of its workings was engendered, and finally a love for it was aroused.

The closing session of the Congress, held Thursday at 4 P. M., had for consideration the educational values of music, composition, mathematics and literature.

Rev. William J. Fitzgerald, Lambertville, N. J., presided. Dr. J. A. MacCabe, Principal of the Normal School, Ottawa, Ontario, aimed to show how the roots of at least some of the sciences and arts arise at a tender age, and dealt with the respective values of Form, Color, Mathematics, Language, Literature, Composition and Science. For the full appreciation of this paper it should be read in its entirety. "Educational Value of Literature" was the title of a paper by Miss Catherine M. McGinley, Boston, Mass.

Miss Martin, Niagara Falls, N. Y., referred to the power of composition in eliciting thought, and gave some excellent suggestions as to the method of teaching it.

Miss Manahan, in speaking of drawing, said: "Present to the children copies of the world's masterpieces, especially pictures of children, and above all of the Divine Child. Here is where the child begins to feel in art, and the amount of pure and uplifting enjoyment which even the littlest one may derive from their study may not be measured by the teacher even as it cannot be defined by the child."

To Miss Marcella Reilly of Chicago, Ill., was assigned the subject of "Music." Her paper dealt first with music and its functions among the Greeks; then Froebel's ideas about it; and its expression and significance among the early Christians.

This paper should be read by every teacher. In the mere reading of it alone is felt the music of the soul of

the writer, and the best argument in favor of the educational value of the subject is that it can engender such lofty thoughts.

After a short discussion on the papers read, some one turned the subject by reverting to the comparative value of the Parochial and State schools. An animated and friendly discussion took place in which many of those present participated.

All expressed the hope that the sessions that were about to close would not be the last of their kind, and it was the unanimous opinion of all that the work inaugurated will do incalculable good.

RUTHLESS LITTLE MEN.

By Bolton Hall.

The prize which the overworked tutor promised if the elder boys would but be quiet for this one term was given to-day. To-day the tutor took Richard and Jack out with him and bought a big gray squirrel, — so beautiful! Tommy is left at home, — he is quite small.

Now they have brought the squirrel home, and when the door is open they race upstairs and lock themselves into their little room, — they are going to take it out of the cage.

But Tommy has heard; his stout little feet paddle, paddle up the long flight. He hears the door close; he hears his brothers shout. They say, "How shall we get him out?" They scream with excitement. Tommy is excited, too. He is at the top, breathless, — but the door is shut.

"Please let me in." No answer. "Oh, please, please let me in; only just for one little minute." The children are wild; they do not hear.

He calls again, again. "Oh, do, do, please." They do not answer. The door is shut. He sits down on the mat, silent, despairing, quietly sobbing. On the one side misery, — on the other joy, — but the door is shut.

THE EXEMPLAR.

By Michael Earl.

Why wonder that the martyred rose will toss,
Upon the ruthless hand, its blessing breath?
The Tiller, parched, and thorned to bleeding death,
"Forgive them, Father!" gasped upon the cross.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The popularity of the "Life of Aloysius Gonzaga," written by the students of the Rhetoric class of '92 of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, under the editorship of Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S. J., is attested by the appearance of the ninth edition of this singularly interesting biography. The life of St. Aloysius possesses an interest which never fails to excite admiration, and, now, that Pontifical authority has made him in a special manner the patron of Catholic youth the story of his life becomes a theme of general interest. The book before us is evidently a labor of love, and breathes throughout a spirit of sincere piety and intelligent appreciation of the wonderful life-work, accomplished in a short time, of the youthful saint. The different chapters have been written by the several members of the Rhetoric class, each chapter dealing with some special phase of the saint's life. Editor and students are to be congratulated on the successful completion of a work, which gives us one of the most entertaining and appreciative biographies of this youthful saint which has appeared in the language. The book is enriched with an appendix containing much useful information regarding devotional practices which belong to the cultus of St. Aloysius, and which should prove of great value to the religious life of Catholic young men. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago Benziger Bros.; 75 cents.

The humble beginnings and rapid growth of Catholicity in Western Massachusetts are interestingly traced in Katherine F. Mullaney's "Catholic Pittsfield and Berkshire." The author has collected together much valuable information concerning the early missions, and displays a patient spirit of research into the old records of the past, and the result is an abundance of old memories and valuable facts, which will be interesting, not only to the Catholic communities of Western Massachusetts, but to the general reader as well. Local histories of this kind perform a useful service, in setting before the public not only the growth of churches and religious establishments, but in bearing witness to the gradual rise of the whole Catholic people, their advance in the social scale and the ever-widening influence of the Church on the life of the people over whom she holds sway. The book has the commendation of the Bishop of Springfield. Pittsfield, Mass.; press of the Sun Printing Co.

"Scenes from the Illiad," a lecture delivered by William Dillon, LL. D., before the Madison Summer School of '97, and received with great favor, has appeared in book form. The power of Homer over his own age and succeeding ages is admirably set forth, and the reasons for the universal influence which the immortal poem has exercised over the minds of men are deduced, while the author illustrates his contentions by interpretations of typical passages from the Illiad. It is a scholarly and literary essay on this interesting subject. Akron, Chicago, New York, D. H. McBride & Co.

"New Poems," by Francis Thompson, is a volume of the author's latest productions which have been received with much favor. The poems are strikingly original and written in a style which is peculiarly the author's own. Many of the poems in this volume are deeply religious and many beautiful stanzas on the life of the Blessed Virgin, setting forth her wonderful personality in a new light, will be read with profit and pleasure. Boston, Copeland & Day; $1.50.

"The Fugitives and Other Poems" is the title of a volume in which John E. Barrett expresses in graceful and charming verse his thoughts on many themes. The opening poem, which is the longest of the collection, is, as its name implies, a story of slavery days, in which a cruel episode of the period is dramatically and pathetically told. Other shorter poems follow, in which the author displays the poetic instinct and illumines with graceful touch pathetic incidents of life. Buffalo, N. Y., The Peter Paul Book Co.

A number of historical stories under the title of "The Chatelaine of the Roses," from the pen of Maurice Francis Egan, will be found particularly interesting for young readers. The author weaves pretty stories around historical events in such a way as to excite the reader's mind to learn more about historical questions, and thus furnishes the needed stimulus for historical reading. The first story of the volume, which gives the book its name, rivets the attention on that much-disputed question—the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve, and gives us glimpses of the stern Huguenot and his Catholic adversary. In many of the stories there is a charming and pic-

turesque portrait of the Irish political exile, who after Sarsfield's surrender at Limerick became a citizen of France and a potent element in the national life of his adopted country. Philadelphia, H. L. Kilner & Co.; 50 cents.

Marion J. Brunowe, who has already achieved distinction by her tales of Convent School Life, gives us another charming volume, written in her inimitable style, entitled, "The Madcap Set at St. Anne's." The knowledge which she evinces of girls argues more than a speaking acquaintance with the class of girls who figure in the story, while the delineation of the different characters, the amusing and pathetic situations in which they are thrown, and the graphic way in which the adventures are told, make the book instinct with life. The book is excellently gotten up, a picture of the "Set" whose adventures form the subject of the story adorning the cover. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, Benziger Bros.; 50 cents.

A delightful book for boys is Mary T. Waggaman's "Tom's Luck Pot." The hero, the son of parents reduced from affluence to poverty, is a sturdy, honest lad, who becomes the central figure of a startling adventure, and by his honesty unconsciously softens the hardened heart of a fleeing embezzler, and reaps the reward of his sterling honesty. The story is well told and its interest is sustained to the very end. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, Benziger Bros.; 50 cents.

"Alice O'Connor's Surrender" is the title of a deeply pathetic story by Mary E. Carey, of a young Catholic girl, of good family, who secretly contracts a marriage outside of the Church with a young Protestant, is banished from her father's home, and after falling away from the faith is finally reconciled to the Church and to her family, and becomes the instrument of her husband's conversion. There are touches of great tenderness and pathos, while a striking and wholesome moral is cleverly woven into the story. Boston, Angel Guardian Press; 75 cents.

Three charming Christmas tales from the German of Emery Gierbel have been published by Benziger Bros. In "Buzzer's Christmas" we have a pretty story of how a little child, brought by his nurse through mistake to an old mansion, stole into the hardened heart of a woman and gave her the first joyful Christmas she had experienced for many years. "The Three Kings" relates the adventures of three little boys who, dressed as the Magi, went around from house to house in the neighboring village singing Christmas carols, and the important part which one of them played in saving a noble house from the treachery of a trusted servant. The story of a little waif left at the door of Fridolin on a Christmas morning, received by the family and reared and cared for as one of themselves, who afterwards brings unexpected happiness and good fortune to his benefactors in the direst need, forms the interest of the tale entitled "Master Fridolin." Each 25 cents.

A valuable and complete handbook for Temperance societies and all temperance workers is "The League of the Cross Manual of Temperance." The author, Rev. James Doogan, O. S. F. C., has accomplished a most praiseworthy work, and one destined to promote a better knowledge and deeper love of this necessary virtue. There is a sketch of the life of Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance, and an account of his lifework, while the utterances of Catholic prelates and the Catholic press are orderly arranged and present a powerful argument for the Temperance cause. Appropriate prayers for those who are striving to resist temptations to drink complete the work. This is the most complete manual yet published on this all important question and will be found indispensable to all workers in this noble cause.
Calcutta, Maeker, Spink & Co.; America, Benziger Bros.; 50 cents; Part I, 25 cents.

Mr. Bryan Lynch publishes in pamphlet form his "Reasons with Quotations from Thomas Moore's Writings on America," showing that the library authorities at Washington were not justified in excluding Moore's name from the list of representative poets on the Congressional Library building. Pittsburg, Pa.; 10 cents.

"The Holy Eucharist and the Holy Souls," a translation from the French of Miss E. Lummis, is issued by the Cathedral Library Association of New York, giving four prayers of adoration, thanksgiving, reparation and petition, which will be found suitable for those who wish to make the Holy Hour before the Blessed Sacrament with special reference to the souls in Purgatory.

"Conversions and God's Ways and Means in Them" is the title of an interesting pamphlet by Rt. Rev. John T. Sullivan of the diocese of Wheeling, West Virginia. The author takes up the conversion of Cardinal Newman, Cardinal Manning, Oretes A. Brownson, Rev. George Haskins, Father

Faber and Bishop Ives, discusses them from a Catholic standpoint, and produces a pamphlet that will be read by many with interest and pleasure. Philadelphia, H. L. Kilner & Co., 15 cents.

A pamphlet entitled "A Wonderful Conversion" is from the pen of a secular priest, and relates one of the incidents of his mission experience. It is the story of the life of one who for fifty years was estranged from the church, his miraculous return, and incidentally portrays the evil attendant on mixed marriages. Philadelphia, H. L. Kilner & Co.; 10 cents, $5.00 per 100.

A manual of prayers suitable for devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and arranged for the different seasons and feasts of the year, has been written by a Benedictine Father of Missouri. The rich collection of prayers which it contains makes it a valuable handbook for those who belong to confraternities which have for their object devotion to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and for all who wish to cherish this devotion, which forms at the present time so large a part of Catholic life. Its title is "Manual of Adoration." St. Louis, B. Herder & Co.; $1.25.

The Standard Literature Series, issued by the University Publishing Co., 43 E. 10th St., New York, now includes 28 numbers. The latest issue is Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather" (Scottish History). Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans" will be ready in February. Other volumes which will soon be ready are "The Yemassee" by William Gilmore Simms, "Westward Ho!" by Charles Kingsley, "Black Beauty," "Arabian Nights" (selections), "Pilgrim's Progress" (condensed), "Silas Mariner" (George Eliot), "Last Days of Pompeii" (Bulwer), and several others. Send for complete list with contents.

A Good Dictionary for Two Cents.

A dictionary containing the definitions of 10,000 of the most useful and important words in the English language is published by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. While it contains some advertising, it is a complete dictionary, concise and correct.

In compiling this book care has been taken to omit none of those common words whose spelling or exact use occasions at times a momentary difficulty, even to well-educated people. The main aim has been to give as much useful information as possible in a limited space. With this in view, where noun, adjective and verb are obviously connected in meaning, usually one only has been inserted. The volume will thus be found to contain the meaning of very many more words than it professes to explain.

To those who already have a dictionary, this book will commend itself because it is compact, light and convenient; to those who have no dictionary whatever, it will be invaluable. One may be secured by writing to the above concern, mentioning this paper, and enclosing a two-cent stamp.

One of the finest premiums offered this year is a portfolio of pictures "From Eden to Rome" depicting religious scenes. This valuable collection of religious subjects has been issued by the Philadelphia Standard and Times, for its patrons, and should meet with the wide appreciation it merits.

The most simple and safe remedy for a Cough or Throat Trouble is "Brown's Bronchial Troches." They possess real merit.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

The Violet Girl.

There is an indictment against Cupid. He is accused—in these latter days of ours—of becoming lazier and ever more lazy. He doesn't seem to keep a good supply of arrows on hand. Or he has forgotten how to use them. Or—or something else—I'm not quite sure what. Anyhow, the indictment stands. There is stagnation in the matrimonial market.

Various are the ways for accounting for it. Some, indeed many persons, lay it to the extravagance of the girls—their too expensive toilettes. Well, it may be admitted that the girls do seem to dress rather elegantly for these alleged good times. Still, for my part, I do not think the stagnation of matrimony is caused by the dressiness of our girls. The money which girls spend on dress is but a trifle compared to the money which men spend on tobacco, liquors, games and betting. No man who really wants to marry is ever frightened by the pretty dresses of his sweetheart. Any girl with taste can make an elegant appearance on a mere trifling outlay. I know a bright summer girl who looked ever so winsome one day in a costume of dainty, fluffy whiteness.

"My, but aren't we decked out!" exclaimed some one admiringly.

"Do you know what this dress cost?" asked the admired one.

"No; what?"

"Well, the trimming, dress, everything, even the thread, cost one dollar exactly."

She had made it herself. That is the secret of many a seemingly costly dress, whose owner is thereby accused of being "extravagant."

Dress to a girl is what a good meal is to a boy—a most desirable thing in life. The girl who does not care for dress is an abnormal creature. I would not put much faith in her.

Gay girlhood is to life what flowers and grasses are to the landscape. Would you banish the flowers and grasses? Oh! No. Then neither would I the bright dresses and gay headgear of the girls. What a monotonous world it would be were we all alike! How weary the landscape were we all to dress in drab! What were a garden without its laughing flowers, its sportive butterflies, its merry birds! What were our social garden without the cheerful flounces, the festive ribbons, the rippling ruffles of our gushing girls!

So holy a writer as Catherine Emerich has said, "To dress well is good for the soul." All physicians say that to dress well is good for the health, and that it is especially beneficial in nervous disorders and insomnia. "What shall I wear to Anna's wedding? How shall I trim my lilac organdie? How would I look in white and pink muslin if I go to a fancy dress party?" These reflections are said to be more potent—to the sleepless sufferer wooing "nature's sweet restorer"—than are the powers of chloral or morphine.

I have already given—in part at least—my theory of the "why do we not marry" question. I believe that it is chiefly because of the unnatural conditions of city life. That unfavorable conditions prevail in some rural communities I do not deny. But I do deny that conditions in rural life are as necessarily unfavorable to matrimony as they are in city life. I do emphatically deny that the surplus woman abounds in all rural communities as she does in all urban communities. By studious reading, by careful inquiry, by conscientious personal observation, I have learned beyond dispute that in country places the male population is generally in excess of the female—(often largely in excess)—and that this condition is always the reverse in city populations. Just last summer I rusticated in a Louisiana parish (close to the heart of nature and far from the post-office), and there was told that the men were more numerous than the women.

"That's the way it is around here," said my informant, rather plaintively, "and the further you go toward the woods the worse it gets. Why, in the German settlement, eight miles from here, you can't find a girl over eighteen who is unmarried."

The same was told me by a friend who summered in Alabama two years ago.

"The mothers have a hard time keeping their daughters from getting married too young," said my Alabama informant. "They even try sending them off to boarding school. But that isn't a sure plan."

A Northern friend who visited the South and observed the above conditions here, said to me: "There's something for you to write up. You could show that the surplus woman of the North ought to come down here and take pity on the surplus man of the South. Thus a boon would be conferred on both parties."

"But you argue from false premises," answered I. "You are comparing rural conditions of the South to urban conditions of the North. But if you compare like

to like you'll find, I assure you, that in our cities the women are as surplus as in your cities, and that in your country places the men are as surplus as you see them in our country places. It is not an exodus of women from the North to the South I would advocate, but an exodus of women from the city to the country, whether North or South."

An unknown correspondent from Missouri bears me out in this. I had stated that marriageable girls were too surplus in this city. He replies:

"Here (a rural town), the very opposite is the case. And likewise in many of our smaller towns; the men are surplus."

There are other circumstances too, outside of disproportioned population, which make against married life in cities, circumstances too numerous to mention in full. One of them is the homeliness of our average city girls. Let no one call this a trifle. It is a large, deep reaching, significant fact. Vitiated air, crowded tenements, stale food, polluted water, exhausting work, factory-life, gang-life, desk-life—these things are not conducive to health, beauty or grace. In ideal country life, where the running stream dimples beneath the dappled shade and sunshine of overhanging trees, where the green grass growing and the wild flowers blowing sweeten the summer breeze; where sing the drowsy bees and warble the birds at worn and eve; where the orchard blossoms perfume all the air with spicy gales refreshing; where the quiet cows come loitering home at milking time; where barn-yard sounds enliven the early hours (sometimes too early), and where, to the soul poetic there are scenes and sounds and fragrances too sweet and fair for words to reach,—there, in such environment, is there chance for health and beauty, joyousness and grace!

No, the girl's pretty dress has little to do with the case. Indeed, other things being equal, the girl who dresses prettily—(I might almost say extravagantly),—stand a far,far better chance than the others. The idea that young men refrain from matrimony because of the extravagant dressing of the girls is absolutely comic. If we get our notions of human nature from novels and Sunday-school books, yes, then, indeed, may we say that the showily dressed girl spoils her chances, and that the modest, drab-colored violet girl, is the one whom the young men adore. That's what the novelists say. According to them, bold adventurism always receives its just reward,—the grief and despair of old maidhood, alas! Modest worth also receives its just reward—an estimable husband. Ah!

Truly the Violet girl has a good time,—in novels. And you may set it down as a safe rule that what novels say is exactly opposite to what real life says. The gentle Violet girl with her low voice, her demure smile, her shrinking manners, her plain dress,—she has lovers galore,—in novels. In real life she hasn't any. The young men do not neglect her on purpose. They do not treat her ungallantly,—intentionally. They simply don't happen to see her. They are honestly and truly not aware of her existence.

That far-seeing young man, that very wise and thoughtful young man, who says to himself: "I want a sweet, humble, modest girl for my wife, and I'm not going to rest until I find one,"—and who acts accordingly,—that young man exists strictly within the covers of story books,—never outside them. No, in real life the humble Violet girl is never hunted for—any more than if she didn't exist at all. And yet she assuredly does exist. Indeed, I myself have known several of her. Two occur to me just now. They happen to live in the country, which seems to militate against my general argument (No matter, I'm nothing if not truthful). They are just as fond of fun as any girls I ever knew, but, to make advances to admirers, that they never do. I have many times heard conversations between their mothers and themselves, whose gist was as follows:

"But, Jane, I am not telling you to be bold. There is, of course, such a thing as being too forward. But also there is such a thing as being too stiff, too timid, too retiring. I do think you might show a little more friendliness toward some of your men acquaintances."

"Now, Mama," answered Jane (perhaps a trifle petulantly), "I'm just as friendly as I know how to be to young men who treat me nicely. But if, in order to receive attentions, I've got to gush over young men as I see some girls do,—well, I'll,—I'll—just do without attentions until the end of my days."

So talks the Violet girl,—not the Violet girl of fiction,—(Oh! no. She has such a remarkably good time that she never has occasion to talk like that), but the Violet girl of real life. And sad to say, she does "go without attentions until the end of her days." Not, as I was saying—that young men are designedly oblivious to her beauty and her worth, but that they are unwittingly so.

The bright peony who plants her gorgeous colors high in air, is the one to whom the young men bow in wonder and adoration. But the shy, sweet violet who stays close to the ground, and has quiet manners and unattractive apparel, why, she isn't noticed at all. The average young

man fails to see her. He walks right over her,—all unaware!

Thus it comes about quite naturally, that the average girl knows by instinct that the "modest violet" role is not the role for her. And so she becomes a gaudy peony, —to the extent, at least, of dressing just as prettily, just as attractively as she knows how.

Isn't it so, my friends? And can we blame her? —M. T. Elder.

Art for the People.

There are few things that go farther toward making the home attractive and pleasant to live in, than good pictures. They brighten the walls, often tell an interesting story, and always, in their selection, show something of the taste of the people who own them.

To put the work of really famous artists within the easy reach of a great number, is a praiseworthy undertaking, and this is just what The Procter & Gamble Company, the makers of Ivory Soap, are doing. Not content with the commonplace and cheap pictures that serve so many in the exploitation of their goods, this company has spared neither expense nor time to secure the best. It does not need the eye of an expert to appreciate the exceptional beauty of the copies of paintings and drawings that they are using, to keep their friends informed of their product. He who runs may read in these pictures the evidences of taste and knowledge in the selection of the artists, and appreciate the large sums that must have been expended for the original pictures they so successfully reproduce in colors. Such pictures as "Waiting for the Stage," by Percy Moran; "A Summer Girl," and "At Home," by Alice Barber Stephens; "A Pink Rose," by Leon Moran; "Ready for Battle," by Francis Day, and "Autumn Leaves," by W. Granville Smith, are the kind we are accustomed to see in the art galleries or occasionally in the pages of the leading magazines. They are not the sort usually employed for advertising purposes. It may fairly be said that The Proctor & Gamble Company are serving a double purpose. They are not only calling attention to Ivory Soap, one of the best and most favorably known articles of domestic consumption, but they are at the same time affording pleasure and better acquainting the public with first class contemporary art. In the printing of these beautiful pictures, they have spared no expense to make them as near the originals as possible, and the rare delicacy and harmony of the tints of the reproductions have only been obtained after thorough and exhaustive experiments. To better insure completely satisfactory results, they sent an expert to Europe, to study and report on the color processes of the famous European printing establishments, and they have also made many tests in a fully equipped plant with a view to perfecting the preparation of the plates and presses for this particular work.

When it is known that some of the editions of single prints include as large a number as four million copies, some idea of the mechanical resources and the cost involved is apparent. It is only in line with the governing principles of all the business of this famous house, to put the best obtainable material and work into anything they place before the public. A true idea of the real value of one of these color pictures may be readily obtained by putting one of them in a simple frame, under glass. It is then very difficult for even a connoisseur to distinguish them from paintings in oil or water color with which they may be compared.

On Paying Up.

Is Honesty a Lost Art?—The Malice of a Bad Debtor.

Honesty is usually given the credit of being a virtue. It is frequently described as a policy and sometimes set down as an instinct. Perhaps it deserves to be ranked in all these categories and more. Indeed, one might well inquire, is it not also an art—a lost art?

How few there are who pay up because the Lord rewards those who pay up! How many who hide in the angles of convenient laws from the obligation of their debts! How rare the man who has not to be reminded of "the little account on the books!" So feeble is the instinct, so tortuous the policy, so unpracticed the virtue which we call honesty.

There are many among us whom nature trains to be beggars, and the sin of begging lies in its close relationship to theft, for does not the beggar take what does not belong to him, and does he not take against the will of the man whom he beseeches? What does the beggar give to his unwilling benefactor? Nothing. And in this he is like the thief and also like the man who "skips" his debts. But the thief is a criminal who dares you to catch him and the beggar is a rogue by whom you are "caught," while the debtor who has no mind to pay his debts is under a certain respect, worse than both. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and it is this very quality of uncertainty about the recovery of your own which gives exceptional malice to the crime of avoiding one's obligations.

To think that some rascal who has been

sending you the paper that he manages for two or three years should timidly whisper in a husky voice that most unwelcome word, "Pay up!" The vile worm, you pronounce him, let him make his miserable sheet a winding sheet and then starve, as he deserves to, while you, aroused and heated by the insult, simply erase from your conscience the memory of your obligation, treasuring only the smart of his affront.

And really, when you think of the commercial value of one's feelings, as often proven in court, you admit that if there be any balance in a transaction of this kind it lies on the debtor's side. The creditor who duns deserves to lose his money and to pay extra for the damaged feelings of his debtor, and the debtor who is not dunned is of course not supposed to remember trifles. Therefore be debtors, and if you wish to be honest live in a desert, where God alone is your creditor, who never claims recovery for what He has loaned you.—Providence Visitor.

Women as Piano-Tuners.

A new profession for women seems to be open in piano-tuning. This business pays well and offers many inducements to women in preference to others. There is a very much more pronounced demand for piano-tuners in the country districts than in the cities, particularly in this country. Tuning is an art easy to acquire, and the learning of this profession requires neither time nor great experience. Any piano-maker of a woman's acquaintance will be glad to explain to her the intricacies of the piano, and make her familiar with its construction, particularly when he thinks she might in return be able to sell some of her customers a piano, for which, by the way, she would get a commission. Small repairs are also easily taught; the stringing of the piano and the leathering of the hammers can be done by anybody clever with tools, and, after a short course of practice on some old piano standing in the back of a store, a piano-tuner can start out on her career. What is absolutely necessary is a good ear. That cannot be purchased, nor can it be acquired by instruction. The tools necessary will not go into money very much. A key, a tuning-fork, a few pieces of hard felt covered with leather to place between the strings, and a few ordinary tools, like hammer, tongs, pliers, screw-drivers, etc., are all that are necessary, and can be carried in a small satchel. Piano-tuning does not demand great strength, and without doubt it can be made to pay well, since, according to the condition of the piano, from $1 to $3 are paid for putting the piano in order, and three hours on the outside is all the time necessary to put the piano in perfect condition.—Philadelphia Record.

Crash Toweling the Best.

Don't try to bathe with stingy little wash cloths. The very best kind of a wash cloth is made of rough crash toweling. The square of the cloth will answer. Hem on both edges, and boil till all the brown comes out of it. It takes right hold of the dirt. A sponge is not a body cleanser at all. It is too smooth and soft. Pretty gift wash cloths are made by crocheting large squares of coarse white twine in the common one-thread stitch, and putting a pretty border about the edge, in scallop fashion. Many people do not know it, but for baths in hard water common sal soda is the very best substance for "breaking" the water. It is kind to the skin and is whitening. In fact, it is much better for the flesh than borax or ammonia.

Bargain Lovers.

A New York department store merchant is reported as stating that it is very doubtful if any department concern has made a cent since January 1. He claims that a reaction is setting in against the so-called bargains. Yet this same resourceful merchant contends that department stores help to build up a city; their low prices displayed in the pages of the press seem to act as a magnet to draw the people into the cities, and he mentions a case that came under his notice where a wavering couple decided to remove to the city on reading an advertisement where clothes pins could be bought for one cent a dozen.—Bookseller and Newsman.

To Ladies Only.—The wish to be beautiful is predominant in every woman, and none can say she does not care whether she is beautiful or not. Dr. T. F. Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier, elicits a clear transparent complexion, free from Tan, Freckles, or Moth Patches, and so closely imitating nature as to defy detection. It has the highest medical testimony as well as professional celebrities, and on its own merits it has become one of the largest and a popular specialty in the trade. Ferd. T. Hopkins, Sole Proprietor, 37 Great Jones Street, New York. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the United States, Canadas, and Europe.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

The White Goose.

The rain came down, in torrents, as little Molly trudged to town, with the white goose in her arms. It fluttered wildly and it was far too much for the child's strength, for its feet were only held by a flimsy fetter of red yarn. At daybreak, she had started from home, following in the wake of wagons and mules. The sale of the white goose was her only hope of seeing the circus. She was a valiant child—nearly all children are, when there is a circus looming in the golden distance. The rain ran through her tattered umbrella in rivulets, drenching her face and hair and spoiling her fresh white sunbonnet. When the goose got wet, he shook himself so fiercely that he knocked the umbrella from Molly's hand. A breeze carried it, dancing along the road before her.

She ran after it, dragging the goose, as best she could. When she caught the umbrella, she turned from the road and hung it on the knot of an old grape-vine. Then abandoning herself to the weather and the goose, she splashed along. She was not very stylish, but she was very pretty, this flaxen-haired, bare-footed little girl, with the rain taking a wayward path along the blue veins in her temples and hanging in crystal drops to the tips of her ears—and her face was almost prayerful, in its eagerness.

"Do you want to buy a goose?" she said to a man, who stood in the door of his shop, guarding his peaches.

"No," he answered.

The long street that led from the old bridge to the main square of the town was black with men and women and children, defying the storm.

"Only twenty-five cents, mister—won't you buy a goose?" Molly murmured to a young man holding an umbrella over a lovely young lady. He did not even hear.

"She wants to sell her goose, poor child, but what a funny day to try," the young lady said, looking back over her shoulder.

Molly was so little one could scarcely see her in the crowd. Rude men jostled her and trod upon her tired little feet. Every time she forgot about the goose and looked around her, he flapped his white wings vengefully.

"Will you buy a goose?" she asked an old man who was leading two children by the hand. The children's hats were knocked to one side and their sashes were untied, but it mattered not. The whole world was awry to-day.

"Buy a goose?" the old man laughed. "Mercy me, honey, the children have a yard full of chickens. Bantams and Plymouth Rocks, and every kind."

Now she heard the band. The procession was coming. There was no place for her on the sidewalk, so she sought refuge in a puddle under the tree, which stood like a heroic policeman at the corner. She did not want to take time to look at the procession, yet she was afraid not to, for if she didn't sell the goose she wouldn't see the circus at all. Fancy the thrills and heart-aches, the smiles and sighs and tears which were rising in the little heart, under that blue bodice, and slipping like veriest fugitives over her delicate face!

The ponies came first, with children to drive them. It was the first circus of the season and the chariots and charioteers glistened with red and gold. The ponies were sleek and happy over one rainy day, amongst so many sunny ones. That is the way; what makes one happy sometimes makes another miserable. Molly wished it had not rained. There was a little black pony, with his tail bobbed shorter than the rest. His driver called him the model pony, but every time he was spoken to he kicked up his heels and pranced and behaved for all the world like a child, when its parents are trying to show off its pretty traits. He knocked a little boy's sailor-hat off and ran over a rose-bush that was thrusting its dark velvet roses into the street. Molly was a-tremor with delight at the pony's antics.

She hugged the tree when the elephants appeared. They were very nice to read about, these huge, chained beasts, with their hideous trunks catching up the scattered rose-leaves and their small eyes glancing over the crowd. A circus would be nothing without them, but still Molly liked them best in books or pictures. The camels suited her, so gentle and meek they were—she was meek, too, to-day. She would have liked to ride on one, as the young princess in pale blue satin was doing. Molly looked down at her own

faded dress. The contrast was startling, even to the eye, but to the heart, the tender little heart that suffered it, in the midst of all this crimson and gold pageantry, it seemed cruel. But then Molly remembered that the princess was never done being a princess, all the summer long, and she knew how tired she was, after one day of play in the country, with a whole flock of lambs to choose from for playmates and the brooks to wade in, at her own wild will —and she was free, free! The little girls in town were all in white frocks. Molly's heart really ached. She was sorry she was poor and then ashamed of being sorry, for had not her mother often told her that the rose-buds in her cheeks were better than gold and the dimples in her chin more than a king's ransom? But neither the rose-buds nor the dimples seemed to help her to sell the white goose! If only one had come to buy, how eagerly she would have bartered the dimples and the rose-buds into the bargain! In days gone by, when she had followed the goose into the pond to drink and watched her father chasing it down the lane to snatch feathers from its tail for pens, she had not dreamed that she would ever come to hate the dear old thing, and love it, too, as the price of her fleeting happiness.

She stood first on one foot and then on the other, as countless closed wagons passed. When the calliope loomed in view her heart gave one bound. Just as it passed her, it broke into frantic music. The children waved their handkerchiefs and little red balloons. The goose was not to be outdone. He mingled his accents with the music and Molly danced a war-dance in the puddle. Then she settled down to a sadder realization of her flight. She had seen enough to know that if she missed the circus, her life would have failed in its dearest aim.

The clown, like a comic afterthought, came at the end of the procession, leading a St. Bernard puppy and splashing recklessly in the puddles. He was chattering as he came. "I fell in my mamma's flour-barrel this morning," he said, with a smile, which, like the rain, fell in all waste places. "Really, I narrowly escaped being a biscuit. These are the crumbs that they cast upon the waters—" he shook himself and the flour sifted into the street.

He patted the dog and pulled his ears. Tray seemed to understand him. At least he had the art of seeming very pleased, but Tray's ancestors had been circus dogs and he only lingered in the profession from motives of family pride. He really would have liked much better to be with the monks in the Alps, rescuing lost children from the snows. This explains the sad look in his eyes.

"Aren't the ladies sweet?" said Lolo, as he passed Molly. Everyone laughed, but her. She was a little scared, for he seemed to have his eyes on her and she had always been afraid of clowns.

Just then the goose cackled.

Lolo jerked the dog to a halt and came to her side. Tears of alarm rolled over her cheeks.

"Isn't that goose too much for you?" he said, and to her surprise he spoke in the quiet voice of a gentleman and she was no longer afraid.

"He's pretty heavy," she answered, her arms closing upon the wet goose with childish shyness.

The clown looked at her a moment, softly, searchingly.

"I used to have a goose like that, when I was a boy," he said. "I've often thought of it. I've always wanted another. Would you sell this one."

"Yes," Molly murmured, betraying her joy in the bright glance of her moist eyes. The clown drew his white trousers out, like a skirt, to get to his pocket.

"What is the price of this fine fellow?"

"Twenty-five cents," said Molly, a very synonym for wistfulness.

"Twenty-five." Of course, the clown knew! He drew a quarter out in his powdered fingers, then his hand went down in the pocket again. "Why, here's a dime." He seemed to be surprised.

"Twenty-five and ten, that makes the charmed sum to-day, the circus and the concert! Of course you're going to the circus, only you don't want to carry the goose in your arms. He might cackle in the midst of my best remarks and then you'd be so embarrassed.

"Well, here's thirty-five cents, twenty-five because I want the goose and ten because you may not want to sell him to a clown!"

He took the goose from her and slipped the money into her trembling fingers. Although she was so happy, she was a little sad, too, as she saw him moving away with the goose. She had not known how sorry she would be to part with it.

The clown went on, carrying the goose and leading the dog. There is one thing about being a clown, no one is surprised at anything one does and one may have anything for a plaything, from a goose to a glistening ape.

Molly saw the circus.

When it was over and she was going out in the crowd, feeling a little lonely for the goose, a young man touched her arm. He was a stranger to her, but there was a

familiar light in his eyes, that soft glow of kindliness, which is really the light of the world. He had the goose by a string. It had been given a bath and then had shaken its feathers in the sunshine.

"I am the clown," the young man remarked softly to Molly. "I have had a good time with the goose, but now I want you to take him home. We are travelling, travelling all the time and I'm afraid he'd miss you."

Her hand went out unconsciously for the rope, and she thought she saw a great gladness in the goose's eyes.

"I saw you in the ring."

"And I saw you," he answered, nodding and disappearing.

So Molly went home. The sun was making a glorious atonement for the storm of the morning. There was a sunbeam in every bird's song. She found her umbrella still hanging to the grape-vine.

She and the goose went to sleep, almost before they touched their beds. She dreamed of the clown. Perhaps the clown dreamed of the little girl and the white goose!

—Margaret Kenna.

Her First Mass.

ANTIGONISH, N. S., Jan. 5, 1898.

Dear Children:—

When you are forty-two years of age how many incidents of the hearing of your first Mass do you think you will remember? No matter how few they may be, I hope there will be a little more sincere piety in them than marked mine, which were recalled to me by the November number of Donahoe's Magazine for '97. It had been loaned me to help pass away New Year's day. Almost the first thing that attracted my attention was the photograph of a benign-looking gentleman, the Rev. Peter Ronan of Dorchester, Mass. Why that is where we used to live long ago! So with much interest I commenced to read the sketch connected with the picture. I took more than ordinary interest in it upon coming to the two names Meeting House Hill and Lyceum Hall. As these took my attention, ah dear how the years flew backwards, and left me a little open-mouthed curiosity box on my stool behind the stove listening to father and a few of his shopmates grouped around the fire smoking, and talking about the distance to South Boston, where they went to Mass every Sunday. They were so tired after their week of hard work that many were tempted not to go at all. Would it not be better to hire Lyceum Hall, and ask Father Lyndon to send out a priest to them on Sundays, and they would get him a horse and buggy to come and go, and pay all other expenses. Well, as the evenings passed away, I heard that all those things had come to pass, and that in a short time we were going to have Father McNulty out to the Point, or Dorchester rather, every Sunday. Then commenced the stir and bustle of getting ready for his first Sunday and the first Mass on Meeting House Hill, and in reality to me it was my first Mass for I had been considered too young for there to be any necessity of taking me to South Boston. I thought that particular Sunday would never come, but it did at last, and behold me with a new muslin dress stiffened and starched out to huge dimensions, a new hat with plaid ribbons, and a bunch of cherries on it. Will I ever forget how I longed to eat them, climbing the Meeting House Hill with one hand in father's and in the other a bran new prayer book which he took from his coat pocket at the foot of the hill, having bought it for me in the city the night before and in the general rush and excitement he had either forgotten it, or that had been his first opportunity of giving it to me. On entering the Hall father directed my attention to a rude vessel that took the place of a holy water font. "Now C— be sure and bless yourself with the water like I do, and make the sign of the cross nice as mother showed you." Dear mother, she had been very anxious for weeks before that I should drop my hurried, careless way of making the sacred sign. So to do honor to her instructions, I made it in such an elaborate and conspicuous manner that a dear old apple-cheeked Irish woman, who stood by with a big black rosary clasped tight in her toil worn hands, said with a sweet smile and a reproving shake of the head, "Oh, alanna, may the Blessed Virgin ask the sweet Infant Jesus that you may never carry so big a cross as that in all your life."

Mass was beginning, so we elbowed our way to the rough bench where we were to sit, and for a while I remained stupefied and motionless at the novelty of seeing the Holy Sacrifice offered for the first time. As it wore away I began to observe that some of the people had books and were reading out of them, so I bethought me of my new gift, and lo! on opening it it contained a set of pictures for Mass, something I had never seen before and did I not think them wonderful! I could only read an odd word here and there, so to be as devout as any one present I turned each leaf and as I looked at each new picture, I made a most gigantic sign of the cross, shook my head and signed heavily as I heard some of the older persons do. We

were very crowded, and as my arm passed from left to right, it came in forcible contact with father's side. He kept moving to give me as much space as possible for my devotions, and even whispered to me once or twice to keep quiet. But no, Miss C— and her piety were clearing a space for themselves, with the result that as the benches had no backs to them, and with an unusually hard sigh and a slight bend too far back, she found herself, new dress, new hat, new book, new piety and all deposited in a neighbor's lap on the bench behind. Oh the humiliation of it! It stings yet.

From the bottom of my heart I say God bless the parochial school spoken of. At the time of which I write a Miss G— taught our class in the public school. I cannot say if it were her usual custom or not to ask her pupils on Monday morning if they had been to meeting on the Sabbath. But on the next Monday morning I remember distinctly her doing so. On seeing that none, if any of my Catholic schoolmates, made answer in our behalf, of course Miss Long Tongue stood up in her seat and holding up her hand said, "Please Miss G—— I was to meeting yesterday, but father and mother called it Mass."

"Yes, what minister did you have?"

"Oh, it wasn't a minister at all, it was a "Father" we had, and he said Mass just lovely for father and me, and it was just beautiful only I made such a big sign of the cross that I fell back into Mrs. D.'s lap and she shook me, and said I was a bad girl, and she would tell my mother how I was disturbing the priest."

"Well, did your "Father" as you call him, tell you anything about the bible?"

"No. He told us that the hall was a mustard seed and grew in a night, and that if the people would dig the ground all around it with sacrifices and penances, and then plant it thick with Hail Marys that there would grow a most beautiful church out of the rich earth to give honor. By the way he spoke I think it will be ever so much bigger than your Meeting House, Miss G."

"Well, did he say anything else?"

"Oh yes, he told our mothers to send us clean and tidy to school, and whip us good if we did not mind our teachers and learn our lessons, to get us rosaries and teach us our prayers at home, and to tell us when we said the Our Father in school every day when we had said 'deliver us from evil' to stop for the 'Thine is the power' was only a handle stuck on it and spoilt it."

Ah, child as I was I cannot forget the chilly stillness that followed the conclusion of my childish tale, and I saw by the sympathizing faces of my older Catholic schoolmates that I had been guilty of some indiscretion. Nor can I ever forget the icy tones of her voice in the lecture that followed upon our folly and superstition. I do not remember much of it, only the ending, which was that she was glad to find that among the Pope's people there was one who could tell the truth, and that was Mrs. D—— whom she thought it her duty to assist in informing me of my real character, for I was a bad girl, a real rude, forward, bad child, and if I was her little girl she would whip me every hour of the day, but as it was to come forward to her desk and get three slaps of the rattan on each hand. And so I did and they were good hard ones too.

— Sophia.

Only a Lily.

By M. Gertrude Reynolds.

It was a bright sunshiny day, and Letty, the forester's little daughter, after sweeping and dusting and putting her home in general good order stood wondering whatever she should do next. She was a wise child, and did her very best to keep in the light and sweetness of duty. Of a once happy home she was all that was to cheer her poor father. As she stood wondering she thought of many things, and many ways of rounding out her afternoon into something that would shine with merit before the new day like the others would have gone forever, so she put on her hat and went out carrying a little dish of delicacies to one poor creature, a bunch of flowers to another, stopping to say a bright word to the wayworn, gathering light and giving light as it were at every step until at length she reached the great broad fence of the Manor. What a wonderful thing that enclosure was to her from her earliest childhood. Within it in fancy she could see a world where no cloud could ever enter. Moving slowly on past the enclosure she smiled thinking how often she had tried in vain to find some little "peek-a-boo" aperture through which she could even get a mere glimpse of that world. To be sure the great pillared gates were open, but only a short winding of the driveway was visible there; the rest was shut off with trees so high and thick as to seem of a century's growth, and the lodgekeeper at the door of the little brown lodge wore a forbidding frown sufficient in itself to scare would be intruders. But to-day as the child walked on an odd thing happened. In the great enclosure for the first time in all her life she discovered an opening, or rather a single board so loosened as to admit of being run up or down at will. The sight nigh

took her breath away, the hand that did it must have been such a lawless hand! Who could the marauder have been! She gazed about her over the long walks, her eyes searching still further up the crest of the hills expecting to see an outlaw of some description roughing his way over the paths and rugged passes. No stranger was visible. Should she run around the encircling estate and acquaint the lodge-keeper? She was about to do so when a silken rustle attracted her attention.

"What a charming day," somebody was saying in a pretty musical way.

Letty turned to discover that the opening in the fence was filled like a frame, filled with a vision of loveliness, living, breathing loveliness. She clasped her hands, and like one taking a delicious whiff of a June rose, said simply "Oh!"

"All alone?" asked the vision sweetly.

"Yes," in a hushed way.

"I am alone too. I wanted to see what the world looked like on this side, so I got Frye to slip out a board. Frye is my chaperone, you know, I really think Frye could build a fence if she tried. I saw her chop wood once; it was a tiny tree you see and tore her new gown and she was so vexed that she chopped it down while Jack the gardener was making up his mind which side to strike. Frye is a character, I assure you." She laughed again sweetly.

"Come in," she said.

"In there?" said Letty, in awe.

"Oh, yes, you can squeeze through; it isn't hard; come."

"Will Frye allow it?"

"Frye!" with a laughing toss of the head. "Yes and no; just now yes. Come."

Letty fairly trembled with delight. As she squeezed through it seemed to her her little feet were lighting on Eden, and sure enough a burst of melody and a fragrance overpowering in sweetness greeted her.

Once inside she stood gazing around like one in a dream, then bringing her hands softly together gave vent again to the ecstatic "Oh."

Birds of gay plumage flew hither and thither and song birds seemed to perch on every bough. Soft delicious strains of music flowed from some secreted source, statuary, flowers, breezy canopies on grassy knolls, and tall oriental shades beneath which the girls now wandered together, the one with the girlish abandon of a life accustomed from its birth to luxury, the other with timid step and catching breath.

"I have one particular haunt here, and all my very own," said the beautiful girl; "no other living mortal is allowed to enter, not even Frye." She laughed her deliciously merry laugh. "Frye has to wait outside. She doesn't wait," she went on, her lips bubbling nonsense. "She hovers like a restless spirit; it is an awful penance on Frye's curiosity to be forbidden my little haunt. Here it is. You shall enter with me. Come."

She turned a key in the lock and Letty followed her airy footstep over the threshold. "Oh," she said again, her senses quaffing in the scene. It was a grotto built entirely of smooth sea-pebbles, interlaced with vines and moss. It was hung with brilliant souvenirs, gathered from foreign climes, and carpeted with artificial moss. The red wings flying back and forth up there in the mosaic archings were so like life as to be mistaken for real birds. The seats were gorgeous silken cushions piled one over the other and shelves of books in rich bindings and warm colorings hung from an arrangement of antlers.

The secret of the haunt was yet to come. Letty was beckoned onward to a revelation that seemed at first a red star glimmering through a screen of vines.

"Come behind here," whispered the beautiful girl.

Letty stepped softly behind, so softly that one watching her would suppose her fearful of awakening something. Then she looked up.

"There is my secret," said the girl, "no one knows it but you and me."

Letty's eyes as they lighted on the "secret" widened and widened.

It was a painting, a large medallion, breathing grace and sweetness, the Madonna.

"I thought it would be nice to have a Madonna shrine," she said, "so I burn a lamp to her, and sing pretty hymns like this."

She picked up a pearl framed lute and sang an Ave Maria, her voice seeming to Letty the cadence of an angel.

"I am not a Roman Catholic," she said, as she laid down the lute, "but when abroad in Venice I caught from beautiful surroundings this reflection of a grotto to the Virgin, but papa would never consent, mamma is dead, and Frye is a bigot, so that is why I keep it a profound secret. You will never tell?"

Letty vowed eternal secrecy; then they sat down on the cushions and ate nuts and bits of French bonbons. "I have been home from boarding school for two weeks," she went on, as she dipped her nut picker and passed one to Letty, "and

I am so sick of society. The house has been fairly overrun with callers, and every day there are return calls to make with Aunt Conny or papa, and so to-day I just ran away from it all. I have known you ever so long," she went on brightly, "ever since you were a tiny tot. You are David the forester's daughter, his only child. The poor who stop at the lodge gate at Christmastide for food and clothes tell Tidy all about how kind little Letty, the forester's daughter, is to them. Tidy, he is our old grey-haired butler, tells papa, and papa gives me permission to know you, so that is how it came about that I watched for you to-day."

"Oh." Letty's hands were again caught together. She thought of the sick and suffering in their little dark hovels, often without medicine, without food, without sympathy. Their white wan faces seemed to looked out at her appealingly from the luxury of this charming scene. She would bring some of its happiness into their starved lives.

"I am so tired," said the beautiful girl, "so tired of nothing to do."

"I should want to accomplish something every day," said Letty, "and then come what may, I can say that my day has not been lost."

"Little philosopher answer my riddle, what can a body do who has nothing to do?"

"Plant a lily bulb," laughed Letty, the gardener's supply outside catching her eye.

"What fun," said the lovely girl, casting up a shower of empty shells. She foraged through the gardener's stock and found a trowel and began to dig. The ground would not yield readily.

"Let us plant it here," said Letty. She stole a loving glance at the Madonna, and pointed to its base, where the artificial mossings turned aside and loam yielded.

"Nothing will come of that dry bulb," said her companion, "but it is such fun digging. I will dig a little, and you will dig a little. I will set the lily, you will cover it, and I will put it down."

They laughed as they set to work, and half unconsciously sang freely together as if they had been old friends.

Just as the work was done the ringing of the lunch bell and Frye's voice were heard.

To be continued.)

Good Enough.

"You have planed this board well, have you, Frank?" asked the carpenter of an apprentice who was a new hand.

"Oh, it will do," replied the boy. "It doesn't need to be too well planed for the use to be made of it. Nobody will see it, you know."

"It will not do if it is not planed as neatly and smoothly as possible," replied the carpenter, who had the reputation of being the best workman in the city.

"I suppose I could make it smoother," said the boy.

"Then do it. 'Good enough' has but one meaning in my shop, and that is 'perfect.' If a thing is not perfect it is not good enough for me."

"You haven't made things look very orderly here in the back part of the store," said a merchant to a young clerk.

"I thought it was well enough for back here, where things cannot be seen very plainly, and where customers seldom go."

"That won't do," said the merchant sharply; and then he added in a kinder tone: "You must get ideas of that kind out of your head, my boy, if you hope to succeed in life. That kind of 'good enough' isn't much better than 'bad enough.'

The girls who don't sweep in corners or dust under things, and the boys who dispose of tasks as speedily as possible, declaring that things will do if they are not well done, are the boys and girls who are very likely to make failures in life because the habit of half doing everything has become a part of their characters. The old adage, "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is as true now as when it was first spoken, and it will always be true.

First Patient.

There is a beautiful story told of Florence Nightingale, the famous nurse of the Crimean war, which shows that, when she was a child, she had the nursing instinct strongly developed.

Her wounded patient was a Scotch shepherd dog. Some boys had hurt and apparently broken his leg throwing stones and it had been decided to hang him to put him out of his misery. The little girl went fearlessly up to where he lay, saying in a soft, caressing tone, "Poor Cap, Poor Cap!" It was enough. He gazed up with his speaking brown eyes, blood-shot and full of pain, into her face, and did not resent it when, kneeling down beside him, she stroked with her little ungloved hand, the large intelligent head. To the vicar he was rather less amenable, but by dint of coaxing, he at last allowed him to examine the wounded leg.

"Well," said the vicar, rising from his examination, "so far as I can tell, there are no bones broken; the leg is badly bruised. It should be fomented to take the inflammation and swelling down."

"How do you foment?" asked Florence.

"With hot cloths dipped in hot water," answered the vicar.

"Then that's quite easy. I'll stay and do it. Now, Jimmy, get sticks and make the kettle boil."

There was no hesitation in the child's manner. She was told what ought to be done and she set about doing it as a simple matter of course.

"But they will be expecting you at home," said the vicar.

"Not if I tell them I am here," answered Florence; "and my sister and one of my maids can come and take me home for tea, and," she hesitated, "they had better bring some flannel cloths; there doesn't seem to be much here. But you will wait and show me how to foment, won't you?"

"Well, yes," said the vicar, carried away by the energy of the little girl, and soon the fire was lit and the water boiling. An old smock frock of the shepherd had been discovered in the corner, which Florence had deliberately torn to pieces, and to the vicar's remark "what will Roger say?" she answered:

"We'll get him another."

And so Florence Nightingale made her first compress and spent all that bright spring day in nursing her first patient—the shepherd dog.

Funny Little Animals.

A lemon can be turned into a pig by giving him legs of matches stuck in where the legs of a pig ought to go. A tiny slip of the lemon skin shaved off to form a tail. Tacks are stuck into the proper places for eyes, and a little slit across the pointed end makes the pig's mouth to open in a most life-like manner.

Oddly shaped potatoes often suggest various animals. By the addition of legs, head and tail in their proper places, queer looking creatures can be constructed. A potato which had a grotesque resemblance to a horse shows what can be done in this line. This potato horse had a cork head fastened on to its body by a match neck. A bob-tail was cut from the potato skin and made to stand out in a striking way. This object, which had matches for legs, made one think of a horse, it must be confessed.—Christmas World.

Two Little Mud Artists.

There are two colored boys in Monroe, Va., sons of Abraham Brown, deceased, who are perfect mud builders, says the Messenger. They can take the regular white mud from the gully and formulate without pattern in a short while a most perfect horse. They do not leave untouched or unfinished a single place in the animal that they undertake to build, and their work is so remarkable as to attract the most skilful artist or sculptor.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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PRONOUNCED INSANE

vages of Disease Drove Arthur Davis Crazy and He Attempted Suicide.

From the *New Era*, Greensburg, Indiana.

is doubtful if the annals of medical science have recorded an nce more remarkable than that of Mr. Arthur Davis, the tor of a sawmill at New Pennington, Indiana. He was d with a nervous disorder, the tortures of which unbalanced id. A commission of lunacy pronounced him insane and ordered to an asylum.

s recovery marks one of the greatest victories ever achieved icience of medicine, and dates the beginning of a new era reatment of disease.

New Era reporter who investigated the case was surprised nergy exhibited by Mr. Davis and the entire absence of any ill-health or mental derangement.

'o," said Mr. Davis to the reporter, " to look at me now uld not judge that I have undergone such a remarkable ace as I shall tell you. I have been married seventeen nd our home is made happy by four children, I had enjoyed alth until about two years ago. For some cause, I noticed vas getting very weak and could not endure hard work. s prostration resulted and I became rapidly weaker. My vas out of condition, my blood impure, and I could neither r eat. My eyes became affected, likewise my hearing. It veloped that my mind was becoming affected. I would l see imaginary things, and my head was continually in an When I could sleep I was troubled with fearful dreams. distence was full of misery, and I seldom knew what I was I was so miserable, that one day I attempted to take my ired, but the revolver was knocked down by my wife, and went through the calf of my right leg." Mr. Davis exne wound where the ball entered and emerged. He had d to put the ball in his heart.

e neighbors were called in," he continued, "and I was ed dangerous. An inquest of lunacy was held, I was out in an asylum. They were getting ready to take me nearest neighbor, Mr. Sefton Hart, urged my attendants e Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He brought er and I began taking them. This was the first week of ember, and I was to be taken away the next Wednesday. ever went, for when Wednesday came my health was so proved that it was decided to wait a few days. I continued e pills and my condition kept improving. I found that a l in my weakened condition was too strong for me, so I half a pill after each meal, then increased the dose to a , three times a day. The dose was finally increased to . I took the last dose about the middle of last February, nsumed eleven boxes. I am perfectly well now, in mind . My hearing and sight are entirely restored. I sleep ell, and do not hear imaginary noises. I weighed 141 hen I commenced taking the pills and now I weigh 184. cing hard every day in my mill.

I try any other treatment? O, yes. When I first be- y family physician attended me, and I tried other physi- they all seemed to look upon my case as hopeless. One emporary relief by putting me on opiates, but I was al- e afterwards. I used no other remedies while taking Dr. Pink Pills for Pale People, and I am sure that I owe my n."

avis' statement is fully verified by the following affidavits:

NEWPOINT, Ind., May 1, 1897.

by give my oath that the above is a correct statement of garding my illness and subsequent recovery.

gned) ARTHUR DAVIS.

bove story is a true presentation of the facts regarding my husband.

gned) ANNA DAVIS.

NEWPOINT, Ind., May 1, 1897.

bed and sworn to before me, a Justice of the Peace, t day of May, 1897.

gned) JOHN CASTOR,
Justice of the Peace.

porter decided to have a physician who knew nothing of mine Mr. Davis' present condition and thus obtain the disinterested person.

He consulted R. G. Lane, M. D., of Newpoint, who is widely known for his reliability and care in making a diagnosis. The following statement is the result of the examination:

NEWPOINT, Ind., May 7, 1897.

This is to certify that I have this day made a personal and thorough examination of the condition of Arthur Davis, and pronounce him in perfect health, and sound and strong both physically and mentally.

R. G. LANE, M. D.

To further substantiate the facts, the reporter secured the statement of the medical attendant of Mr. Davis during his illness, which was taken by the court as evidence of his insanity; of the medical examiner, who as a member of the board which held the inquest of lunacy, and also the certificates of the justices of peace; these are filed in the office of the clerk of Decatur County, Indiana.

The following is a statement from the medical attendant:

State of Indiana. County of Decatur, sct.

Dr. L. W. D. Jerman, of said county, declares on oath.

"I have known Arthur Davis and have been his family physician for the last fifteen or eighteen years. I saw him about two weeks ago. He was suffering with a severe pain in his head, and a noise in his ears; also complained of the chickens crowing, and a soreness in the muscles. At times he is rational, but the greater part of the time he is badly off. I believe that said Arthur Davis can, at present, be conveyed to a hospital for the insane, without danger to life,

L. W. D. JERMAN, M. D.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of November, 1896.

JOHN CASTOR, *Justice of the Peace.*

The following is a statement from the medical examiner:

State of Indiana, County of Decatur, sct.

Personally appeared before me, clerk of the circuit court, Dr. Henry Johnson, who, being sworn, declares that he is not and has not recently been the medical attendant of Arthur Davis, of said county, alleged to be insane; that he has within a week of this date carefully and personally examined Arthur Davis, and also the statement alleging insanity; that he has heard all the testimony given in this inquest; that, in his opinion, said Arthur Davis is insane, and that his opinion is based on the following facts observed by himself, namely: "I was called in November, 1896, to visit Arthur Davis, and came to the conclusion that in connection with the witnesses' testimony, that Arthur Davis is suffering with paroxysms of mania, and on the following facts, testified to by witnesses, namely: "On the 18th of November witness said that said Davis shot himself with intent to commit suicide; also made threats at different times to kill his wife.

H. JOHNSON, M. D., Medical Examiner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of November, A. D., 1896.

M. D. TACKETT, *Clerk.*

The following statement is from the justices of the peace, who conducted the inquest.

State of Indiana, County of Decatur, sct.

We, the undersigned, justices of the peace in and for county aforesaid, hereby certify that we have personally examined Arthur Davis, of said county, alleged to be insane, within a week of this date, and have this day held an inquest of insanity, according to law; that it is our judgment, upon the evidence of the party alleging insanity, of the medical attendant, of the medical examiner, and of all other witnesses, and pursuant to their own personal examination: and that Arthur Davis is insane, and is a proper subject for treatment in a hospital for the insane; and that his being at large is dangerous to the community.

Witness our hands, this 19th day of November, A. D., 1896.

JOHN CASTOR, }
ABNER COLSON, } *Justices of the Peace.*

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medical Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

A TALK WITH MRS. PINKHAM

ABOUT THE CAUSE OF ANEMIA.

Everybody comes into this world with a predi position to disease of some particular tissue; in othe words, everybody has a weak spot.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the wea spot in women is somewhere in the uterine syste The uterine organs have less resistance to disease tha the vital organs; that's why they give out the soone

Not more than one woman in a hundred — na in five hundred — has perfectly healthy organs of generation. This points the stern necessity of helping one's self just as soon as the life powers seem be on the wane.

If you become anemic, there is no knowing what will happen. If yo gums and the inside of your lips and inside your eyelids look pale in color, y are in a dangerous way and must stop that drain on your powers. Why n build up on a generous, uplifting tonic, like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegeta Compound?

Mrs. Edwin Ehrig, 413 Church St., Bethlehem, Pa., says: "I feel it duty to write and tell you that I am better than I have been for four years. used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one package of Sanative Wash, box of Liver Pills, and can say that I am perfectly cured.

"Doctors did not help me any. I should have been in my grave by this time if it had not been for your medicine. It was a godsend to me. I was troubled with excessive menstruation, which caused womb trouble, and I was obliged to remain in bed for six weeks. Mrs. Pinkham's medicine was recommended to me, and, after using it a short time, was troubled no more. I also had severe pain in my kidneys. This, also, I have no more. I shall always recommend the C pound, for it has cured me, and it will cure others. I would like to have publish this letter." (In such cases the dry form of Compound should be us

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

Divinity Student writes us concerning an article in the January Arena, entitled "Questions from the Pews." He wishes to know if it truly represents the prevailing "orthodoxy" of the day.

Regarding this article, which we have managed to drag through for the sake of our correspondent—and, oh, it was a weary task—we have to give as a general answer, that it is the worst jumble of theological and scientific statements and the poorest presentation of a self-opinionated, conceited person which we have ever read. "Funny" our correspondent calls it; we fail to see the fun. There can be no fun in the statements of an ignorance that throws out its "views," even as a Turkish sultan his mandates, in opposition to the belief of all true Christians of the present, as of the past ages. And like the tyrant, it has no reason to offer. It pleases this writer to reject beliefs, to stand on the edge of the crowd, and to sneer at the belief of sincere and earnest people. Incapable himself, as his article shows, of any original investigations, he rushes in when some leader he has chosen points the way. And while he believes himself freed from the shackles of Christian belief, he has but proved himself the veriest sycophant, anxious to pour out his adulation on free-thinkers, while mocking at the "credulity" of those who seek for righteousness.

Were we to endeavor to dissect the article, and answer one by one its unwarranted assumptions and its unproved conclusions, we should go far beyond the limits of our "Question Box." We will further say that the master whom he seems to follow, Dr. White, shall win credence from us only according to his proofs (which in his pretended antagonism between theology and science are rare), not according to his theories deduced from facts, some true, some unproven, some still awaiting the discovery of other facts for their explanation.

From a Catholic standpoint, we shall look very briefly at some of his positive assertions. He states, at least it is the only meaning we can gather from his ambiguous language, "that all the honest, scholarly divines, both Protestant and Catholic," deny the inspiration of the Bible. On the contrary, all Catholic divines accept and reverence the Bible as the inspired Word of God. There are explanations and principles to be set forth regarding our meaning of inspiration and its limits, as also the interpretation of the Divine Word.

"Don't you know that as to a creation and evolution of Darwin's theory of natural selection is now adopted by leading universities, including the Catholic University at Washington?" No, we confess to our ignorance regarding such "adoption" by the Catholic University.

The writer asserts, on the authority of Dr. White, that "the accounts of creation were simply transcribed or evolved from a mass of myths and legends largely derived by the Hebrews from their ancient relations with Chaldea, re-wrought in a more artistic sense, imperfectly welded together, and then wrought into poetic form in the sacred books which we have inherited." The writer's own grounds for believing this are two, that Dr. White was president of Cornell University and is now again ambassador to Germany. Despite these powerful arguments, we still cling to Moses as inspired, and the Pentateuch as Divine Revelation. To be sure, we thereby lose the respect of our writer who admires only "scholarly" men.

He speaks of the battle between geology and theology. There is no such thing. Catholics cannot find any cause for it, any traces of it. To the superficial it may seem so, but to the true scholar, geology is only serving to bring out into bolder relief the truth of the Sacred Scriptures.

"The progress of medical discoveries," he says, "is gradually taking from theology what was formerly its strongest province and sweeping away that belief in miracles which for more than twenty centuries was the stumbling-block in the pathway of medicine."

We offer this as a fair sample of the author's knowledge, accuracy and reasoning powers. Medicine, like many other departments of human knowledge, has come to a great development within recent years. What opposition has the belief in miracles presented to the investigation of physicians, to the discovery of the qualities of ether, etc., etc.? This is one of the glories of our age, that we have so progressed in many ways in much knowledge unknown to our fathers. But their investigations, their knowledge have found their consummation in our achievements. As well might we say that the belief in miracles prevented the use of steam by land and sea, the knowledge and the practical uses of electricity. We believe we could frame a very nice argument to that effect, which would meet with the approbation and encomiums of the writer in the Arena.

And furthermore, we will say to him that all Catholics believe in the miracles of the Bible, Catholic physicians and scientists indeed, and scholarly divines even at Catholic Universities. And we believe that miracles have been frequent in all ages, and have been accepted in proof of a divine commission, in proof of the truth of some doctrine proclaimed. We are so firmly convinced that miracles are very frequently happening at Lourdes, that not even "literary" Zola can hurt that conviction. And, finally, if the writer in the Arena had any intimate relations with honest non-Catholic physicians, he would learn from them that many of them have at times been startled at finding restored to health persons of whose death they knew there could be no doubt. And the poor, simple Catholic would tell the writer that it wasn't even a miracle, just an effect of the Sacrament of Extreme Unction; and, mind you, there are millions of people right here in these United States, and at the close of this nineteenth century, who believe still in the spiritual and in the supernatural, who credit to God's all-wise Providence the care of His immortal, as well as of all His creatures.

We believe in the objective, as well as in the subjective benefit of prayer, in the value of a fast day to ward off cholera, in the potency of a petition for rain or for fair weather, in prayer for our fellowman, as well as for ourselves. We love the first word of the Lord's prayer, Our Father, and we believe it pleasing to God and profitable to others that we pray for them. With Tennyson we say:

"But then,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hearts of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Our Lord's prayer is to us more than an amendment, and we have no respect for Theodore Parker's amendment of the prayer, nor for the writer's belief who deems "the day not far distant when unanimously will be carried Theodore Parker's amendment of this amendment," i. e., of our Lord's Prayer.

And having reached through much sorrowful plodding to this stage of the writer's journey, we are treated to his conception of the Son of God, the Lord Jesus Christ. Uniting the denial of the Unitarian concerning that Divinity to his intense personal conceit he treats us to the history of his own paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer. The promise of a kiss brought about this marvelous production. In a foot-note we are told that in a book mentioned in the text is "a photogravure portrait of the lady." Truly, we are deprived of our power of utterance over such unabashed writing. And this writer poses as the critic of the evangelical preacher, as the prophet of the future of religion and its beliefs.

Despite the writer's verdict, St. Paul's theory of Christ's second coming has not passed into "innocuous desuetude." It is an article of Catholic belief, and will be until the Judgment Day, that the Christ of God, who has ascended into heaven will come again to judge all men. Into innocuous desuetude he has sent likewise Paul's "well meant argument for immortality dependent on Christ's resurrection." That is, indeed, a great concession from the giant intellect of the writer in the Arena to the poor pigmy intellect of the Apostle Paul's "well-meant argument." Really, the writer is funny when he doesn't intend to be and, strange as it must seem to him, Catholics all believe in the immortality of the soul, and in the resurrection of the body, as in the fact that Christ is risen from the grave. And in His resurrection we find the basis of our faith, and the foundation of our hope.

Even at the risk of being classed as Irrationalists, we must still adhere to our Catholic belief in the fall of Adam, and all that belief entails of original sin, of the incarnation and Redemption, of the Personality and the real, not feigned nor half-admitted Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, as the Second Person of the Most Blessed Trinity.

Our parting word to this Unitarian writer is that the leadership of Dr. White or of Mrs. Mary Ward has no attractions for us. We are satisfied with the leadership of Jesus, who is God and who is man, and we believe that there is no warfare of faith and reason, of science and religion, because in one and the other is God made known to man. Different methods, different manifestations of the same eternal truth cannot contradict one another, except in the narrow minds that hold to one and reject the other, as, we say it in kindness, is done by the Questioner from the Pews.

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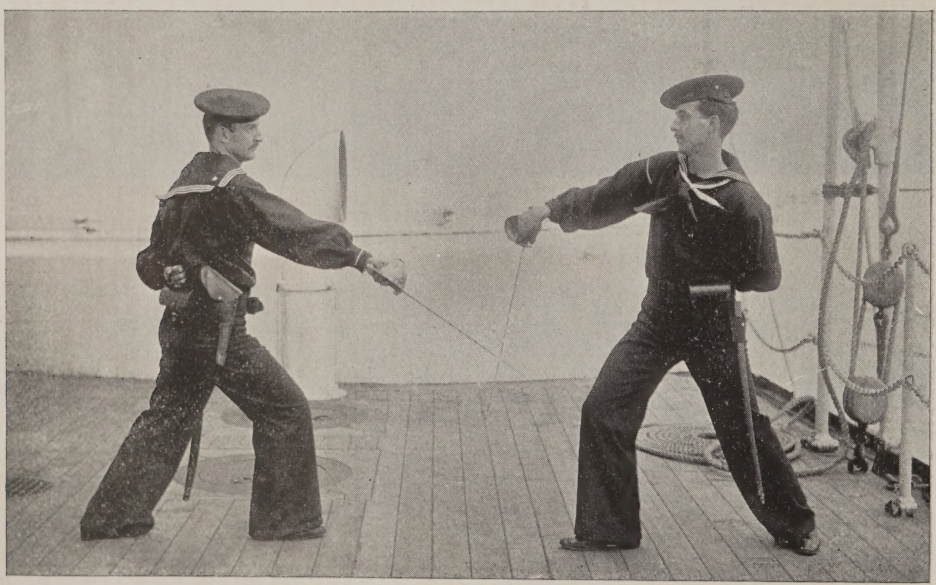

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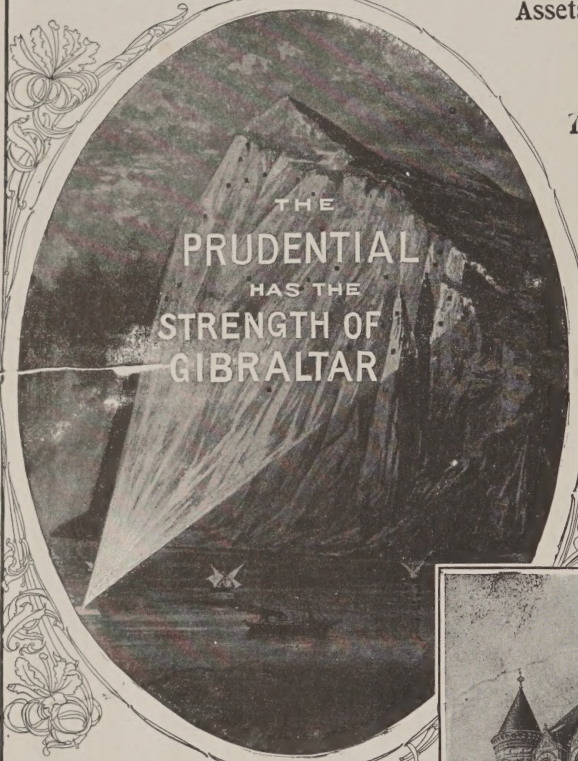

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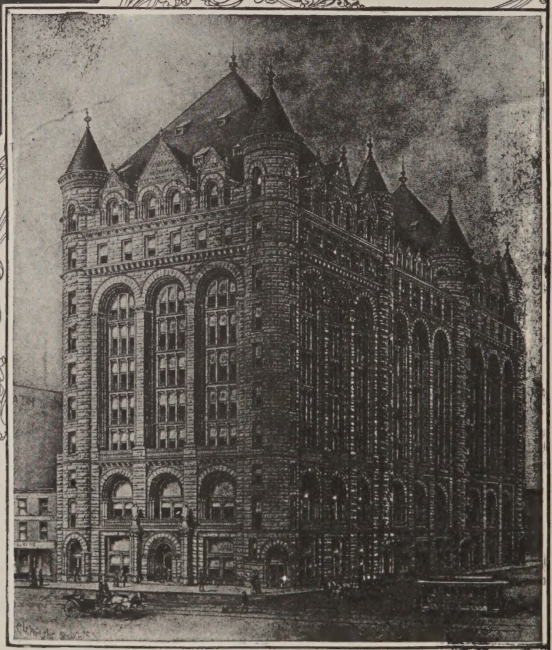

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Watch and Pray.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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VOL. XXXIX. BOSTON, MARCH, 1898. No. 3.

MEN AND THINGS.

BY THE EDITOR, HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, M.A.

"THE DINNER WAS EXCELLENT," says rare Pepys in his immortal Diary, "Only the venison pie was palpable beef, which was not handsome." So, too, of Hall Caine's *The Christian*. The story, like all from his forceful hand, is excellent, only *The Christian* is a palpable fabrication which is not handsome. But old Pepys enjoyed the dinner and we the book, notwithstanding that the contents of the pasty "never knew bounding buck nor demure doe."

Mr. Caine's *Christian* has many a counterpart in real life in these days of altruism, ritualism and general "rescue-the-East-End-ism," but our quarrel with the great novelist is his use of the definite article. It would have been more modest and at once more truthful to have called the book "A Christian," leaving to the reader the chance of mentally developing the title according to his own lights, as, e. g., I might think of it as "A (fanatical, emotional, wholly diseased, desperately misguided, so-called) Christian." But when very poor beef pie is served as savory venison pasty, rejection alone is left to one. Mr. Hall Caine has powerfully portrayed a type of neo-evangelical religionist; but, by all the Saints, he is not "*the* Christian!"

THE USUALLY RESPECTABLE pages of the serene and venerable *Atlantic Monthly* are sadly befouled in the February issue by as detestable and cheap a bit of lying as it has been my fortune to fall in with these many moons. Somebody, basking under the name of Penrhyn Lee, and to me hitherto an utterly unknown, insults the readers of our staid and courtly old contemporary with a story called "The Masquerade," which is a very clumsy and melodramatic rehash of many an antique calumny against the religious life. Based on an inexplicably profound ignorance of the nature and laws of the interior life, this story runs along the deep-worn ruts of the conventional "Cloister-and-the-Hearth," mawkish, protesting against that spirit of life to which the counsels of perfection invite man to aspire. This chap with the picturesque name and the horror-hugging genius, does not even take the trouble to devise any new developments, but remains content to hammer away at the same old theme. A strong, true, breezy, honest fellow, having murdered a Trappist monk (the strangling scene is great), gets into the monastery in the dead monk's garb ,and then the stifling, hypocritical, unwholesome life of the religious is detailed. The noble-souled murderer was too fine a man to endure the soul-killing discipline. He had a conscience—but, says Penrhyn the Weird, "the guilt of his deed did not seem so heinous within the sombre monastic pile where a stain-

less soul would have been counted an anomaly indeed!" Just so! Of course, any frank, honest murderer must be aware at once in a monastery that he has fallen into very bad company. I wonder where little Penrhyn learned about "stainless souls." And he must have spent most of his life "within sombre monastic piles," since he is so cocksure that a stainless soul is the last thing anybody need expect to find in religion. "Brother Hilarius" wouldn't go to confession, not he! Noble murderer that he was, unlike "the tortured souls he now in a fashion called his familiars," he "could not bring himself to shout into the ear of Providence his personal calculations of future rewards and punishments."

There is the usual mess of stuff. The monks have "a half-defiant, half-abject expression"—poor fellows! We must have noticed this ourselves, have we not? The wretches, being "teased out of thought" by constant ceremonies, going about through "dimly lighted labyrinths of the old building," proclaim: "We are happy, "perfectly happy;" but if they chance upon a genuine, manly, Protestant murderer, they will do as this monk Grindel, who "threw out his arms in wild gesture, while his face, though half concealed within his awful capouche, showed the grim agony of one battling with some demon of regret or despair."

I should like to catch little Penrhyn and lock him in some of the "dimly lighted labyrinths" of his own mind, where he might chance to meet monk or demon ugly enough to frighten his (literary) conscience into regret.

This man, of course, has never been in a monastery. His profound treatment of the psychology of the religious life is made possible by his doubtless wide reading of stories just like his own. It will now be in order for innumerable tyros to read "The Masquerade," and to write new stories on the perennial theme. With all monks a snivelling, soul-tortured "self-centred" lot of hypocrites and no end of jolly, whole-souled, honest gamblers, thieves, libertines and murderers to introduce surreptitiously into the "sombre piles," we may hope for great things resulting from this murderous invasion of the cloister. How nice for girls in Smith College and Vassar to be able to get so much and so vivid local color for the monastery stories next of season!

Here is a delicious bit, for example—not of local *color* exactly but of local (monastic) *smell*, "the malefic odor which held for him the memory of a swift and deadly horror!" (Tremendous applause in the gallery.)

It was formerly a trifle hard to imagine how a swift horror smells; but it seems now to have a "malefic odor," pungent enough to percolate through all the labyrinths of the largest monastery. Mr. Lee's adjectives are brilliant, if not quite new in their relation to his thrilling substantives: "Pallid visage," for instance, is deathless, and will flourish so long as a cowl endures; "lugubrious strain"; "spider-like greed (the Prior's) to entice him (the murderer) within the web" (the religious life); "pale, contented sort of discontent;" "stung and remorseful souls"—these are gems of the choicest water, which I recommend to any writer who wishes to "do" "Romanism" and convents without first being converted to God and the desire to tell the truth.

A night in a monastery must be a terrible thing since the *Atlantic Monthly* now prints sentences like this: "In the dead of night he heard an invisible penitent lashing his fleshless bones with hissing, writhing whip-end."

This is bad enough, but the whole description of the Prior who made use of his liberty of speech to regale

his Protestant guests with indecent stories makes one wonder if the Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* seeks to compete in nastiness and sensationalism with the *Police Gazette*.

THEATRICAL CIRCLES and we who take an intense interest in the drama, have been set to wondering and impatient speculating by the news that a play written by a priest is shortly to be presented in a New York playhouse. The new piece is entitled "*The Black Cardinal*," and the author is the Reverend John Talbot Smith. While I have not seen the *scenario* nor read the play, I would wager a bun that the dialogue will be strong, the delineation of the characters powerful and the piece wholly interesting. Father Smith has chosen a theme capable, even in less skilful hands than his own, of tremendously effective dramatization, and I, for one, look with deepest interest for the forthcoming production. It seems to me that there is no force so powerful in its captivating sway over the imagination of men as that wielded by the stage, and with Catholic principles for its guidance and Catholic ethics for its safeguard, it would be hard to say where the influence of the theatre for good would end.

MR. SCHETTY, WHOSE STORY of "Ratty, the Dago," appeared in our Christmas number, is a very young man and a beginner of whom much may be hoped, if he goes on writing of what he himself sees and hears. But I tremble for him and for all his ilk. A little success, and away they go to writing of life on the Riviera (from the banks of the Passaic) or of society in Bombay, from the view-point of one who was never out of Hoboken.

Now, Brother Schetty, use your eyes! Paterson is, as it were, a gold mine of literary possibility, just as are all places where human beings live and labor and love and fight and fail and conquer and die. What *is* is ever the theme for genius.

AFTER LECTURING recently in Utica I was delighted on receiving from a gentleman of that city no less than twenty-three new subscribers for the magazine. He did this graceful and useful work purely out of his interest in the good cause of Catholic literature. May his followers be countless.

MANY A MAN who chats with you easily and pleasantly and naturally withal, cannot (or at all events, does not) write you a letter except as if his mind were walking on stilts. Why won't people be as free from self-consciousness when they "take their pen in hand," etc., etc. There must be some profound reason for this almost universal inability of folks to be "folks" the minute ink and paper become the vehicle for expressing themselves. I fancy that we may trace the causes back to our time-honored method of learning to write "compositions," and to having our youthful epistolary effusions "corrected," and to being trained to follow models in letter writing. Here we are, anyhow, a world of men and women for the most part writing with about as much ease and naturalness as a Bowery "gent" manifests when accidentally finding himself compelled to sue for the hand of Mary Ann by means of the United States mails. He could and would *speak* to her with the sublime eloquence of love, if not the honeysuckle elegance of Romeo, but having to *write*, he wrestles with the high-flown and the bombastic, and succeeds in writing himself down an ass. There would seem to be some strange psychological change which takes place in our minds whenever the spontaneity of speech must give place to the formality of writing, whereby one entertaining enough as a conversationalist be-

comes a writer of the school of Miss Sophrony Pinchback of Higginses' Corners, Pike County, Kansas.

This phenomenon would be dreary and disheartening enough if it were confined to the stale, flat and unprofitable daily mail one gets; but alas, this writer's cramp extends to all writing, as every editor could convince you. It is particularly prevalent among the minor poets—the more minor the poet, the more persistent, not to say aggravating, is the stiffness of the wrist and of the wits. "Dulcet" is a temptation (when one is writing) which "sweet" need never fear (while one is merely talking).

I think that most people are afraid to write—positively afraid to write—with the ease and freedom that is their own when speaking, and so it follows that a *natural* writer like Father Tabb among great poets, and Rudyard Kipling among story-tellers, fairly startle us with the vigor, freshness and simplicity of their words.

"'Quo Vadis,' 17 Cents!" on the bookstands is proof that this marvellous book has attained the popularity which any one who read it a year ago knew must inevitably await it. I have been asked to review it in these pages, but I feel that I need not do so, as so able and (to my thinking) so just a criticism of the great Pole appeared in the *Catholic World* for February. I may say, however, in passing that I had hesitated to speak of the book—which I think is the greatest of this decade—because of the unfortunate fact that one or two of its pages had been better left out, or modified.

Sienkiewicz is a practical Catholic, and *Quo Vadis* is a powerful statement of Catholic truth and its majestic antithesis to whatsoever and whomsoever loveth or maketh a lie.

The Batteship "Maine" lies in the mud at the bottom of the harbor of Havana. As we go to press nobody knows just how the awful catastrophe was caused.

We shall soon know what the experts may be able to determine. Meanwhile the nation mourns the loss of two hundred and fifty brave men and the destruction of a noble vessel, and with the dignity becoming a mighty people makes no ungenerous inferences from the deplorably damaging circumstances and the unhappy coincidences of time and place.

Catholics are glad of the fact that the Chaplain of the fated ship is a Priest, the Reverend Father Chidwick, who, thank God, is among the saved. Doubtless many of the gallant lads who were hurled from sleep into eternity were those of whom their devoted chaplain wrote in his recent article in these pages.

They were practical Catholics; they had been from day to day in the safe keeping of the holy mother church. Father Chidwick officiated at the solemn obsequies of the lost sailors. In the awful moment of horror and death who knows what his presence may have meant to the faithful fellows so untimely called to judgment! Again hundreds of Catholics have died in the service of our beloved country. Again one wonders why there are only three Catholic chaplains in the navy. May God send us peace, and give eternal rest to the gallant sailor men of the "Maine!"

SOUL TO SOUL.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

There were only the two of us, myself and my brother Pat. He was ever the wanderer, the rover; and I bided at home with the old folks; yet my father loved him the best. I was the oldest, and then came six daughters, who grew like the lilies and dropped and faded; and the angel took them to Paradise, to the lily-land on high. And then came a boy, the darling, and the love we gave the six sisters we poured it out on him. If ever a mother loved a boy, my mother loved him; but my father's love was beyond it. He'd have given his life for Pat.

The women for miles around used to claim that the fairies had him a while when a baby. I never believed their vagaries, yet there was something strange in him, unlike the rest of our folk. He had great blue eyes that seemed ever to see something beckoning, beckoning. They were full of fun and mischief, and yet I always beheld it, that look that nothing here contented, a hunger for something afar. The tales he could tell! Why, in winter the neighbors sat round the hearthstone, in summer they clustered about our doorstep, to hear what he had to say. He told how the birds talked one to another; what the babbling brooks said to the meadows, what the thin spirits whispered together, afloat on the wings of the wind. The little green men, the fairies, the elves, the hobgoblins, you'd think them his boon companions, so serious he told you of them. And I that knew him best, could never quite fathom the meaning of the merry twinkle and the hungry longing that dwelt together, like comrades, in his big blue eyes.

'Twas I tilled the farm, and dug the potatoes, and managed the place entirely, after our father grew lame and old, and sat all day by the fire. Pat did what he liked, went up on the hill with the sheep and the lambs and the sheep-dogs, watched the clouds a-drifting past him, and made more stories, and came home to tell them there. And I was silent. There was too much work to be done, to spare time for such thinking as filled his brain the while.

There was no real harm in him, mind you. He went to his duty always; and as for serving Mass, he never tired of that. Father Francis was like my own father: he lost his heart to that boy. Yet Pat never for one moment wanted to be a priest.

"'Tis too holy for me," he said.

Perhaps I misjudged him, for in my heart I sometimes murmured, "'Tis too hard work for the likes of ye, I'm thinking." But he always maintained he saw angels above the altar, and they did not dare come too nigh it; and if they could not, how could he?

"I'll serve the Mass, like them," he said gently, and the tears would fill his eyes. If my heart were breaking I never could cry, and people said I was that cold no wonder my father always loved Pat the best. You see, I only could work for him, and people dearly love coaxing words.

My mother understood me. Sometimes when she churned the butter, and I came in tired from the farming, to find Pat with a band of the neighboring folk, beguiling time for my father—song and story, and flute playing, and my father's face a-shining—I took the dash out of her wrinkled hands and said: "Go join them. Let me mind this for you." She'd answer: "God keep you, Michael! You're the strength and the light of our lives, like our daily bread." But then she was

gone, and was spell-bound by those great blue eyes and the singing, and one little word, "*Mavourneen.*" Nobody said it like him.

Did I love him? Did any one ever see him who did not? From Father Francis they loved him, to the sheep dog and the cat! And still never a woman broke her heart for him. He cared for one woman alone, and that was his mother. Beside her, he said, there was but one other he thought of—the holy Mother of God. And every woman he met understood it. He was never meant for them.

Often I pondered it, what was he meant for, anyway? Sometimes he did not seem like us men with bodies, at all, at all. When he and our old father talked in the chimney corner about heaven and the angels, when they said the beads together, when the priest brought the Blessed Sacrament, and Pat waited on our Lord, well, even my dim eyes seemed to catch glimpses of the angels, and my dull ears caught faint echoes of heavenly hymns. My father's race and my mother's both had priests and martyrs and many a holy nun in Ireland's hard, dark days. The faith is strong in such families, and the old blood tells.

But time came when Pat grew that restless, nothing could content him. He must be up and away, past hill and tarn, to the ocean, and see what it had to tell. "I'll not be far," he said. "I'll not leave Ireland. There's many a lad leaves his people, and sails over the water, and never comes home again. Let me go when the leaves are falling. I'll come back with the turn of the spring."

For once my heart hardened against him, for the look on my father's face. I saw the old cheeks grow ashen pale, and the dear eyes wax dim. "What do you mean, lad?" I asked him, when at night we were together, and I thought I heard quiet sobbing through the thin partition betwixt our room and theirs.

"I can't help it, Mike," he said gently. He was always gentle. "Something calls me—draws me—bids me come away."

Then I remember well how I said to him, slowly and harshly: "Mind lest something call you home again all too late, my lad, for you."

And he said, more gently than ever: "Maybe God calls me; we shall know it all, one day."

So he went, and the house was lone and silent, and the winter came tardily on. We heard from him once, twice, thrice; brief, loving letters. He was happy and contented, as well and happy as we could wish our boy to be. And my father sat all day with the letters beside him, and slept all night with them underneath his head.

But the strange thing was, the peace and content that filled us, as those slow months went by. To us all came blessings. The farm did well, and somehow I was not so full of care. My father, now that the boy was no longer with him, turned to my mother and me for comfort and help and love. He would smile at me, when the day's work was ended, and I came in tired to greet him. I used to find time to say the beads with him and my mother, and to sit and talk with them as I somehow never seemed able to do before. And all the while God Almighty and the Holy Mother and saints and angels grew very real and near to us, though we could not see them as we used to think Pat could.

Christmas went past, and Candlemas came, and my father lay ill to death. And the strange thing was, he never once asked for his boy. He just gave up everything, with all the faith of his fathers, to the holy will of God.

But somehow it broke my heart more then to watch him, than if he had complained sore, and had cried for Pat. He did not love him the less, nor long for him the less, because he submitted so well. He would lie with his face to the window, looking and

listening for the light, dear footfall that never came. But he never once asked for him. He called for me and my mother, and showed us true, warm love all the time. We could never say we were not near and dear to him then, and God more dear than all. Oh, how my father prayed!

One day we knew the end was coming. I went for Father Francis, and in the early morning he brought our Lord to him, and suddenly all the envy I ever felt left me. What wouldn't I have given for our boy to wait on the priest that day! What folly mine had been! As I watched my father receiving, I cried in my heart, "God forgive me!" for the boy should have been there. I knew that my father was all ready to go, yet could not die, because of his quenchless hunger to see that beloved one's face. Father Francis left him with one long last blessing; he looked at the good old priest, his lifelong friend, with a little child's sweet look of trust and calm.

"Father Francis," he said, with a laugh that, if there's laughter in heaven, it must sound like it, "the will of the Lord is done."

The priest plainly understood him; he bent down again and blessed him. "I hope so, Dan," he said most kindly. "But the will of the Lord be always done." And my father answered, "Amen."

All day the snow fell soft and white, covering field and road and wood. All day my father lay watching, watching; not hoping, not expecting, but oh, so sure! Towards noon the wind rose, and the drifts gathered, and lay heaped up white against window and door; and by five the darkness fell, and his soul should have passed with the daylight, and yet he could not die. Oh, my God! what is that tie that binds soul to soul so strongly that even strong death itself is kept at bay?

The wind howled louder and wilder, and all the world was white with the snow-drifts, and within was no sound but my mother's praying, and my father's long drawn breath. He lay with his head on my shoulder, that dear grey head. So feeble was he that he scarce could move his hand. Oh, how the wild wind blew! You could not have made out the church-bell through it, yet, all of a sudden he sat straight up, and his eyes shone like two stars. And clear rang his voice, more clear than I ever heard it. "Open the door," he cried to me, "and let Pat in."

We thought him raving. My mother laid down her rosary, and came nigher, and put her hand on his shoulder pityingly. "Whisht, whisht, my man," she said. "Content ye, love, content ye. And why should I open the door? My lad is miles and miles away."

But, louder and stronger, in a voice like no earthly man's, he spoke to us, "Open the door," he cried, "I tell ye! Open the door, I say, and let Pat in!"

And so, just to content him, gentle and tender, she went over the floor with step soft as the snowflakes, and she set the cottage door wide open, into the wild and blinding storm; *and there he stood!*

He could never tell what brought him, he who used to talk so freely of saint and angel and sprite and fairy. He could only say that something made him do it, he had to come. If man can speak now, straight round the world, like a flash, by means that we see and hear not, may not soul speak to soul?

Through all that night, most brief and most blessed, I think 'twas a foretaste of Heaven was given us, God and his angels seemed so near. At daybreak the storm passed, and the sun shone, and, with the first ray of the sunlight, my father's soul departed in perfect peace. Then, looking at my brother, I saw that same peace,

unutterable, resting once and forever, upon his beautiful face.

"Mother, *mavourneen*," he said, "and Mike, dear, I know now. It is all plain before me. God the Almighty Father draws some souls to Him only, and we cannot escape His will."

TANTUM ERGO!

By Ray Laurance.

Beyond the western mountain,
The sunset's amber light,
All flecked with tints of opal,
Is darkening into night,
While o'er the shadowy landscape,
A solemn stillness falls,
That to the sad heart grieving,
To prayer now softly calls.

"Tantum Ergo Sacramentum!"
That old hymn strangely sweet,
Seems sung by unseen angels,
As I in tears entreat,
For light to shine upon me,
From gates of heaven divine,
"Praestet fides supplementum!"
O grant this prayer of mine!

The amber light is fading,
And twilight shadows dim
The splendor of the sunset
As sweet the glorious hymn
At vesper hour of nature of nature
To weary heart brings peace;
"Procedenti ab utroque,"
Then sorrows seem to cease.

Sweet vesper hymn of beauty!
Its harmony divine
Can calm the keenest anguish
Of aching heart of mine,
As in the solemn twilight,
I grieve for loved one gone,
Who sings the Tantum Ergo
In unseen heavenly throng!

WHY WORKINGMEN ARE DISCONTENTED.

BY REV. HERBERT N. CASSON.

No unwelcome fact is more conspicuous to-day than that of social discontent. A general feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction, a conviction that some change in our social system must soon be made, can everywhere be found among the workers of our stores and factories, and among the toilers of our farms and streets. Evidences of this discontent appear in the strikes that are constantly occurring, in the increasing number of labor papers and pamphlets, and in the flood of books on social reform that comes pouring from the press. It has been recognized by the leaders of all political parties, by the professors of all our great colleges, and by the highest dignitaries of the Church. It is not, as it was in the earlier part of the century, merely the result of the energy, ambition and high aspiration which the founders of this country possessed. The discontent of to-day has in it an element of sullenness, ill feeling and despair which was formerly unknown in American communities.

Our workingmen are discontented, not because they have failed to attain their highest ideals, but because it is becoming every year more difficult to provide the simple necessaries of life for their wives and families. The same old problem of existence, which they thought they had solved by emigration, now confronts them again in the cities of the New World.

It is not the "divine discontent" of the poet, who yearns for higher revelations of truth, but the defiant discontent of a herd of deer at bay. It is the discontent of men who feel that they have been wronged.

In our complex and interdependent civilization, it is difficult to trace effects back to their causes. A thousand causes combine to-day to produce a single result, just as countless rills and streams co-operate to make the mighty Mississippi. In searching for the cause of any social evil, we can at best only point out the general direction from which the streams of influence arise.

One cause of discontent among the masses, as has been pointed out by Mayor Ramsdell in the columns of this magazine, is the invention of labor-saving machinery. This has entirely changed the whole process of production in four-fifths of our industries. Machinery has so far proved a terrible disappointment to the workers. They expected it to lighten their labor, and it has done so, by throwing them on the street unemployed. They thought it would add more money to their wages, but as reduction follows reduction, they discover their mistake. They thought it would relieve them of the drudgery of hand-labor, but by the introduction of the factory system, it has made their tasks more monotonous than ever.

Instead of the skilled worker of former times, whose many years of apprenticeship had rendered him a valuable and respected member of society, we now have the unskilled machine operative, who becomes a full-fledged producer in half a day.

Many of the latest machines are so constructed that a child can run them as well as a man, and a few are already so marvellously automatic that they need little or no attention.

Under our present industrial system labor is a commodity, and the price of it is called wages. Consequently, the introduction of machinery has made human labor a cheap and common

thing. The market is glutted with labor, and the price of it has been steadily falling. We notice with pleasure the low prices of goods in the store windows, but we should remember with pain that things would not be so cheap if flesh and blood were dearer. The poor seamstress who toils in a Boston attic for five cents an hour cannot believe that cheap, ready-made clothing is an unmixed blessing.

In the days of slavery a negro was often valued at a thousand dollars, but there are American citizens, born white and free, who seek in vain for an employer, and who bitterly realize that their cash value is less than that of a horse.

Machinery has made life harder, not only for the unemployed, but also for those who remain at work. It has brought an intensity and speed into industry never known before. Ten years in a modern factory will shatter the nerves of all but the strongest. When a man works beside a wheel that is making a thousand revolutions a minute, with whirring belts and rolling shafts on all sides and over his head, there is a constant strain upon the nervous system that the hand-workers of the last century never had to endure. Four hours' work to-day requires as much vitality as twelve hours' work formerly did. The severe and almost martial discipline of the factories is also a prolific cause of discontent. The merry songs and jovial conversation that accompanied the labor of the mechanic in days gone by, are heard no longer. The din of the machinery creates a barrier between every worker and his mate, and the lynx-eyed foreman will tolerate no trifling.

The worker feels as if his humanness had departed. He is no longer a man; he is a machine afflicted with consciousness. Instead of a name, he has a number, as if he were a convict. He is only a cog in a great impersonal organism. He has lost the pleasure of shaping and creating, which the artisan of the Middle Ages possessed, for in the factory every worker makes only a part of the thing which is being produced. He must take his place in the line, and repeat the same monotonous operation, day after day, and year after year, as if he were a wooden automaton, and not one of God's children.

There is no denying that the factory system has been an immense aid to production, and factory work would be quite endurable for three or four hours a day. But to perform such a mechanical task for nine and ten hours a day, and with such exhausting rapidity, is almost intolerable to thousands of our intelligent and sensitive operatives. A number of arbitrary rules and regulations, drawn up too frequently without any reference to the comfort or the feelings of the workers, also serve to render their lot an unpleasant one. The fining system, as enforced at New Bedford, is a cause of much dissatisfaction in New England.

Forty years ago we had the West as a safety valve, and all who felt themselves wronged or uncomfortable could cross the Mississippi and start a factory or town of their own. But to-day conditions are very similar in all States. The great organisms of production which we call trusts embrace every State, and control the larger industries in every city and village. The workingman feels as if he were entangled in a gigantic net, which is gradually being tightened around him. The forces that are controlling the industrial affairs of the nation seem to be beyond his reach. He feels himself to be but an insignificant unit in a vast rabble, moved this way and that way, and flung to the ground by movements that are beyond his power to check.

A constant uncertainty follows him like a shadow. At any moment some machine or new invention may displace him; or some trust may curtail production by closing up the factory

in which he works. His home is built on the edge of a precipice. This hand-to-mouth existence is rendered still more precarious by the natural improvidence and generosity of our workingmen. Until the last two decades, they had no reason to save money, or to be economical. Never before have the masses had so high a standard of living as in America. The money used to come easily, and go easily, and until recently our workers never needed to learn the grim lesson of parsimonious thrift. Our late strikes have revealed the fact that the average workingman's little hoard is exhausted in less than a month. So it is not conducive to a serene and peaceful frame of mind for a husband and father to realize that only a few short weeks separate his loved family from destitution.

If some terrible calamity had swept away our national wealth, if the wheat fields of the West had been blighted, or the mills upon the Merrimac burned down, the workingman would cheerfully shoulder his share of the loss, and accept his diminished wages with patriotic stoicism. But the daily testimony of his eyes assures him that such is not the case. On his way to work every week-day morning he passes scores of stores and warehouses filled from cellar to roof with merchandise from every quarter of the globe. On every hand, in the business part of the city, there are massive evidences of wealth and prosperity. The jewelry stores are all ablaze with ornaments and precious stones. The theatres are filled every week night, and the price of a seat averages as much as a laborer's daily wages. There has been no earthquake, no plague, no famine, no war. How, then, can you wonder at the honest mechanic if he is discontented when he passes through the city's dazzling splendor to his comfortless three-roomed home in some dismal tenement? How can you blame him if rebellious thoughts of injustice and social wrong arise within his mind? And how can contentment dwell within his breast while such glaring inequalities continue?

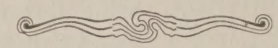
In short, our workingmen are rapidly forming the opinion that the benefits of civilization have not been justly distributed. They are realizing that our trust-makers are organizing a new system of industry which does not take into consideration the welfare of the workers. They feel as if they were being thrown upon the social dump, like a depreciated commodity.

So far as present conditions are concerned, it would have been far better for thousands of workingmen if America had never been discovered, far better if they had been born in the ninth century, instead of the nineteenth. Ten thousand a year prove, by taking their own lives, that in their opinion, at least, it would have been better if they had never been born at all. The promise of "inalienable rights to life, liberty and happiness" has never been fulfilled to this generation of American working people, and they are naturally wondering if political freedom and industrial feudalism are consistent with each other.

There is, of course, a brighter side to the picture than the one of which I have been writing; but the dark side exists, and there are only too few to point to it with sympathy. It is a stern and remorseless fact that, unless civilization can abolish the undeserved poverty that abounds in every American city, the civilization itself will be undermined and overthrown. The wrath of a free people is irresistible, when moved by the consciousness of oppression.

Our present industrial system is unsatisfactory to almost all of us, with its reductions, and strikes, and bankruptcies, and competitive chaos. We cannot accept it as a finality. All that is noblest in us rebels against it. The cry of the poor is its perpetual accusation. The daily spectacle of overworked children and unemployed

men, of the destruction of human souls by the enervations of luxury on the one hand and the deprivations of poverty on the other, and of the subserviency of Government to insatiable trusts, is awakening a righteous discontent in the heart of every honest and patriotic citizen. I trust the time is not so far distant when these evils of our national childhood shall pass away, and when our country shall become the land of happy comrades and equal opportunities—the great International Republic.



THE BUGLE CALL.

By Jean E. U. Nealis.

A year ago I loved to hear
  Its sweet tones rise and fall,
Across the harbor, shrill and clear —
  The Rifle's bugle call.

Where one I loved its voice obeyed,
  Fain, with a loyal heart,
By death or danger undismayed,
  To bear a soldier's part.

That was a year ago—but now
  Its notes unheeded fall;
My love has heard, and answered to,
  A higher bugle call.

So sweet! so thrilling sweet its sound
  No earthly melody,
Can reach the tenderness profound
  Of its sweet "Follow me!"

O Voice of Love! how blest was he,
  Permitted to forsake,
The phantom glory of this world, to be
  A beggar, — for thy sake!

A COMING ATTRACTION.

BY MARGARET M. HALVEY.

This lay of the stone-breaker is only interrupted as a rule for the customary salutation in the case of strangers, but our tourist no longer cared to be considered such; he had learned that the initiative must come naturally from the less occupied party, and usually his wheel was stayed before the workers had time to answer "God save you kindly!" to his cheery call of "Bless your work!"

On this ride, however, while no greeting was omitted, the feeling of restlessness that had grown suddenly upon him rendered him less companionable than was his wont. From the far side of hedges where reapers were halted to manoeuvre the return trip to the opposite limit of the field many an invitation to "come an' rest" was extended him, but he literally "stopped not at brake and stayed not at stone" urged on by recollections of unanswered letters and jumbled notes that craved assortment, now filling his traveling desk in the hotel of the market town fully eight miles distant. This locality he had strayed to was new and tempting. A stone's throw away stood the ruins of an historic abbey, showing a solid ivied front to the shaded roadway, and straight up to its foundation stones ran the trim graveled paths of such a kitchen garden as Germaine had learned so to know as to feel confident that, for all his life he should associate each summer month with the particular patches of color and wafts of perfume which predominate in turn these Irish country gardens.

The abbey and its blooming environs were noted as possible scenes of future excursion while the rider faced persistently onward. Soon the grateful shade overhead grew roof-like in its density, and as a consequence of such protection the good American wheel made discernible tracks in the soft dampness of the roadway. The tall elms and chestnuts, to whose glorious luxuriance the travelers thereabout grow quickly accustomed, were at this point reinforced by a privet hedge of uncommon height and thickness, behind which showed a wide expanse of orchard running roadwise. The apple boughs bent, heavy with their weight of fruity honors, and for all his pre-occupation and the dignity of his twenty-seven years of American citizenship, the man a-wheel fully understood and sympathized with the longings of some idle urchins who, each with an arm clasping to the best of its ability the trunk of elm or chestnut, swung themselves back and forth on the footpath as though loath to go further.

"Buy us some apples, sir?" said the one whose swaying power brought him nearest the rider.

There was not much of insistence or expectation in his tone, and he looked quite as much surprised as were his companions when the wheel was steadied by his pivotal elm and the party addressed answered with another question quite in the accredited national fashion.

"Where can you buy the apples, my boy?"

"Why, at the orchard house, sir, — Winnie is in there now."

"Then let us go together," said Mr. Germaine, relinquishing his iron steed to the hands so evidently desirous to assist in the trundling process, and with it the prospect of that "good evening's work" he had promised himself during the past hour of rapid transit. Truly, the tastes inherited of

Eve may not be outgrown, and once more before the well-known combination of apples and curiosity, good intentions were powerless.

The impromptu procession, turning from the high road down a narrow laneway, soon reached the gate, which afforded ingress to the land of delight, and there the leaders showed a disposition to pause.

"The orchard man,—that's Winnie's grandfather, — don't like us in there, sir," volunteered the spokesman of the crowd. "We'll mind the bicycle here till you come out, if you like."

"Oh, come on, lads. I meant to treat, if I did not exactly say so. Grandfather can't possibly object, if he is willing to sell the apples."

"He is not here at all, Tom; he's gone to town with the tankards," broke in a voice that Mr. Germaine surmised must belong to "Winnie" even before the gate which she controlled from some secret vantage ground swung half-way open, and the orchard-girl smiled upon her prospective customers.

She was not by any means a typical colleen as the soubrette sees her, but then four months' acquaintance with Ireland as she is had completely eradicated the impression that such existed.

Mr. Germaine's lifted cap and respectful request for permission to stow his wheel by the orchard house were the expression of the modern manners which substitute the gallantry of her bygone period.

Here at least was an incident that he would not assign to Winston or the poet, — he decided in the brief space required to secure the bicycle, during which simple operation his movements were considerably hampered by the "helping" propensity of his new friends whose informal introduction of him as a "gen'leman goin' to treat" was evidently amusing to the guardian nymph of this sylvan scene.

"The possibilities of Fairyland," he thought, as his eye fell on the ivied orchard house, — so-called, — a one-story structure, its capability that of a single living room, the rough stones of its squat walls held together apparently by some innate power of adhesion in its early days, now reinforced by the helpful ivy that overran from the mossy base to the thatch of golden newness.

Apple trees stood sturdily behind, beside and before; to effect entrance he saw it was necessary to economize personal bulk as much as possible, passing between twin giants of the race whose gnarled roots thresholded the low door. Over this improvised threshold Winifred Farrell stepped on her way to add some newly picked apples to the heap of fragrant beauties that lay in sight on the clay floor.

She paused an instant to give a mischievous sidewise shake that sent a few rosy wanderers pattering on the bowed head and shoulders of the "gossoons" abhorred of her grandfather, who, deep in contemplation of American mechanism, had for the moment forgotten their promised treat.

The lads looked up to laugh, and Germaine, whose position placed him beyond reach of the bombardment, wished most fervently for a "snapshot" that the picture thus unconsciously made should be some day more intelligible to the scenic artist than his written or spoken description could make it.

What an entrance it would be if only faithfully reproduced, and what surroundings! No plantation cabin in the palmiest days of Southern popularity was ever half so picturesque as this ivied hut, — the summer house of the orchard man, who here kept daily and nightly guard until his treasures were safely housed for winter keeping. The luxuriance of the grass that reflected in its variegated green overhead shadows and sparse interstices of the great leaning branches, and the dense growth of the privet and hawthorne

hedges were in themselves the hall-mark of that aristocracy that Ireland concedes alone to age and long possession. An "upstart" owner would have clipped the hedges to regulation height and pattern, and of a certainty thinned out those overgrown trees (some of which were certainly past burden bearing, like many a Ballymoore dependent rejoicing in the same considerate treatment) so as to permit a view from the pike road of the "Big House," that now barely showed beyond the orchard limits.

Not so "Masther Art," otherwise Arthur Mangam Moore, Esq., the bachelor proprietor of "Moore Hall," and sole male representative in his generation of the "rale ould stock" on both sides of the family, "the best in the barony."

From him Murtagh Farrell leased the road orchard every year, or rather took yearly possession by right of some remembered lease, notwithstanding persistent offers from traveling marketmen and thrifty Scotch agriculturists willing to "double his bid."

"Murt knows what it's worth to him; he settled that with my father, or his father did, I'm not sure which it was," "Master Art" would say with the bored air which was his only open expression of annoyance when would-be purchasers forced an audience. "I do not feel equal to making new calculations."

Any calculation which excluded the trusty Murt, and, in consequence, this dainty granddaughter of his would indeed have detracted sadly from the wonderful picturesqueness of Ballymoore and its present availability for Mr. Germaine's artistic purposes. True, he decided on sight, Winifred Farrell looked more fitting occupant for the Big House itself, and even before she reappeared with announcement of her willingness to attend the pleasure of her visitors, he had concluded that no fair creator of roles amongst his stage acquaintances could acceptably fill that, which she unconsciously suggested.

The slimness that still conveyed the idea of strength, the erectness that avoided all stiffness of outline, were as difficult of artificial attainment as were the satiny skin, with its wavering bloom, of imitation by any known process of "make-up." Her beauty was not that of startling contrast, but rather the result of repetition in tints that made one doubt why, if her eyes were correctly "hazel," — the term brown could be applied to the abundant hair which reproduced their coloring with such exactitude, even repeating their yellow lights in the occasional golden glint the sunshine discovered in the smoothly braided coils.

Only the lightly arched brows and thick lashes lent her face requisite shadows that redeemed it from over-fairness, for in them the hazel deepened to positive brown, precisely as the wild rose shading of cheek and ear merged in the decided pinkness of the full, childish mouth.

The apparent anamoly of her conventional daintiness of physique and manner and decidedly unconventional surroundings was explained to the playwright's satisfaction, when, listening a little later to the simple story of the twenty years that represented Winnie's present obligation to Father Time: even the story writer, however, would have failed to discover therein any incident or coincidence for future use.

The death of her parents when she was little past babyhood had made her an occupant of her grandfather's house, whence she was taken at the commencement of school days to that of an aunt, who was the wife of a well-to-do tradesman in the nearby town. There for many years, — fully twice the number usually accorded to middle-class education, — Winifred attended the school of the Mercy Sisters, whose present directress had worn, before the honored name of Mother

Teresa (now endeared to a generation of pupils) that equally well prized of the county, — Miss Dora Moore of Ballymoore.

The little girl's sweet voice was the good Sisters' discovery and special charge, and they had cultivated her musical aptitude until, at twenty, she was competent to fill Sister Cecilia's place at the class piano and chapel harmonium when occasion arose. This was the first vacation term the old grandfather had chosen to assert his right to her society; in former summers she had only been an occasional visitor, but this year at his request she stayed to assist the ancient dame who since her grandmother's death occupied the cottage next the lodge during Murt's tenancy of the Orchard Establishment. It was Winnie now who carried the old man's meals to "save his steps," as he phrased it, so lessening the chances of the predatory "gossoons," — sometimes in gipsy fashion she indulged in open air cooking on his account, — she sorted the apples, waited upon occasional customers and kept the somewhat complicated "reckonings" of grandfather and the town dealers whose shops and stands he supplied for fair eve and market day. All this Mr. Germaine discovered while ostensibly devoting his attention to the acquisition of information regarding the respective merits of "Eve Apples" and "russets" and "tankards" which his proteges sampled at his bidding, only interrupting proceedings to pronounce opinions that had at least the merit of being founded on personal experiment.

To Winnie's future, nobody, Winnie's self least of all, seemed to have given as yet any particular thought, and the fertile imagination of the American playwright who dealt in futurity as a speculation had, within an hour's acquaintance, discovered more possibilities therein than the whole Clan Farrell would have done in consecutive lifetimes. Considering Winnifred's beauty and accomplishments and the bachelorhood of the proprietor of Ballymoore (with the powerful factor of propinquity to aid developments), what more likely for her than future occupancy of the Hall?

This finale, satisfactory in the theatrical sense, was, however, dismissed as improbable even before he took unwilling departure, a proceeding he felt obliged to hasten in deference to the expressed wishes of the "gossoons," who still preferred to avoid "meetin' Murt."

"Master Art" had strolled in from the region of the stable and farmyard to enquire if Murt had yet arrived from town with the "papers," and, delighted to meet an American, had extended cordial invitation for a more formal visit. His manner to Winnie was precisely what her grandfather's might be supposed to be, while he evidently enjoyed appreciation of her superiority as he did the tourist's admiration of all his surroundings.

This was explainable in more ways than the ordinary one of proprietary interest in the tenants he had grown up amongst.

Master Art himself was Winnie's "Gossip," and her Godmother had been a certain Miss Winnie Leigh, whose death, in the bloom of her sweet young womanhood, was set down by the wiseacres as the still existent reason why no mistress had come to Moore Hall since Master Art's honored mother was borne thence.

Then, too, he had always a protege on hand, whose "looking after" during educational years was one of the occupations he chose to vary the uneventful round of his bachelor existence, in common with the "meets" he was never known to miss at hunting season and the "cricket matches" that his enthusiastic support had raised to the level of county "events."

(To be continued.)

Le Pardon de Sainte Anne.

THE NIGHT GROWS LATE.

By Francis W. Grey.

I waited patiently for Thee, my God:
Nay, was it patiently? I could but wait
Like some poor outcast at a rich man's gate,
Or pilgrim who a weary way hath trod,
Who footsore, travel-stained, and sandal-shod,
Knocks for admittance at the barred gate
Of cloister-portal, when the night grows late.
So have I waited, waited. Lord, the rod
Of Thy past chastisement hath heavy lain
On my unwilling shoulders; Thou hast heard
My prayer at last; I waited not in vain,
For at my cry, Thy loving heart was stirred;
Ah! not unmarked my penance and my pain;
Thou hast indeed been faithful to Thy word.

THE HOME LIFE OF A '98 LEADER.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

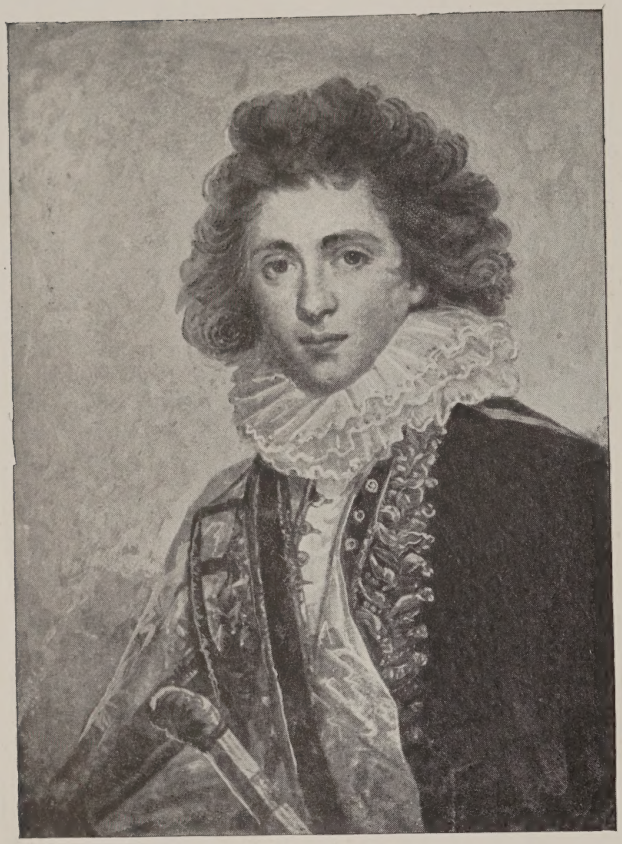
BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

In Ireland they always call him "Lord Edward." There is no other Lord Edward for them. His picture, with that of Robert Emmet, hangs among the colored effigies of the saints on every cabin wall and grows browner with the turf-smoke. There it is, the irresistibly gay, roguish, tender face as we view it in Hunt's portrait: nut-brown is a loose shock of hair, though those were the days of powder; brown-eyed, set off delightfully by the revolutionary dress; the green coat, the red cravat, the white breeches. The mouth is as sweet as a girl's, and the black eyebrows are lifted with a whimsical air.

That very "wearing of the green" once brought him into an adventure when returning from the Curragh races to the cottage at Kildare, where he and Pamela and the little child of their love lived during an idyllic season of love and joy. Then he was wearing a cravat of green, and already loyal people were beginning to fight shy of the United Irishmen.

Lord Edward, with his friend Arthur O'Connor, was cantering home gaily to "Pam" and "the young plant" in the dews of the evening after the race had been won. Hard on the steps of the riders came clattering ten or a dozen officers, who, riding past them at full gallop, suddenly wheeled round and barred their way. "Take off your rebelly cravat," they cried. But they had mistaken the spirit of the Geraldine, the noblest of all that race of great soldiers and statesmen. Lord Edward faced them. "Your cloth would speak you to be gentlemen," he said, "but your conduct conveys another impression. As to this neck-cloth that offends you, here I stand! Let any man among you

LADY EDWARD FITZGERALD.



LORD HENRY FITZGERALD.

From an engraving in the National Gallery of Ireland.

take it off." None of the warriors volunteered for the service. After a minute, during which they stared at each other, Arthur O'Connor interposed, saying that if any two of the gentlemen would send their friends he and Lord Edward would be found at the cottage at Kildare. The crestfallen attacking party watched them ride off into the night without a word, and no challenge was sent, though Lord Edward and his friend waited in expectation many days. The thing got noised about, and at a ball shortly afterwards these officers were entirely boycotted by the ladies present, which shows that the sympathies of the belles of that day were on the side of Lord Edward.

The Fitzgeralds are the noblest line in Ireland. Sprung from an Italian ancestry, they had come to be merged in the Normans by the time they landed on the Irish shores with Strongbow. All the world knows how, fostered on the milk of Irish mothers and born into the dewy Irish country, they became more Irish than the Irish; of the great Earl of Kildare, of whom Henry VII. said: "Since all Ireland cannot govern the Earl of Kildare, the Earl of Kildare shall govern all Ireland"; of Silken Thomas and his Rebellion against England; of the Desmond Fitzgeralds and their Rebellion, which went out under a bloody pall, leaving all fair Munster to the terrible famine which Spenser described; of all these things I have no time to tell, though the telling were well worth while.

It must have cost them a pang to cease being earls of Kildare when they became dukes of Leinster. The first duke was Lord Edward's father. His mother was Emilia Mary, daughter of the Duke of Richmond. Lord Edward was the fifth son. When he was ten years old his father died and not long after the duchess married Mr. William Ogilvie, who had been her sons' tutor. Moore in his "Life" of Lord Edward mentions Mr. Ogilvie as a gentleman of an ancient Scottish family, "being the representative of the first holder, of that name, of the bar-

DRAWING ROOM AT CARTON HOUSE, MAYNOOTH. (Looking west.)

EXTERIOR OF CARTON HOUSE.

onies of Milltoun and Achoynanie." Mrs. Delany in her memoirs says that the marriage of the duchess, esteemed one of the powerful women in the kingdom, had caused wide-spread amazement.

However that may be, Mr. Ogilvie seems to have been much beloved by his step-children. Soon after the marriage they removed to the Duke of Richmond's French house at Aubigny, taking most of the duchess' children with them. Here Mr. Ogilvie took into his own hands the training of little Lord Edward for the army.

In the first letter of the exquisite series of letters written to his mother during a temporary absence, the boy shows his joy in his studies. It was Moore's happy privilege to make these letters ours.

"I am now erecting a beautiful fortification in the orangery, and am quite delighted with it. I wish you could see it; for I know you would think it very pretty. When it is finished I intend to put the cannons of both our ships on it and to fire away. What is the pleasantest of all, I laid it all out myself. I also took a very pretty survey of the fields round the Garonne, and have, though I colored it, made a very pretty plan; and Mr. Oglivie didn't touch it hardly at all. I just colored the borders of the fields and left the inside white, which makes a very good effect. I did all the trees in Indian ink."

When Lord Edward was sixteen the family returned to England and soon afterwards he joined the Sussex militia, of which his uncle, the Duke of Richmond, was colonel. How well Mr. Ogilvie had taught him was proved by the fact that when a camp was to be formed for the regiment, the young Edward directed operations with a knowledge and skill which much amazed the spectators. He writes to his mother with pride of

Lord Edward's Mother.

the camp, which, "when we have dressed it a little, it will be beautiful." After a time he passed from the militia into the 96th Regiment of foot, and in the autumn of 1780 joined his regiment in Ireland and was stationed at Youghal.

It is a lad of seventeen who writes: "There is to be a great assembly here to-night, and the misses are all in a great hurry to show themselves off to the officers."

Lord Edward was always susceptible to the charms of women. That he wielded a pen femininely light for gossip and chatter is proved by an epistle a month later.

"I met Lady Inchiquin in the same old maroon-colored gown I saw her in when we left Ireland; only indeed I must say, to give the devil his due, that it was made up into a jacket and petticoat. Miss Sandford was with her. She is a charming girl, very pretty, with a great deal of wit; in short, if I had had time I should have fallen desperately in love with her."

The duchess does not seem to have snubbed her precocious boy. Indeed she was the confidante of his love affairs, and her sympathy was the more easily given, be sure, knowing the strength of his immense love for herself. Indeed, so great was this love, that we might call him par excellence, the son.

In 1781 he exchanged into the 19th Regiment and embarking with it at Cork sailed to Charleston. He served with great distinction during the American War of Independence. For special acts of valor he was soon appointed aide-de-camp upon the staff of Lord Rawdon, the commander-in-chief. After Lord Rawdon's return to England he rejoined his regiment and in an engagement received a severe wound in the thigh. He was found on the battlefield by a negro, who removed him to his hut, and nursed him most tenderly till he was well enough to be removed to Charleston. This was no other than the "faithful Tony" of whom we hear so much in Lord Edward's later history. He attached himself to Lord Edward's person, and returned with him in due course to Europe.

"I never knew so lovable a person," wrote General Sir John Doyle, his superior officer at this time, "and every man in the army, from the general to the drummer, would cheer the expression. His frank and open manner, his universal benevolence, his *gaieté de coeur*, his valor almost chivalrous, and above all his unassuming tone, made him the idol of all who served with him. He had great animal spirits, which bore him up against all fatigue, but his courage was entirely independent of those spirits, it was a valor *sui generis*.

Americans, who are fascinated by this figure so radiant, so gay, so sweet, and so unhappy, will like to remember that when Lord Edward was lying in prison in Dublin, the prison from which he was to be carried out feet foremost, he said to a friend of those early days: "Ah, I was wounded then in a very different cause, that was in fighting against liberty, this is fighting for it."

He served in the West Indies after the American war was over, and before he returned home. After his fighting days he found the home life, even though he was returned as member for Athy, very dull. "Really a man must be a clever fellow," he writes, "who after being a week at Carton can write a letter."

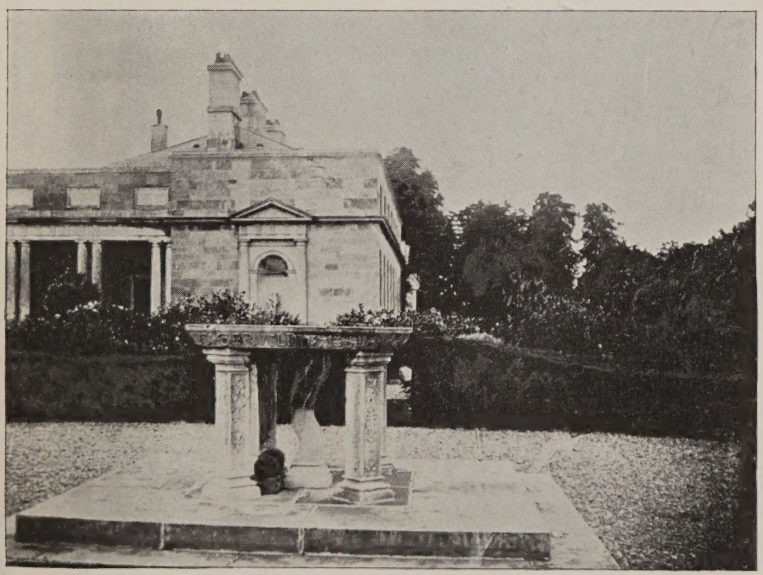
One remembers this when one views Carton, the great, homely, comfortable house in the midst of a flat country, lonely amid its belts of trees, which give an occasional glimpse of the mountains.

For two years he remained at home, and being almost constantly with his precious mother, the letters in which he reveals himself so intimately are lost. In 1786 he went to Woolwich, and in his letters from there we hear of his first passion, that for the Lady

Catherine Mead, second daughter of Lord Clanwilliam. He discourses very freely to his mother of the depth of his passion for his "dear, pretty Kate."

BACK VIEW OF FRESCATI.

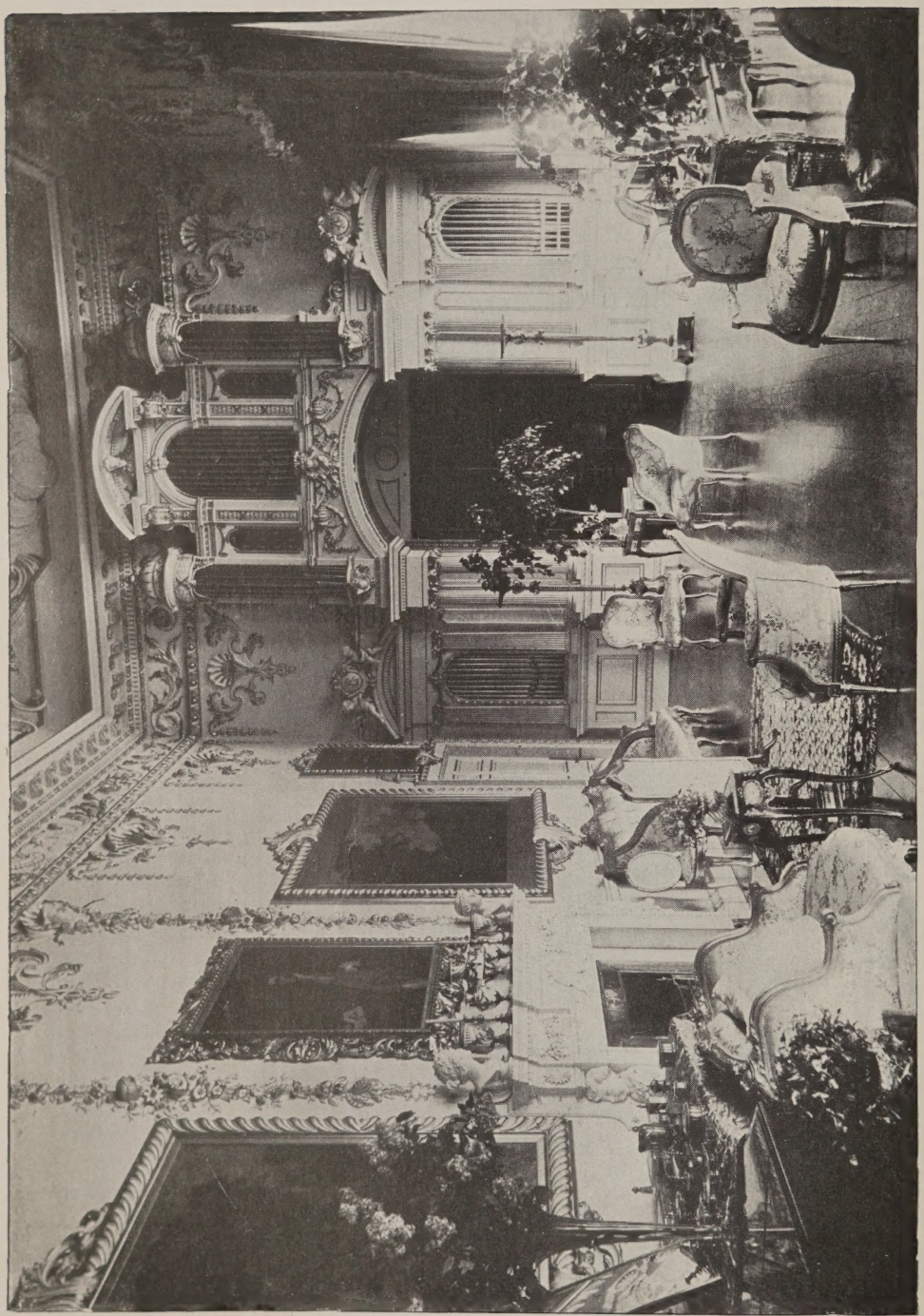
"I want you to like her almost as much as I do, it is a feeling I always have with people I love excessively. Did you not feel to love her very much and wish for me when you saw her look pretty at the cottage? I think I see you looking at her and saying to yourself: 'I wish my dear Eddy were here.' Pray do not let Ogilvie spoil you; I am sure he will try, crying 'Nonsense! Fool! Fool! all imagination! By heavens, you will be the ruin of that boy!' My dear mother, if you mind him, and do not write me pleasant letters and always say something of pretty Kate, I will never answer your letters."



THE STONE COUNCIL TABLE, FORMERLY IN MAYNOOTH CASTLE.

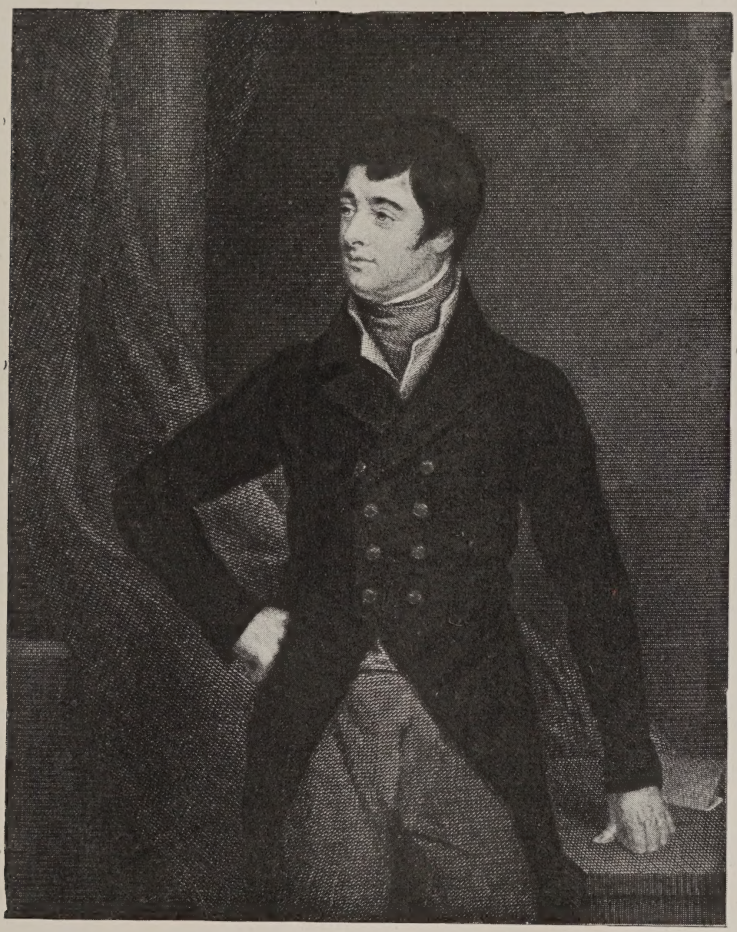
"However, the fates were unpropitious to him and "pretty Kate." "*La dragonne*," as he calls Lady Clanwilliam, was too much for him, and pretty Kate within a few years became Lady Powerscourt.

There are all a lover's vapors in the letters to his mother during this period, yet



DRAWING ROOM AT CARTON HOUSE, MAYNOOTH. (Looking east.)

he was ever the son even more than the lover. "Suppose you were here, and to say to me, 'If you think of that girl I will never forgive you,' what should I do?" This in the midst of his rhapsodies proves that Richmond. "I dote on 'G'" is the first appearance of the new charmer, and the next, about twelve days later, "I am glad sweetest Kate is grown fat. I love her more than anything yet, though I have seen a great deal



LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD.

his worshiped mother was yet first, as indeed I think she was always, and not even Pamela excepted.

About ten days later we find the first mention of the "G" who was to oust pretty Kate from this Romeo's heart, and for whom his feeling was a far more serious affair. He is on a visit to Goodwood, with the Duke of of G. I own fairly I am not in such bad spirits as I was, particularly when I am with G., whom I certainly love better than any of her sisters. However, I can safely say, I have not been *infidelé* to Kate, whenever I thought of her, which I do very often, though not so constantly as usual."

With one or two extracts to show

PAMELA AND "THE YOUNG PLANT."

the tenderness of his feelings for his mother, I must hurry from those early days, as they, alas! were hurrying on to the night and storm ahead.

In 1787 he was in Dublin, and visited Frescati, the little house at Blackrock, near Dublin, so tenderly associated with the most moving romance of Lord Edward's life.

"You cannot think," he writes, "how I feel to want you here. I dined and slept at Frescati the other day, Ogilvie and I, *tête-à-tête*. We talked a great deal of you. Though the place makes me melancholy, yet it gives one pleasant feelings. To be sure, the going to bed without wishing you a good night, the coming down in the morning and not seeing you, the sauntering about in the fine sunshine, looking at your flowers and shrubs without you to lean upon one, was all very bad, indeed."

A little later the death of one of his friends terrifies him with that shadow of fear which death casts upon love.

"It is time for me to go to Frescati. Why are you not there, dearest of mothers? But it feels a little like seeing you, too, to go there. We shall talk a great deal of you. I am not half so merry as I should be if you were here. I get tired of everything, and want to have you to go and talk to. You are, after all, what I love best in the world. I always return to you, and find it is the only love I do not deceive myself in. I love you more than I think I do, but I will not give way to such thoughts, for it always makes me grave. I really made myself miserable for two days since I left you, by this sort of reflections, and in thinking over with myself what misfortunes I *could* bear, I found there was one I *could not*,—but God bless you."

The life is so full that I must pass over Lord Edward's Spanish tour. His second love affair was meanwhile going badly, and it ended in his being forbidden the house by the lady's father. In the search of distraction he resolved to take up his soldiering life once more, and without acquainting even his mother with his design he joined the 54th Regiment, then stationed at New Brunswick. To the period of his American life belong some of his most charming letters, letters which prove that if he had not been by excellence patriot, soldier, son and lover, he might have excelled in "literature."

How he longed to return to the primitive state of peaceful living he saw among the Indians of North America! If he were like them, his G's father would not have been so stony-hearted. He would have hunted and fished and fought for his bride. Then, after an extract charged with tragic feeling, he goes on to picture all his beloved home people playing the roles of Indians, gayly humorous once more.

He takes long walks, and lives over again all the events of the previous year when he was with his mother; the incidents, the little family talks to which the outsider has no key. "In short, dearest, I have you with me always; I talk to you, I look at your meek face when you submitted to all my little tyranny. The feel of the air even reminds me of you."

To my ears it reads like Eugénie de Guerin, the style is as limpid and sweet. Only no great man of letters has discovered Lord Edward, or all else he was has overshadowed this aspect of him.

He is in the woods sleeping out at night, with one blanket, in the depths of the winter, or he is making parties with the savages. Ever the mother has a rope round his heart, which gives sharp tugs at it. Once he is the traveling companion of Indians. "You would have laughed to have seen me carrying an old squaw's pack, which was so heavy I could hardly waddle under it." This is during an expedition from New Brunswick to Quebec, through uninhabited woods, morasses and mountains. He was accompanied on this expedition by a

brother officer, his faithful Tony, and two woodsmen. They steered by compass, and of course slept out in the woods at night. His travels afterward led him from Quebec to Montreal, Niagara, Fort Erie, Detroit, and down the Mississippi to New Orleans. He traveled with Joseph Brant, an Indian chief, and made such friends with the Indians along his route that at Detroit he was formally enrolled of their nation, and admitted a member of the Bear tribe.

He reached New Orleans only to hear that his beloved "G" was married. It seems to have been a great blow to him, for with his sanguine nature he had never ceased to hope that her father would relent.

Almost immediately upon his return he had an interview with Mr. Pitt, and was offered the command of the expedition against Cadiz, which he accepted joyfully, as an employment likely to give him the distraction he needed. However, learning immediately afterward that during his absence his brother had had him returned as member for Kildare, he gave up the military command.

In October, 1792, he was in Paris, lodging with Tom Paine. He attended a banquet given at White's Hotel, to commemorate the victories gained by the arms of France. The toasts were revolutionary in the extreme, and at the end of the proceedings Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Sir Robert Smith renounced their titles and a toast was drunk, "The speedy abolition of all hereditary titles and feudal distinctions."

"I dine to-day with Mme. Sillery," he writes in one of the charming letters which give a brilliant description of social happenings in the French capital. Mme. Sillery is better known to us as Mme. de Genlis.

A couple of evenings before the date of this letter he had seen through a *loge grillée* in the theatre a face which fascinated him. It was Pamela, and "I dine to-day with Mme. Sillery" is but a rapid sequel to the interest that lovely face awoke in him. He was not a lover to let grass grow under his feet. In less than a month after their first meeting Pamela was Lady Edward Fitzgerald. This girl, whom Mme. de Genlis said was her adopted daughter and the child of an English couple named Sims, is supposed to have really been the child of Phillipe Egalité, Duke of Orleans, and Mme. de Genlis. Some of the letter-writers of '98 refer to her as Lady Egalité.

Meanwhile Lord Edward, for his share in the English Festival at Paris, had been dismissed the army, but he was in no mind to let that cloud his happiness. Characteristically he had written to ask his mother's consent, but was too impatient to wait for it. She, who understood every pulse of his heart, was not likely to damp his happiness. Almost immediately after the marriage they made a visit of some weeks' duration to the Duchess in London before taking the packet to Dublin, where they arrived on the 26th of January, 1793.

Frankly, I am more interested at this moment in Lord Edward's happy love story than in his Parliamentary career, which was contemporaneous with it. He had hardly set foot in Ireland, indeed, before he was in hot water with the government, having boldly and outspokenly flung in his lot with the National party.

Dublin was still a gay capital. The wave of splendid festivity, inaugurated by the Rutland vice-royalty, had not yet ebbed, to leave the city to darkness and decay. One can imagine that the rebellious Geraldine and his lovely French wife were romantic figures in the social life of the capital, for the United Irish Society was still fashionable, and the belles loved to appear at the Rotunda balls in their gowns of green or white poplin, powdered with shamrocks of gold and silver. We hear of the festivities in Lord

Edward's uninterrupted letters to his mother.

"The sitting up so late has made us late in the morning, and we chatter so much that the day is over before we know where we are. Dublin has been very gay—a great number of balls, of which my lady misses none. Dancing is a great passion with her. I wish you could see her dance; you would delight in it, she dances so with all her heart and soul."

Already there is trouble in the air. He assures her of his prudence, but it "does not hinder all sorts of stories being made about my wife and me, some of which I am afraid have frightened you. We are all set down as a nest of traitors."

A little later, at Frescati, all is pure idyl. Frescati is a long, low, stuccoed house, overlooking Dublin Bay. Like all houses of its period, it is a little melancholy, surrounded by Portugal laurels and other shrubs, some of Lord Edward's planting, the cream-colored walls suggesting that they have been wept upon by the rainy Irish climate. The deep, old-fashioned windows of many panes are all intact. The little hall, with its diamonds of black and white marble, and its walls decorated with classical female heads, is delightfully old-fashioned. So, too, is the book room, with its decorated ceiling, picked out in blue and gold. A ghost walks there of nights, they say, a veiled woman, who weeps and wrings her hands—Pamela it might well be revisiting the scene of her wrecked joys.

But there is no hint of the ruin to come in these letters. Under date May 6th, 1793:

"We came last night, got up to a delightful spring day, and are now enjoying the little book room, with the windows open, hearing the birds sing, and the place looking beautiful; the plants in the passage are just watered, and with the passage door open, the room smells like a greenhouse. Pamela has dressed four beautiful flower pots and is now working at her frame, while I write to my dearest mother; and upon the two little stands there are six pots of fine auriculas, and I am sitting in the bay window with all those pleasant feelings which the fine weather, the pretty place, the singing birds, the pretty wife and Frescati always give me."

"I long for a little walk with you," he adds, "leaning on me, or to have a long talk with you sitting out in some pretty spot, with your long cane in your hand, working at some little weed at your feet, and looking down, talking all the time. But I will not go on talking in this way, for I should want to set out directly."

This letter was interrupted by Pamela's sudden illness, from which she rallied quickly.

"Not to be far from her, I am amusing myself dressing the little beds about the house, and have had the little green full mowed and rolled; the little mound of earth that is round the bays and myrtle before the house I have planted with tufts of gentianellas and primroses and lilies of the valley, and they look beautiful, peeping out of the dark evergreen; close to the root of the great elm I have put a patch of lilies of the valley. The dear little, pale, pretty wife sends her love to you."

A month later, "all the shrubs are out, lilac, laburnum, syringa, spring roses and lilies of the valley in quantities, four pots full in the book room, in short, the whole thing is heavenly."

They lived at Frescati for something more than a year. One more glimpse of the pretty place and I am done.

"Frescati, Feb. 6th, 1794.

"I have got an under-gardener (myself) to prepare some spots for flowers, and to help Tim. I have been hard at work to-day and part of yesterday (by the way, the weather is so hot I go without coat, and the birds singing like spring) cleaning the

little corner to the right of the house, digging round roots of trees, raking ground and planting thirteen two-year-old laurels and Portugal laurels. I have also trimmed the rose trees. The flowers and shrubs had all got out of the little green paling—I am now putting them inside, and mean only to have a border of primroses and polyanthus outside, if I have any. I mean from thence to go to the rosery and then to the little new planted corner. I am to have hyacinths, jonquils, pinks, cloves, narcissus, etc., in little beds before the house and in the rosery."

A little later it is decided that Frescati is to be let to Lord Wharton, the then Lord Lieutenant, and the gardener breaks off indignant:—

"I have left off gardening, for I hated that all my trouble should go for that vile Lord W. and my flowers to be for aides-de-camp, chaplains, and all such followers of a Lord Lieutenant."

They left Frescati for the little lodge near the town of Kildare, which had been lent them by Mr. Conolly of Castletown, the husband of Lord Edward's beloved "Aunt Louisa." If at Frescati he delights us as the gardener-bridegroom, at Kildare he is no less charming and tender as husband and father. The house has now disappeared, but he describes it for us.

"After going up a little lane, and in at a close gate, you come on our little white house, with a small gravel court before it. You see but three small windows, the court surrounded by large old elms; one side of the house covered with shrubs, on the other side a tolerable large ash; upon the stairs going up to the house, two wicker cages in which there are at this moment two thrushes singing *à gorge deployeé*. In coming into the house you find a small passage hall very clean, the floor tiled; upon your left a small room, on the right the staircase. In front you come into the parlor, a good room with a bow window looking into the garden, which is a small green plot, surrounded by good trees, and in it three of the finest thorns I ever saw, and all the trees so placed that you may shade yourself from the sun all hours of the day; the bow window covered with honeysuckle, and up to the window some roses."

This is a part of a minute description of the house. "My little wife dotes on it and becomes it," he goes on. "She is busy in her little American jacket, planting sweet peas and mignonette. Her table and workbox, with the little one's caps, are on the table. . . . . I can't tell you how delighted she was with your china, and how it adds to the little *ménage;* it is beautiful, and your dear way of buying and giving it goes to my heart. What would I not give to have you here drinking tea out of it?"

A little later he is thanking this most dear mother for the present of the *requisites* which the young couple had not at all thought about. In October "the little young plant" to which he had been looking forward with such eager pleasure, arrived. He writes of it in passages of almost womanish tenderness.

"I wish I could show the baby to you all, dear mother, how you would love it. Nothing is so delightful as to see it in its dear mother's arms, with her sweet, pale, delicate face, and the pretty look she gives it."

Everything went propitiously, and we find him declaring "Pam an excellent nurse, and the little boy thriving. I do not see much likeness in him to anybody; he has Pam's chin, the eyes blue, but not like either of ours."

A little later: "I have sent off dear Pam and the baby to-day, and follow to-morrow; they are both well, they have been both out walking. Pam gets strong and the little fellow fat and saucy; he has such a fancy for the

candle that it is almost impossible to make him sleep at nights. A cradle he don't like, and wants always to have his cheek on his mamma's breast. He every day grows, I think, like me in his mouth and nose; but the eyes I don't yet make out."

That winter of 1794, how innocently happy were the young father and mother with their first-born; how oblivious of the blackness of the cloud that was to burst on them in rage and ruin before four years were over. Lord Edward is as happy at gardening at Kildare Lodge as he had been at Frescati.

"I think I shall pass a delightful winter. I have paled in my little flower garden, before my hall door, with a lath paling, like the cottage, and stuck it full of roses, sweet brier, honeysuckles and Spanish broom. The little fellow will be a great addition to the party. I think when I am there with Pam and the child of a blustery evening, with a good turf fire and a pleasant book, coming in after seeing my poultry put up, my garden settled, flower beds and plants covered, for fear of frost, I shall be as happy as possible."

At the very moment he was writing these simple and happy letters he was down in the black list of the government as a suspected person, though it is tolerably certain that he was not yet a member of the United Irish Society. The recall of Lord Fitzwilliam made a change from the gentle and just policy he had carried out. It was some time early in 1796 that Lord Edward, with Emmet, Arthur O'Connor and others, joined the society, which had just become treasonable. He took a leading part in the negotiations with France, which resulted in the fitting up of the Brest expedition under Hoche. This most lamentable page in Irish history I need not dwell upon. The superhuman passion and energy of Tour, the good intentions of the French and Dutch, were useless to fight against the stars in their courses.

The movement which resulted in the Rebellion of '98 began as a movement for the emancipation of the Catholics. In the years following the declarations of legislative independence of England in 1782 many acts for the relief of the Catholics had been passed. Catholics were no longer prohibited from keeping a horse above the value of five pounds; they were allowed to live in Galway and Limerick, and to be the guardians of their own children. They were allowed to buy, sell and dispose of land in the same way as Protestants, to intermarry with Protestants, to be admitted to the Bar, up to the rank of King's Counsels, to be attorneys, and to teach in schools without the permission of the Protestant Bishops of the diocese.

But these things did not satisfy them; they claimed further equality with their Protestant fellow-countrymen, and the Catholic Committee, under John Keogh, pressed their claims with importunity and force. The Catholic claim was equally the Dissenters' claim, and it was Theobald Wolfe Tone who brought the Presbyterians of the north and the Catholics of the south under a common banner. The religious agitation was the weapon to his hand, but Tone was now a rebel and a fighter against English rule. The union of north and south boded ill for England. When the English troops were beaten by the French at the battle of Valuny, Belfast and Dublin illuminated and huzzahing crowds marched through the streets. The United Irish Society had been formed in Belfast, and had joined hands with the Catholic Committee. Pitt was alarmed, and decided to conciliate the Separatists and the reformers by large and generous measures. Lord Fitzwilliam was sent to Ireland as Viceroy in 1794, with a Catholic Emancipation Bill in his pocket. For a time all was rejoicing. Then the mad old King, George III., revolted. He would have no emancipation. Pitt

yielded. Fitzwilliam was recalled after his three weeks' vice-royalty, and to quiet the discontent a policy of bitter coercion was substituted for that of conciliation. A couple of months later the United Irish Society was a distinctly treasonable organization. Tone moved mountains by his passion against England. He brought a French fleet to the shores of Ireland only to see it scattered and repulsed by the elements as the Armada had been of old. A second expedition in union with the Dutch republic was prepared, but contrary winds kept it locked in harbor till it met the English fleet, under Earl Duncan, at Camperdown, and was destroyed. Meanwhile in Ireland the people were being dragooned into rebellion. The United Irish leaders found their ranks filled with a tortured and oppressed peasantry. "Every crime, every cruelty that could be committed by Cossacks or Calmucks has been transacted here," wrote Sir Ralph Abercrombie when, for a little while, he took the command in 1798. He was recalled because of his humanity. So it was that generous souls like Lord Edward's were swept into rebellion.

Lord Edward's story no more tells itself through his own charming and candid letters. It is taken up for us by the journal of Lady Sarah Napier, his aunt, written for her husband during his severe illness, when he was unable to take cognizance of passing events. The informer was at work, and on Monday, March 12th, 1798, a swoop was made on Oliver Bond's house, where the committee of the United Irishmen was sitting. There were captured Bond himself, Emmet, Jackson, Sweetman and others. Dr. McNeven was taken at his own house, and there was a story that Lord Edward was present, but his name not being included in the warrant, he walked into the street a free man.

I can do no better than quote the journal for what followed: "The suspects' warrant went by a messenger, attended by Sheriff Carlton and a party of soldiers commanded by Major O'Reilly, into Leinster House. The servants ran up to Lady Edward, who was ill with a gathering in her breast, and told her; she said directly: 'There is no help; show them up.' They asked very civilly for her papers and Edward's, and she gave them all. Her apparent distress moved Major O'Reilly to tears; and their whole conduct was proper. They left her, and soon returned (Mayor Boyle having been with two dragoons to Frescati, and taken such papers as were in their sitting room and not found Edward), to search Leinster House for him, and came up with great good nature to say, 'Madame, we wish to tell you our search is in vain; Lord Edward has escaped.'"

The immense love which Lord Edward had excited in his own family seems to have been but increased in this time of trouble.

Here is a pretty bit taken from the memoirs of Charles Hamilton Teeling, one of the United Irishmen:

"Pamela attracted by her lively and charming manners the admiration of all. Ireland was her constant theme, and Edward's glory the darling object of her ambition. She entered into all his views. She had a noble and heroic soul, but the softer feelings of her sex would sometimes betray her anxiety. . . . In the most sweet and impressive tone of voice, rendered still more interesting by her foreign accent and imperfect English, she would implore us to protect her Edward. 'You are all good Irish,' she would say. 'Irish are all good and brave, and Edward is Irish; your Edward and my Edward,' while her dark, brilliant eye rested on the manly countenance of her lord."

Lady Louise Conolly, his aunt, who was devoted to him, and who appears largely in the journal, visited Lord Castlereagh, interviewed Lord Clare, comforted Pamela, was here, there and everywhere in a flutter of

frightened yet intrepid love. Poor little Pamela's fair, meek, and pitiable account of it all moved her to the greatest degree. . . . . "I sent her twenty pounds, in case she wanted ready money, but she returned it, and sent me word that she had plenty, and that she was going to take a house to get out of Leinster House, which was grown detestable to her, and to have a quiet home of her own to live in."

As a matter of fact, when the soldiers were searching Leinster House for him, Lord Edward was quietly returning there on foot. He was seen in time to be warned by his faithful black Tony, and made good his escape. After this began Lord Edward's hiding in one place or another, if hiding it can be called, seeing that the fugitive was as madcap and incautious as could well be.

On the Thursday night after the arrests at Bond's, he was brought by Mr. Lawless, a surgeon, to the house of a widow, who resided in a secluded place on the banks of the Grand Canal. On his way he had visited Pamela at her house in Denzel street, and the maid-servant coming suddenly into the room, found the husband and wife seated by the fire, between them the youngest child, who had been brought down from its bed that he might see it, and the two in tears. There was no fear of her betraying them. The informers were not of the humbler class. That was devoted to Lord Edward Fitzgerald. In his new refuge he was known as Mr. Jameson, and the only person who shared with her mistress the secret of his identity was an old and trusted woman servant. However, when he had been there for a few days the man servant took away his boots to clean them, and presently returned to his mistress and showed her Lord Edward's name written at full length in the boots. "Do not fear," he added, "for I would die to save him." At this time a price of a thousand pounds was on Lord Edward's head. The story having been told to him, Lord Edward expressed a wish to see and talk with this noble fellow. "No," said the man, when an interview was suggested, "I will not see him, for if they take me up, I can swear I never saw him."

He was a month in this refuge, and at night for exercise he used to walk along the canal banks with a child, who was his companion in all his frolics. He used to amuse himself and exercise his muscles by jumping in and out of the half sunk canal boats which lay moored in the basin. The pair used to return in such noisily high spirits that the poor hostess was often terrified out of her wits with alarm for her charge's safety.

Another prank they played together was to uproot a bed of orange lilies in the garden, the flower being, of course, the badge of a political party in Ireland.

In fact, he seems to have been quite happy except for his concern about his wife and children. To assuage this his hostess went back and forward constantly between her own house and Denzel street, where Pamela received her with tears and kisses, and poor Tony openly lamented his unfortunate face, which prevented his visiting his adored master. Lord Edward's family seems to have been all this time in ignorance as to his whereabouts.

After a time it was thought the house was watched, Lord Edward indeed, to his own amusement, spending two hours in bed one day, in a woman's night dress, in expectation of a domiciliary visit. So, in the disguise of a wigged countryman with a great coat, he moved to a Mr. Murphy's, a feather merchant in Thomas street.

His caution was not more apparent here. Once he turned suddenly restive because he had not seen Pamela

for a month, put on a woman's clothes and in this disguise went to Denzel street. Lady Edward's alarm at seeing him and hearing him announce that he was come to stay till the next night brought on a premature confinement.

Indeed, remembering his lack of caution, it is somewhat remarkable that he outran his pursuers so long. There were many false alarms; but once, having ridden out with his friend Neilson to reconnoitre the line of advance from Kildare to Dublin, he was actually stopped and questioned by the patrol, but representing himself as a doctor on his way to a dying man, was allowed to pass.

Some of his escapes are explained to my mind by some facts which have come to my knowledge, and which to the best of my belief now appear in print for the first time. Old Dublin is or was a burrow of secret passages. Mr. White, who is chief clerk of the Museum Department of the Royal Dublin Society, which has been for many years established in Leinster House, remembers to have heard from his father, who heard it from the duke of that day, that there were two rooms specially reserved for Lord Edward at Leinster House, one at the top, and one at the bottom (the latter was the Treasury Office of the Royal Dublin Society). These rooms were connected by a secret spiral stairway, to which access was gained through one of many cupboards built round the walls. By this staircase one could reach any corridor of the house by doors which opened by means of a secret spring. From the lower rooms there was a secret door leading to the colonnade outside, from which one got through the stables out into the street. The lower room was the house steward's room, so that there was reason for the cupboards about the room, in which the plate was stored. The cupboard of the secret staircase is still there. There is also under the roof of Leinster House a cock-pit where Lord Edward used to hide when his escape from below was cut off.

A distinguished Dublin antiquarian, Mr. Evans, tells us of another secret passage from Moira House to Bridgeport street, close to Murphy's, the feather merchant, in Thomas street, where Lord Edward was captured. Moira House, now the Mendicity Institute, docked of a story and squalid, gray and melancholy, was then the residence of the Earl and Countess of Moira, a noble couple who in the day of trouble gave shelter and comfort to poor Pamela. It was then one of the most splendid houses of Dublin, a city of splendid houses. It had a room walled in mother of pearl. Wesley was there earlier in the century, the guest of the devout Countess of Moira. "Alas," he said of those splendors, "that all this should vanish like a dream." There can be little doubt that the unhappy couple met by means of this secret passage.

But it is time to come to the end. After going backward and forward, Lord Edward's last refuge was Murphy's, in Thomas street. The night he was to have arrived there information was brought to Major Sirr, the Town Mayor of Dublin, that a force conveying him might be expected to arrive. Sirr, to intercept him, stationed bodies of men in different streets, but Lord Edward's force had also divided, and there were a couple of skirmishes, in which Sirr nearly lost his life. A thousand pities he did not. It is doubtful if Lord Edward was with either party. He had probably just vanished into Moira House before Major Sirr's men came on the scene.

But he was reserved for an unhappier fate. A few evenings later the house was entered by Major Swan and Major Sirr. The former was the first to enter the upper room, where

Lord Edward, without his coat, was lying on his bed. Lord Edward jumped up, "like a tiger," as his host, Murphy, described it. Major Swan fired the contents of a small pocket pistol at him, but without effect. Swan was now re-enforced by another officer, Ryan. Lord Edward had rushed at Swan with a small dagger. Major Sirr entered the room in time to see Lord Edward struggling between Swan and Ryan. The latter was bleeding from the dagger thrust, from which he soon afterward died; Lord Edward was dragging the two toward the door. Major Sirr walked up to him and shot him in the left shoulder. For a moment the wound staggered him; then he rallied, and was forcing his way toward the door, when the soldiers arrived. Even then it was only after a fierce struggle that he was captured and bound.

He was taken to Dublin Castle in a sedan chair. Then, Mr. Watson, the Lord Lieutenant's private secretary, told him he was to carry the tidings of his arrest to Pamela, and asked if there was any message. "None," he said, "only break it to her tenderly."

On the morning of the 4th of June this darling hero of the Irish people died in prison, of his wound mortifying. His wife had been sent out of Ireland immediately on his arrest by the government. None of his own people were allowed to see him till he was all but past knowing them. Ruffianly yeomen kept guard by his bed. In his last delirium a keeper from a madhouse was brought to be his nurse. With shocking callousness one of his fellow-prisoners, Clinch, was executed within his hearing.

And meanwhile, how those who loved him suffered! His wife, his mother—of them we get few glimpses in Moore's life, but we read the harrowing pages of Lady Louise Conolly's diary, and we hear something of Lord Henry Fitzgerald's noble anger. "Dear Harry, he is perfect," wrote Lord Edward in one of his happy early letters. Moore did a poor service to history and literature when he squeamishly suppressed the stronger passages in Lord Henry's poignant and terrible letter to the Viceroy, the Earl of Camden.

"It is heaven to me to see you," he said, when he found Lord Henry and his aunt by his bed. "The two dear brothers," writes Lady Louise, "embraced each other, to the melting of a heart of stone."

He listened languidly when they told him of his wife's banishment. "Ah," he said, "she is a charming woman." He was past pain by this time. They left him with promises to return in the morning, but during the night he died. And meanwhile the country was in the bloody throes of rebellion.

IN SMOKY BEND.

BY J. AUSTIN-SCHETTY.

A gray cheerless dawn; a yard paved with big round cobble-stones, without a blade of grass, or smallest leaf of green, to brighten the emptiness; in front, a house — in back — a house, on either side a vista of fence and house; somewhat dreary, you say; yet, Jane Morgan had looked unmoved upon it for many years. There was no view of street to be had, for the little house was built in the rear; it crowded upon the heels of 43 as though it had originally intended reaching the street, but had been brought up short, for its presumption. Yet Jane had grown accustomed to it of late, she had even grown to like it for the rent was cheaper, and economy was part of the code of ethics in Smoky Bend.

It was early, not quite half-past six, but as she had been up and doing for more than an hour; she thought little of this — her mind being on other things. As she prepared her frugal breakfast she was wondering if she would have to wait long for another warp, when the one she expected to finish that morning, was given in. It was hard to tell. In the Howard Mill you were generally at a disadvantage if your hair was gray, or if you failed to chew gum, use slang and become familiar with the loomfixer; the girl ahead with the blonde hair, who was always singing the latest tough song and who usually indulged in a friendly wrestle with the loomfixer every time he passed, was most likely to be told to come in the afternoon, while you were informed that next week would do. She had grown accustomed to all this — and more; yet as she reflected how apt it was to occur again, no expression of annoyance, of weariness, escaped her; save for a thoughtful look about the eyes, her face retained its calm and cheerfulness; she remembered how it had been just as bad before, yet it had all come right somehow, for Jane had Faith.

Half-past six; the clangor of bells and shriek of whistles, made plain the fact that another day of toil and labor had begun; with a look at the clock, she sat down to breakfast, but before she could begin a slow shuffling step caused her to look up expectantly as an old woman entered the room. Quickly she was at her side, leading her with tender care toward the table. A very old woman she was, with bent figure, snow-white hair and a close-fitting white cap; you would never guess from the careful, loving manner of the daughter, who had seemingly forgotten everything to attend to the mother's wants — that the querulous, restless old woman was quite oblivious of all this kindness, that she was childish in fact; yet so it was; so it had been for many years; during all that time, Jane had to feed her, to watch her — as one would the veriest child. The old woman knows no one — not even Jane, and like a child, has causeless fits of temper. of peevishness. Nor was this her only charge; a brother, whose years of sickness made him a burden — long before the old woman had become one, now entered to partake of the modest meal. Peter was not patient like his sister — he never had been — perhaps because of his ill-health, or of his own disposition; in any event — Jane had been wont to humor him, to defer to him in nearly everything, as long as she could remember; likewise — she had been accustomed to work for both,— as long as she could remember, while he, even in his better days, had never done

much of anything. At that time, people spoke uncharitably of Peter — it was a shame, they said, for him to live idly on the labor of his sister. But no one said it now, the bent back, the feeble movements spoke too eloquently of disease.

Jane had never complained, her bright, cheery face plainly told of that, she was even glad to have him around now, burden though he was, for when the elder woman became irascible, nay violent, he was the only one who could calm her, who, by a single angry word, would cause her to become a trembling child again. Strange shade of human nature! She, whose life had been one long chapter of sacrifice — of love,— was forgotten, and he, who had seldom been any of these things remained as he had always been, the first thought. Yes, even in her dotage, when all else had become absorbed in a dim and cloudy past he was ever present; he was still her "Peter" whom she always insisted, that strange woman was forever neglecting. Sometimes the complete forgetfulness had brought tears to the patient eyes, not of complaint — but of gentle sadness, and thus the years had drifted on.

Another loud clamor of bells and shrieking of whistles,— it was five minutes of seven, and Jane, with a few words to her brother, prepared to depart; a few moments later, she had become one of the hurrying throng that swarmed to work through the narrow ill-paved streets, loud-voiced girls, their eyes heavy with sleep, which last night's dance had deprived them of, jostling kind, gentle women whose life's story was much the same as Jane's perhaps — who passed through all this murky turbulence, as purely, as patiently — as though it had never been, and all hastening to the great rumbling mills that glowered down upon them. Jane had not far to go; in five minutes she was at her station prepared to work. Coming in, she caught sight of Theodore, the loom-fixer, and her heart sank, when she saw he had been drinking; he would be doubly impatient now she knew — perhaps send her off altogether; it was not pleasant to think of, when she remembered the white-haired old woman and crippled brother at home, so without more ado, she bent to work.

The blonde-haired girl ahead was reading —"Blue-eyed Trixie, The Belle of the Mills," and whistling "Take back your gold," in the interval, with her usual gusto, as a sweet-faced, delicate-looking girl came down the aisle. She was carrying a box of bobbins, the filling for the warps, and the evident effort caused her breath to come in great quick gasps, as she paused a moment, at Jane's loom.

"Why, Nellie," exclaimed the latter chidingly, "why didn't you tell me you needed the filling — I could have brought it — that box is too much for you."

"Oh, I don't mind, Miss Morgan," replied the other, smiling faintly, "only I — I had such hard work to get it. Theodore is very ugly this morning — I ——" the sentence ended abruptly, for with a sudden gasp, she tottered and a second later lay in Jane's arms.

"Poor child," murmured the latter, looking at the pinched face as pale as a lily; then some others coming up, they laid her on a box and chafed her hands till the large eyes opened to gaze with a vague wonderment on those about her.

"There, now, dear, you must rest awhile," said Jane, fixing her own shawl carefully about her. Just then Theodore, with a scowl, advanced upon the group.

"Some one sick, eh? Ah, you again, Murray — I think you had better go home and stay there," he said bluntly.

"Oh, no, please Mr. Hunt," cried Nellie, springing to her feet — a tense, frightened look in her eyes, "See — I

am all right now,— do not send me home," she pleaded, well knowing she need not return — if once she left — and times were too uncertain to risk that.

"Then what were you sick for," he retorted, sneeringly, as he turned away.

With a sigh of relief, she sank on the box — every nerve quivering with excitement. "Oh, what should I have done, Miss Morgan, if he sent me home?" she asked, her face looking strangely careworn for one so young; then came the reaction — and she burst into tears, which helped her more, perhaps, than anything could have done, for soon after she resumed her work. As for Theodore, he gave the blonde girl a familiar leer — which she promptly returned, and passed on.

Jane finished her warp soon after, and hoping for the best, she brought it to the place assigned for the purpose. As she entered, a group of young girls stood talking and giggling in one corner, while Theodore remained busied behind the counter.

"Hello, Irish; what's the matter with you now?" he cried, winking at the girls, who tittered in chorus.

Jane's face flushed as she replied calmly, "Nothing, I have finished my warp. When am I to come for another?"

Instead of answering, he began to sing in a thick indistinct voice: "She is my picnic girl," with such evident reference to the figure before him, that the girls in the corner, thinking it very amusing, laughed outright. With a lump rising in her throat, and a blur before her eyes, Jane turned hastily away — too wounded to protest even by a gesture, though for a moment, she thought of reporting him to Mr. Howard; but when she reflected that he had been drinking — and that reporting him would only serve to make her life a hell if she remained there, she gave up all thought of such a thing and going back to her station, busied herself in putting it in order, ere she left.

It was wanting an hour of noon when she arrived home; Peter was very peevish. The old woman he said, had been unusually hard to manage. He had stopped her several times, just as she was about to leave the house with a small bundle in her hand. Jane sighed wearily, for she was just a little tired of it all. At that moment the old woman entered from another room; she was muttering to herself in her usual way as moving toward the table she picked up one or two articles and examining them carefully, laid them down again.

"Hey," called out Peter roughly, "sit down, will you, and let Janey get the dinner ready." At the sound of his voice she started, and turning, seemed to observe her daughter for the first time.

"I am going home, Peter," she said. "Put that strange woman out, she has no right to be here where my Janey she continued vaguely, putting her hands to her head, and breaking off the sentence abruptly.

"What are you talking about anyway," cried Peter, testily; "don't you know well enough that's Janey — right there?"

"Don't talk so sharply to her, Peter. See, there are tears in her eyes," observed Janey, attempting to lead the old woman to the table; but with an angry gesture, she broke away, and when the other would have helped her again, she raised her withered hand and struck her a sharp blow across the face, leaving a broad red mark upon it. With a sharp cry of anger, Peter half rose from his seat, but fell back again with a convulsive movement.

"How dare you," he cried, "Janey, what do you let her do it for. Here, come here," he said, stamping his foot impatiently.

"Peter, do let her alone," cried his sister.

At the sound of his voice, the old

woman had fallen to trembling like a child.

"That bold, bad woman, Peter," she said, "and my Janey ——"

"There's no bad woman; do you hear," he cried, shrilly. "Come and sit down."

And when she had tremblingly obeyed they gave her food, humoring her every wish as far as it was possible to do, and Jane, with that red mark still plain upon her face, was far the more attentive of the two. When the dishes were cleared away she sat down to think. Of course she could not afford to wait many days or weeks for work. No, she must go the round of the mills and see if she could find something to do; she was a good weaver, if they would only try her, but she knew as well as any, that she was not forward as some, and must expect to be discriminated against accordingly; and then, she had grown used to the Howard Mills; she had been there so long, and they were very convenient. Leaving Peter to watch the restless old woman, she put on her hat and started off. Her first experience was with a sharp, snappy young man, who wanted all particulars as to her mode of living, where she lived, and what not; and who, after all this, was sure there would be nothing in her line for many weeks. At another she was just about to ring the office bell, when her eye caught sight of a sign labelled "No hands wanted"; with a sigh, she turned away and after trying several more, with a like result — turned gladly toward home, for she was very tired indeed; she was far from despairing though, for there were many more places to be applied to.

As she turned slowly down the "Bend," a police patrol wagon came dashing up with a loud clangor and as it passed, she caught sight of the lolling figure of a drunken woman; with a shudder of pity, she hurried on; at least she had much to be thankful for she thought, for she had never known such wretchedness. The old woman was dozing peacefully in a chair as she entered, and Peter had made a good fire. Poor and humble as it was, it savored of home — and how empty it would be without these two, after all; for a moment she forgot the incidents of the day — in a spirit of gratitude that permeated her whole being and brought the tears to her eyes. She was very cheerful that night — though she had seldom had so much to try her patience. The old woman was very intractable and would not go to bed at all, but wandered ceaselessly up and down, effectually preventing them all from getting much rest. Only when Jane, for very peace sake, had gone and stood outside the door for nearly an hour in the cold damp chill of the night, did Peter succeed in quieting her, so that when at length, utterly worn out with fatigue, she fell asleep — it was very near the dawning of another day.

The morning sun rose bright and radiant on the morrow, tinging even the dreary view of fence and house with a glory of its own; at least Jane thought so as she looked from the narrow window down into the yard; but perhaps that was because she had looked upon it for so many years; she had not long to think, however, before her mother was stirring in her restless way, or her brother peevishly asking what she had for breakfast. They were more like children, these two, only more querulous, more exacting in their demands. People told her that it was marvelous, she stood it so well, that her health never failed her in all those years of care and living for others. She only smiled. It was necessary for them all, that she should live, she told them simply. Sometimes it had been hard, very hard, but it had always changed for the better; so it would again. Filled with this conviction she started off anew, and this time she had better fortune, for the firm she applied to happened to

be in want or weavers; they were very busy they said, and she might start after dinner. To be sure it was further from home than Howards', but nevertheless she concluded to try it for a time at least, and accordingly she started that same day.

She soon found it was much the same as the others in the treatment accorded employees — forward women were the favorites, while the modest retiring ones were forced to accept whatever those in power chose to give them, or go without.

And so her life went on. Frequently on reaching home, it was to find her mother in that restless, intractable way, which took hours of patience to sooth; on few nights did she ever retire before one or two in the morning, and no matter what the weather, she was up and doing at six, sometimes before. Once her mother had been very ill, they thought she was dying, but she rallied, and next day was as well as ever; the doctor who had been called said she might continue so for some time.

Then one day Jane was brusquely told that she needn't come again, why she never knew. They do not always go to great lengths in explaining such matters in the mills.

Not knowing what else to do, she applied again at the Howard Mill. Mr. Howard, himself, saw her, and bade her come next day, which she did, with the result that she found herself back in the old room once more. Many faces were missing, even in that short time; the blonde-haired girl was there, whistling the latest song and carefully depositing her gum on a nail near the window every night, as usual; she was quite friendly and inquired with great solicitude, how the other had been; but Jane instead of answering, asked where was Nellie.

"Nellie? Oh, that washy-looking thing! She's dead," replied the blonde girl, carelessly humming an air.

With a sad heart Jane turned away, and then Theodore coming up, prepared to fix her loom. He tried to engage her in conversation, as he started the machinery, but do what she could it was impossible for her to be more than civil to him and he noticed it.

"Say," he said roughly, "you don't want to be so independent. The next time you go out of here, you go for good."

She turned away without answering him, but a sudden cry of agony caused her to turn quickly. Theodore's hand had somehow caught in the whirling machinery; the two grinding cog-wheels with their terrible teeth — his hand being drawn all helpless toward them — his white drawn face paralyzed with fear,— all flashed across her mind in an instant; the next — she had sent the swiftly-moving belt dangling from the wheel — thus bringing the loom to a sudden stop. She hardly realized what she had done — it was all over so quickly, but many were the cries of approbation for her coolness — as word having reached the engineer, the great throbbing of the machinery ceased all through the mills, leaving a strange oppressive silence — which was broken by the voice of Theodore Hunt.

"Can you ever forgive me, Miss Morgan. I have been a brute," he said, in a voice trembling with emotion.

"Don't speak of it, Mr. Hunt," she replied simply, and then as the crowd gaped in wonderment, the machinery started with a sudden roar, the crowd scattered to their places, and everything went on as before; except, that as the days passed, Jane felt, that from an enemy Theodore had become a friend; he saw to it that she received good work and plenty, while never presuming to be other than most deferential in his manner. Thus in one respect at least, had circumstances brightened for her. Of late, her mother had grown more quiet; she would sit for hours gazing at the fire

— her hands folded, a strangely pathetic sight. Poor little woman; she always did what the strange woman told her now, sometimes wondering why her Janey never came; but beyond that as docile as a child.

Late one winter afternoon, they were all sitting near the fire. Janey doing some mending at the table and the old woman on the other side of the stove. Peter had drawn his chair to the window, for he was watching the glories of the departing day. It was beautiful to see the great shafts of golden light, slowly change to purple. What work of art could equal it? The grandeur of it all brought strange thoughts to his mind. It was pleasant to know that heaven was so lavish of its riches, that the beauty of a gorgeous sunset or the radiance of a moonlit night were as much his to enjoy as they were those of the veriest prince. Poverty could not deprive him of that common birthright at least, and exulting in the thought he gazed on, while the shadows deepened and the ticking of the clock sounded strangely loud in the silence. Suddenly, impelled by some subtle influence, Jane looked up — to find her mother gazing at her intently, in a way she had not done for years. The sight moved her strangely — she was just about to call her brother, when the old woman, half rising in her chair, began to speak.

"Come, Janey," she said, "we must go home, child. It — is Time." The words came slowly but clearly; the bent form trembled as Janey with a sharp cry reached her side; seizing the withered hands she pressed them lovingly in hers — to find them nerveless and cold. She looked up at the face, o'er which a strange pallor was creeping —then bowed her head — she saw it was Time indeed.

"Peter," she said, in an unsteady voice; then pressing a kiss to the lips on which a soul had lingered but a moment before — "Mother is gone!"

And Peter turning, found night had come to Smoky Bend.

TENEBRAE.

By William Walsh.

Like lead, to-night, my sorrow lies;
  Through the chill spaces of my heart
  Life makes dirge till the slow tears start
That never fall from my weary eyes.

And all around breathes sweet control
  Of tender Jesus' grace; and prayer
  Wakes into bud, and to wither ere
It can form blossom in my soul.

Yet Lord, let not my weakness be
  Accounted with my sore offence;
  Unlock the gates of penitence
And let my soul bloom forth to thee.

HIS LOVE AFFAIR.

[TEXT: "The fact of the matter is that I had an early love affair with my mother, from which I have never recovered." — REVELATIONS OF ADAMS, 39th Book of Donahoe, 2:105.]

BY CHARLES GOULD BEEDE.

I had the sweetest love affair
  That ever you did see!
Shall I describe the form, the hair,
  Of my divinity?
The perfume from each dainty tress,
  The glory in that face,
The thrill I felt at her caress,
  Her gentle, tender grace?

No! This would be but empty sound,
  Misleading,— for, forsooth,
'Twas none of these that gowned and crowned
  Her; no, but simple truth.
She comes the nearest on this earth
  To her — the one above,
That Virgin who gave mortal birth
  To an immortal love.

The white soul in her takes my own
  Unto God's altar stair,
And bids it climb up to his throne
  And leave earth's sorrows there.
Her love is linked with love divine
  I worship through her faith;
So what is hers is also mine —
  The hope of life in death.

My only love affair is this;
  I've not recovered yet.
She won my soul with her first kiss;
  Then how could I forget?
She is — my mother, bless her heart;
  The Heaven-light in her eyes
Dissolves the sophistries of art
  In its simplicities.

The fact that mother-love is ours,
  Is mine, hath ever been,
Re-opens Eden's gates of flowers
  And peoples it again.
New Adams, where old Adam trod,
  Seek no forbidden tree;
Eve's God is changed to mother's God,
  And sin to purity.

INTERIOR DAHLGREN CHAPEL.

WASHINGTON SOCIETY WOMEN IN LENT.

BY VIRGINIA TATNALL PEACOCK.

WASHINGTON has annually but two epochs. One is the "season." The other is that long, uneventful period that hedges it in, and that has no recognition.

The two great official boundaries of the season are New Year's Day and Mardi Gras. With the first it bursts upon us in all its glory when the Chief Executive throws open the White House and receives the representatives of foreign powers and of his own people. Then follow dinners to the Diplomatic Corps, the Judiciary and the Cabinet, and receptions to both branches of Congress, the Army and Navy, and finally, either on Shrove Tuesday or a few days previous, a reception to the public.

Usage and a proper regard for the views of seven million citizens of the United States have combined to ring down the curtain on official society with the dawn of Ash Wednesday. All functions given in honor of the President fall within the ante-Lenten period, and unless it be to offer homage to some exceptional stranger within our gates, official Washington does not again take up the thread of

LENTEN SEWING CIRCLE.

its social existence till after Easter. Some of the most delightful receptions ever held in the White House, however, were those informal Lenten afternoon affairs presided over by its recent mistress, Mrs. Cleveland.

Besides the withdrawal at this time of the official element, which gives character to the body social and raises it above the level of merely local interest, the Lent-observing members of society in Washington, Catholics and Episcopalians, have the advantage both of numbers and prestige. Among the Diplomatic Corps, the foremost members belong to one or the other of these two churches, while in that most exclusive branch of Washington society, its residential element, they again predominate, a state of affairs which forces upon society generally at least a partial recognition of the season. Professedly its restrictions are accepted. Actually they are not. Judging from the accuracy with which each season's measure is taken during the days that immediately precede it, one is deluded into a belief that with the close of the Mardi Gras festivities the wheels of social Washington cease their revolutions. They whirl, however, more or less conspicuously during the entire Lenten season, though the indefatigable historians of the social world endeavor to impress us at Easter with the fact that it is rousing itself from

MISS JANET RICHARDS.

that condition of lethargy which does not in reality overtake it till the warm weather of the early summer, when it lingeringly quits the stage of its erstwhile brilliant achievements. The lull of the first week of Lent is merely the reactionary effect of its efforts to accomplish so much during a week which it has temporarily deluded itself to consider its last, and which makes

MUSICALE AT THE CHINESE LEGATION.

the physical recuperation it seeks in flight when it goes to swell the population of various fashionable resorts a necessity. It returns later, and with it comes that large contingent of

more northern citizens, who spend their winters South and who in passing, tarry a while at the Capital.

The daily services at the churches are well attended, and the class of people whose example is farthest reaching present a spectacle of edifying piety.

The daily Mass at St. Matthews' at nine o'clock is crowded with women whom the world does not see abroad before noon during the season. On Holy Thursday there is an all-day-long procession of men, women and children visiting the repositories of

TAPESTRY GALLERY IN THE HOME OF MR AND MRS. CHAS. M. FOULKE.

the Blessed Sacrament, going singly and in groups, and with much evident recollection from one to the other, many making the tour of the entire city.

MISS DORA DUTY JONES.

All of the churches have the Tenebrae services, those at Trinity church, Georgetown, being especially well attended.

Since the erection of the Dahlgren chapel, built at Georgetown College by Mrs. John Vinton Dahlgren in memory of her little son, and dedicated, on account of her great devotion, to the Sacred Heart, numerous friends and patrons of the college wend their way from all parts of the city over to old Georgetown to attend the Holy Week services there, for which cards are issued.

Under the patronage of many churches sewing circles are conducted, where much work is accomplished. One of the largest congregates every Saturday morning in Georgetown.

Many of the younger society women belong to this circle, among whom notably are the daughters of the Postmaster-General, the Misses Lillian, Jessie and Madeline Gary.

Another large circle devoted to the same benevolent ends, and which is non-sectarian, meets every Friday morning, from 11 to 12 o'clock, at

Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins

the homes of the various members, some of whom are Miss Janie Riggs, Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnston, Mrs. Audenried, Mrs. McMillan and Mme. Bonaparte. Many charitable institutions, such as the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, the Downey Home and other equally meritorious establishments, upon application to the circle, are supplied with necessary household linen and clothing for their needy inmates.

Mrs. Theodore Weld Birney.

The celebration of the feast of St. Joseph, at the home of the Little Sisters, is a notable feature of every Lent in Washington. A sumptuous dinner

Miss Flora Wilson.

is donated and served to the old people by the matrons and maids, assisted by the Chesterfields and Brummels of Washington society.

The "Ladies of Charity" is the name of a large organization belonging to St. Patrick's church, that is most active during Lent. It meets in the hall connected with the church every Wednesday morning. Reports of want, poverty and sickness are received, and members delegated to investigate and carry succor to cases of genuine distress.

Much needle work is also accomplished by this organization, many of the members taking allotments of garments to be made to their homes, and devoting all their leisure to the fulfilment of this self-imposed contract.

Miss Lilian Gary.

Because events do not crowd upon one another's heels, Lent is regarded as a time of leisure, during which preparation is made for many after-Easter entertainments, concerts, plays, kermisses, all to be given for sweet charity's sake, and all requiring many rehearsals.

It is a period, too, when the intellectual forces are lined up at lectures, reviewed at reading circles, and put on dress parade at musicales, art exhibits and whist tournaments. Cards, indeed, form an absorbing diversion during these days. Many clubs are formed, especially among women, who congregate either under the auspices of a clubhouse or in drawing-rooms of their own homes, and devote one or two afternoons each week to cards. Much of that skill which is displayed at the contests between the champions of different cities is acquired at these matinee clubs during Lent.

The lecture field is largely pre-empted, and the club which of late years has become so conspicuous a feature in the life of woman, as well as the ball rooms and the drawing-rooms of private residences, becomes the scene of largely attended lectures on art, travel, history and the hundred and one things in which the liberally educated woman of to-day is interested.

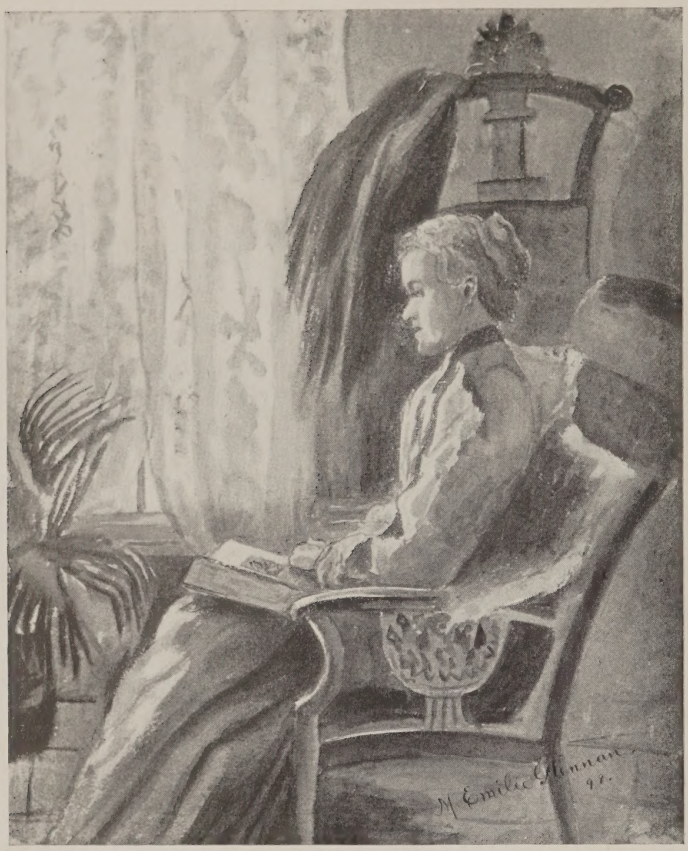
Prominent among the lecturers of the present season will be Miss Kleinpitch of Baltimore, who will talk on art in the homes of the prominent

A Game of Whist.

women in society here. One of her patronesses is Miss Wilson, the interesting and intellectual young daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture.

Miss Dora Duty Jones will give a course of four lectures, one each week, during the first four weeks of Lent. Her subjects, most appropriately chosen, are: "Boticelli, the early Italian Artist;" "Artists' Ideal of the Christ," "Artists' Ideal of the Madonna," and "American Art, as illustrated at the new Congressional Library." They are all elaborately illustrated, the pictures for the first lecture being particularly fine and rare. They will be given in the superb ball room of the home of Senator and Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins, in the far-famed tapestry gallery of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Foulke, and in the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Washington McLean, and of Senator and Mrs. William M. Stewart. They will be subscription lectures, with a membership limited to one hundred, who will represent not only the social cream of Washington, but the foremost among its connoisseurs and patrons of art and literature.

The personality, the voice, manner and appearance are potent factors in the success of a public speaker. Miss Jones is young, and possesses in a pre-eminent degree that vital spark of enthusiasm which gives life to her



LENTEN MEDITATION.

portrayals and inspiration to her hearers. Her subject matter, moreover, is deduced from long and painstaking research in the galleries of Europe, especially of Italy, and in the library of the British Museum. She is a North Carolinian by birth, whence the tunefulness of her cultured voice. During the past eight years she has lived much abroad, traveling extensively, and spending prolonged periods in Paris and Berlin. She made her debut in the lecture field last year in Baltimore.

Another clever woman whose lectures and current topic talks have been features of the Lenten season here for several years past is Miss Janet Richards. Beginning as drawing-room affairs, her audiences have grown to such dimensions that only in a large hall can they be comfortably accommodated. Her Monday morning talks on current topics are thronged with the wives of the men who are making the legislative history of the country, with an occasional law maker himself, and a sprinkling of diplomats, when foreign policies are under discussion. Miss Richards speaks rapidly, but with perfect distinctness, touching sometimes on as many as thirty themes in one morning—an hour and a half. She is entirely *en rapport* with her audience, and though her re-

MRS. CLIFFORD HOWARD.

marks sparkle with humor and deal with all sides of a question, there is never a suggestion of asperity in anything she says. She combines with the truth of the historian the infinite tact of a gentlewoman.

She is at present directing six classes or courses of instruction, two in Baltimore at the Quadriga Club, one exclusively for the members of that club of clever young women and another for outsiders, who meet in the club lecture hall once a week; one at Roland Park, one in Georgetown and two in Washington; one for her Monday morning talks and one for Monday evening lectures on French history. Both Washington classes meet at the Wimodaughsis, a woman's club named from a combination of the words wives, mothers, daughters and sisters. All these courses last from October till June, and are particularly well patronized during Lent. They fill a great need among women of society whose obligations to the exacting world to which they belong preclude the possibility, for a season, at least, not only of literary pursuits, but even of keeping up with passing events.

In addition to these talks, Miss Richards has also a course of four illustrated lectures which she gives from time to time, the most interesting being on the Passion Play at Oberammergau. Miss Richards was educated at Eden Hall, the Sacred Heart Convent near Philadelphia. She grew up in the intellectual atmosphere of a cultured home circle and commenced her career with a well stored mind, to which travel has added much.

Much has been done in Washington to give emphasis to the spirit of the Lenten season by a prominent woman of society, Mrs. William Winthrop, not only by example and the influence of her position, but by most practically identifying herself with such measures as were entirely germaine to the better observance of this period. For several seasons she directed a class of ten members devoted to the study of church history. They met at her home one morning in every week. The subject of discussion for the next meeting was selected, the crusades, the catacombs, some special council of the church, and questions bearing upon it were distributed, frequently involving much research. Many excellent papers, well worthy of preservation, were prepared and presented before the class, who thus derived from one another during the six weeks of their meetings much valuable information on subjects of which all Catholics should have an intelligent knowledge.

Another notable feature of many seasons' standing are Mrs. Winthrop's Wednesday afternoon conferences. Between the hours of three and four are gathered in her beautiful drawing-rooms about fifty ladies, the presiding chair being filled by some one of the Fathers from Georgetown. During the year of their inauguration Archbishop, then Bishop Kean, presided. The time is devoted to the study usually of some doctrinal subject. Questions are in order from any one desiring to ask them, so that the meetings are entirely informal. Much light through them is disseminated, especially among converts who have come into the church without that thorough knowledge of its teachings that will enable them to successfully withstand its assailants and be their own best safeguard. A thorough study of the Apostles' Creed was made during one season, dividing it into six sections and taking one each week.

During one Lent a series of French breakfasts was instituted by Mrs. Winthrop and Mrs. John B. Henderson, many of the ladies of the diplomatic corps belonging to the little coterie who breakfasted once a week at one another's homes, the number of

E.W. NELSON
FIVE O'CLOCK TEA

courses being somewhat restricted, out of regard for the season, and French being religiously spoken throughout the repast.

The most interesting entertainment during the present Lent promises to be that given for the benefit of the Women's Clinics at the Homoeopathic Hospital. Mrs. Sherwood has the matter in charge and Mrs. Reeside, daughter of Representative Harmer of Pennsylvania, has loaned the drawing-room of her beautiful home for this worthy purpose. The names that figure on the programme arranged for the evening's entertainment are all those of prominent society women. Mrs. Clifford Howard, the clever young wife of the Washington poet, who has composed music for many of her husband's best known verses, and who possesses the additional accomplishment of being able to whistle with a skill and sweetness that rivals the birds, will both sing and whistle on this occasion.

Though dancing is for the most part tabooed during Lent, and there are many who forego the theatre, there are yet other forms of social life that attain a rare perfection among people of the world at this time, not the least among them being the dinner giving art.

The temporary abandonment of other more extensive forms of entertainment leaves the dinner giving hosts and hostesses a fair field for the display of their proficiency in this generally acknowledged most exacting of social achievements.

They are usually able to have the people they most desire to bring together. Caterers, not being in demand for suppers at balls and evening receptions, are in a proper frame of mind to expend both brilliancy of conception and skill of execution on their dinner-giving patrons; hence the success of these Lenten dinners. The season is usually recognized in the emphasis given to the fish course.

The at home days of the various circles that make up Washington society are generally observed throughout Lent, and though the greater number of hostesses eliminate the tea table, yet the five o'clock tea is by no means an unknown quantity. It has outgrown and eclipsed its English antecedent, with its exquisite simplicity, its modest refreshment and its ample opportunity for innocent gossip.

The Mother's Congress, whose message has gone forth to the farthermost corners of the land, held its first session at Washington last year just before Lent, furnishing food for reflection and suggestions for work during the ensuing weeks. It was the glorious conception of a Washington woman, Mrs. Theodore W. Birney, and it became an unsurpassed reality through the munificence of another woman, who spends the greater part of her time in Washington, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst of California.

The Congress was addressed by such able and earnest men and women as Anthony Comstock, Mrs. Helen Gardiner, editor of the "Arena," Margaret Sangster and Mrs. Sallie A. Cotton.

Washington is a worldly city, yet superficial as the life is, there are among the women who make it up, many of lofty ideals and purposes, many doers of noble deeds, of which the world to which they belong has no ken.

WESTCHESTER.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, M. A.

CHAPTER XVI.

A great concourse of people was assembled at the White Plains upon the occasion of the drawing up and signing of the now famous remonstrance of those loyal to the King's Majesty against the violent revolutionary measures of the Continentalists.

The signatories of this momentous document included a great number of those held weightiest in Westchester. But not by reason of the character of the remonstrants, nor by virtue of the import of the measure itself, was it that we came to regard the White Plains meeting as indeed a memorable one.

Its prime significance arose from the fact that thenceforth all effort at longer maintaining neutrality, and excusing differences on the ground of old acquaintance and good neighborhood, must give place to open avowals of opinion and enmity.

Neighbor against neighbor; brother against brother; frequently parent against child—every man's views now must be declared, every man's conduct be closely scrutinized.

As hath in this strange world ever befallen, they, like myself, who held to middle courses, suffered the most, since they were not the more suspected by one than by the other party.

My speech accordingly at their great meeting, wherein I stoutly held that the solution of one evil was not a blind acceptance of another evil, made me no friends.

Had I not vehemently called the monarchy an evil? cried out the loyalists. And—came the antiphon—did he not ridicule the glorious Continental Congress?

What can be done with such an utterly impossible and captious man!

Moreover, there were not wanting hot-heads in both camps who dared declare I did but play upon them with my thin objections, the better to pursue my secret efforts in behalf of—what? This neither side would say. Indeed, my views upon political economy seemed to these honest folk no better than the technical hair-splittings of a dreamer—if they were not the skillfully conceived deceptions of diplomacy itself.

In all truth, nothing so grieved me then, as that our common life was robbed by their high talk of those delights of intercourse and friendship which do alone make bearable our ills and heartaches.

Nothing can adequately show our terrible condition.

In many of our homes the very ties of blood were violently severed, and I have known young men betray their brothers, and, in one case, a son his mother.

Thus came it that we were all perforce shut up within our several houses, and each man felt his neighbor the object of suspicion, as well as possibly the spy upon his own least doings.

To heighten the alarming state to which we were reduced the country far and wide was overrun by bands of lawless men vociferating their rebellious principles and preying upon the honest of all views, without let or hindrance.

Soon came the news of the beginning of hostilities, and ere we knew it, the land was formally and irretrievably committed to grim war. Westchester became that terriblest of

things, a neutral border. Here with succeeding waves—now this, now that way—were we within and then without the lines. And here it was to be expected the number of those men whose treasonable views and conduct should be most commonly required, would be the largest.

Nor had the leaders of both sides cause to complain of any lack in Westchester of those willing, for a sufficient bonus, to risk their necks (not to say consciences) in every species of secret and underhanded business.

So rife, indeed, was the vicinity of the metropolis with questionable characters, that soon the most stringent and oppressive measures were adopted for their detection. I have dwelt something too prolixly on these matters, to the intent the reader may better comprehend what follows.

An afternoon, in the late autumn of the succeeding year to that in which I had returned to my native land, was declining rapidly, when two men who had been walking along an unfrequented path came to a halt, as if uncertain which of the two roads before them would lead them to their destination.

The younger of the two, having gone forward to reconnoitre, presently came back.

"I was right, Colonel," saith he to his companion, who bore no outward evidence of the military rank ascribed to him, being attired in the garb of a farmer, and that none too well-to-do; "I thought me that I had not so forgot these woodland paths as to miscarry. The right hand road will bring you not two miles hence to a well-traveled turnpike. Follow that by the left a matter of a quarter of a mile and you will come upon the charred and blackened ruins of a cottage—it is the gate of Waverly."

"And having come there, get myself shot by that old——"

"Hush! Sir! Not even from a superior officer, as I must for the once admit you, can I brook any disparagement of Mr. Broadbent."

"So ho! my dearest Major Weston, then all that I have heard of a fair flower which clings to that old, gnarled and knotted trunk of a——"

"Not a word of him!"

"Egad! Merrily will I drop him—and speak of her!"

Major Weston laughed, and the Colonel proceeded: "I heard as much. I heard that this old—old—this estimable and genial gentleman, Nathaniel Broadbent, Esquire, hath a fair daughter. Is't so?"

"Yes."

"Ah! And I did furthermore understand that—but I perceive I plague you. Forgive me."

"Thank you," says Weston frankly.

"And now, on coming to this Waverly—this abode of what is fairest and—and—in short, you know, Weston, on coming to this wilderness of a Grange, what am I to do?"

"That depends."

"Upon the whereabouts, I should think, of that old——"

"Nay—it depends upon the whereabouts of the lady herself."

The English officer thereat blew a long whistle, and cries out, "By my scars, Weston, this campaign shall be immortalized as that of petticoats and parsons and pedlar's packs."

Weston betrayed impatience and glancing at the sun says, "You will do well to come to Waverly ere dark."

"By jimminy, yes!"

"Then, merriment aside, I beg you will observe to the minutest details the following instructions."

The Colonel, if so he was, sate then upon the fallen trunk of a huge chestnut, and with all the intensity and earnestness demanded by their so perilous enterprise, gave heed to his companion's words.

"Upon coming to the ruined lodge, take that of the three paths which

makes immediately into the woods. It is not long. It will in less than six or seven minutes bring within view the house. Stop before breaking from under cover of the trees, and then best find your way to that door you will see at the right-hand extremity of the main house.

"Ring. A butler, middle-aged, deaf and suspicious, may answer. If so, bid him advise Thomas Mackenzie that one would have a word of him with news of me."

"Using which of your twenty names, Major?"

The young soldier colored.

"Say, if you please, that Major Victor Weston hath sent you."

"Ahem!" retorts the Colonel, Weston being so haughty.

"Then tell Mackenzie as he loves the daughter of Mr. Broadbent, her peace of mind, her honor, he must contrive to have that lady by nine o'clock within the grotto by the lake at Pelham Abbey place."

"Look! Major, how in the devil's name can your amours and this affair that smells of an elopement (so help me, Jupiter!) further our business? Egad! if I be made to cozen country parsons and plot with women I'll throw up my commission, and so to England, where I might petticoat me to some purpose, man!"

The Major reddened.

"Do you desire the maps, the lists, the other documents, which I have risked my life, my honor, to procure for you, sir?"

"That do I, by all means! D'ye take me for an ass, a dolt, a pander? Have I not walked for them three weeks in three times three quite different disguises—all of them damnably against the feelings of a man and officer? Have I not sneaked from parsonage to parsonage until I verily shall never more think any reverend honest? Have I not got you meetings unconscionable and without end with every petticoat this side of Yonkers? Hang it! I'm tired of it! Have you the papers the general requires? Tell me but where they are, and I shall don my uniform and get those papers in broad high noon!"

The younger soldier laughed with a touch of mockery.

"Ye know not how a war in Westchester must be maintained. Come, do you desire the maps, the papers?"

"Aye!"

"Then do as I have asked. I shall await you here—though somewhat off the road. Three crow's caws and I'll join you."

The Colonel then made off, and none too soon, for he was scarce lost at the turn a mile ahead, when a cavalcade of, it might be, ten men, was heard advancing briskly from the west.

The younger officer failed not to catch the first faint indications of the approaching danger. Having bent down to listen, he lost no time in ascertaining the probable nature and number of the advancing body, and instantly plunging into the thickest part of the adjoining wood, he determined to await their coming.

CHAPTER XVII.

He had not been thus in hiding more than five minutes when the advance guard of the cavalcade cantered into view, not twenty yards from the spot occupied by Major Weston.

The solitary trooper, reining his powerful horse at the fork of the road, looked up and down both the branches of the highway anxiously, and then relaxing his posture in the saddle into one of greater ease, awaited the coming up of his platoon.

He was a man of eight or nine and twenty, of a well-nigh gigantic stature, and in his present unshaven and unkempt condition looked your hard-fighting and hard-cursing trooper, *cap-à-pie*.

He wore the uniform—or be it the rather said, parts of the uniform—of

the famous British regiment of Horse then quartered and marauding above the Harlem. His coat of brick red, and the enormous sabre clanking at his thigh, bespoke him of the slashing corps referred to; but a slouched hat, much torn, and utterly discolored, no less than the nondescript booting and other nether matters, proclaimed the trooper one of that skirmishing platoon the country side had learned to admire more for its known devil-may-care, throat-cutting, hard-riding lawlessness, than for the perfection and splendor of its accoutrements on dress parade.

The young soldier watched this brawny specimen from his hiding place with growing interest and not a little consternation. Unfortunately, when the trooper came to a halt, his face was turned in the direction opposite to Major Weston's ambush, so that the latter officer was fain to reconnoitre the unknown from the rear, which, in this instance, showed but a pair of square shoulders and a huge bush of sandy, uncombed hair protruding from beneath the ragged edges of a gray, slouched hat.

Something did none the less excite the closer scrutiny of Major Weston, for that he cautiously began to exchange his more unfavorable position for one whence he might hope to see at least the profile of the stranger.

The ground being strewn with the dead leaves of autumn no less than with the twigs and brambles of so wild a spot, made any movement certain to be discovered, unless made with extraordinary stealth. Despite all care, an unseen branch snapped 'neath the watcher's feet, and in an instant the trooper, bolt upright, had wheeled his horse, and now sat glaring point blank in the direction whence the suspicious indication came.

The naked thicket formed but a half secure and uncertain screen, but a low clump of dwarfed and matted evergreens suffered the crouching officer to remain unseen.

Satisfied that this was indeed the case, and drawing a heavy pistol from his breast, young Weston peered eagerly into the face of the unknown.

In a moment his guess was certified, for that in the person of the man before him he recognized no less a one than our old friend, the Sergeant. A convulsive movement of his frame betrayed the terrible emotion felt by the hiding man at coming thus so unexpectedly upon his foe. Muttering an oath and something concerning treason, Weston deliberately aimed at the trooper's heart.

As more than one corpse bleaching in the ravines and the remoter passes of this borderland could witness, the giant sitting upon his horse yonder, your very picture and embodiment of life and health, hath not five heartbeats more, so but the finger there in the fir thicket be bent a hair's breadth. Yet the report, the flash, the death reel, came not.

Twice did the Major level his fatal piece; twice did the trigger begin its fatal work; but each time, with a contemptuous leer, the young man suffered his hand to fall.

"As a mere traitor, sooth but another executioner would have more grace than I, and as for private wrongs, surely it cannot skill much one way or another what Sergeant Matthew Darlington may do to Major Weston."

With this chivalrous reflection the watcher quietly restored his pistol to his pocket, and Sergeant Darlington breathed, glared and chewed tobacco as before.

The next moment the main body of the Sergeant's company came up. They might have been some nine or ten in number, a motley crew, with naught to speak them of the same battalion save their hard visage, the which was indeed uniform. A few had red coats to their Titan's back, but the most casual observer could now have seen that this external loyalty to the King's Majesty covered no

very loyal hearts, but served rather the questionable purposes of border warfare by lending (at a distance) a false appearance.

The Sergeant and his second in command fell then to parleying, and the result was the dispatching of a small party along one of the branches of the road, while the main body held to the right hand and made off smartly in the direction of the Grange.

One of the horsemen was detailed to remain, mayhap to apprise some yet expected stragglers of the rendezvous.

This trooper—a mere lad, with all the mountain freshness of Vermont in his bronzed, beardless face—dropping the reins upon his charger's neck, swung his leg carelessly across the pommel of his saddle, lighted a short clay pipe, and fell to singing between the slow, calm puffs, snatches of songs learned 'mid his native hills.

Soon sight and sound of either of the detachments of his comrades had passed away, and the young soldier's revery was undisturbed. But two keen eyes had watched the disappearance of the cavalcades; two ears, trained by unceasing practice, had heard their last faint hoof-beat in the safe far distance.

Then, while the boy puffed a long curling wreath of thin, blue smoke, and thought of a round face, red-cheeked and saucy-eyed, a hissing tongue of light flashed from behind those fir trees yonder, an echoing, sharp, empty, steely, crackling report was heard—but not by him, for just as he began to sing, he toppled off his horse, and after one or two convulsive clutches at the earth, lay beyond further hurting.

In an instant, the hiding man sprang from the screen of brushwood, and in the next, mounted upon the dead lad's charger, he was tearing madly along a bridle-path known to but few and shorter by three-quarters of a mile than the high-road to Waverly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

When I did close my study door upon that Sunday evening nine months before the period which we have now arrived at, it was to hear that from my daughter Madeleine which hath long since been proved to be the cause of even my much suffering's most poignant point.

It was an heart to heart unveiling between a child and father, and would have gone unspoken with me to the tomb, but that some passages befel the which required the publishing of it. Miss Broadbent had, indeed, been no true child of mine had she not something distantly held even me at arm's length and mingled with her thirst for sympathy a touch of dignified resentment at my attempt to probe her.

The child confessed a long existent and ineradicable love for Victor Weston and urged that his addresses were countenanced as innocent and youthful by my beloved wife during our stay in Italy.

But on my questioning my daughter as to her present intercourse with Mr. Weston, and darkly, delicately hinting at my too vague alarm of that same day, the lady (true to my ancestors and hers) stood silent and aggrieved, and, I had said, defiant.

Guiltily, then, I felt I had contaminated what I did bleed to shield. Right humbly and apologetically so I fell to giving her a full account of those events which had brought such anxiety to both Mackenzie and myself, coming at last to the incredible and awful apparition but one brief hour before at the old Abbey.

I had begun my narrative with my most precious child folded within my arms, but as I spake of the report of Mr. Weston's visit the night of my arrest; of the alarm of many of my

tenants on thinking they had seen Miss Broadbent walking in dangerously solitary places; of Tom Mackenzie's possibly romantic fears; and of that half-seen vision at Pelham Abbey, she sprang away from me, quivered as does a doe mortally wounded, and looking at me with a new strange light in her fixed eye, which filled me with a terror, she burst hysterically into a paroxysm of childlike tears.

I promptly took up the advantage which this gave me. Who comforteth another must turn confessor. What my poor child committed to my keeping it needeth not the reader should yet be told, save that she was with all her soul enlisted in the cause of the rebellion against the King, that she had caused her lover to take up arms somewhat reluctantly, and that her heart was tortured with undefined suspicions, the nature of which same she would not tell me.

"And you will study both my natural anxiety and your own honor, by having no more meetings with this gentleman, will you not, my child?"

"Sir, it profoundly pains me to have to plead my innocence with you," she cries.

"Nay, Madeleine, nay! I charge you with no more than youthful indiscretion. The times be such that any absence on your part from home must cause me grave anxiety. You know the penalty attached to any seeming secrecy of meeting. Were you to be discovered in any sort of correspondence with Major Weston, the issue might be fatal to our fortunes; aye, to your own fair name."

"Alas, sir, I do perceive too well you do not trust me."

"Madeleine!"

"Forgive me—but I think it."

"I command you to withdraw that, daughter. Truly, you do surprise me much!"

The lady then stood there as (let a proud man confess it) she stood there even as I would most have wished her to—all womanly.

"Know, then, my father, that as the wife of Major Victor Weston I shall have correspondence with him, and never otherwise. My duty to you, sir. Kiss me good night, and make my good excuse to Uncle Tom at dinner." (So she had ever called Mackenzie.)

Thereat she got my blessing and went to her apartment, and I to dinner.

A burden of uncertainty had been removed, which Tom and I did celebrate in a particular Madeira.

Howbeit, not much sleep was given me that night, but prolonged thinking.

Then sped the troubled months, and naught of difference could I perceive in my dear child, save an increased reserve, which I deemed natural.

I have since learned that she did meet with Major Weston constantly, the which the reader's charity I pray may cover, since I learned also why, as shall the reader, if he have but patience.

We were sitting, Tom and I, upon the afternoon when that occurred of which mention was made in the foregoing chapter, quietly reading, when Father Newton, him I have called our family confessor and nearest friend, came from his meditations in the chapel, asking for Madeleine.

I was about to ring, therefore, when Barker entered, announcing that a countryman was there without, desiring speech of Mr. Mackenzie.

"Bid him come in," I said.

"He will not, sir, come in. Craves but a moment's interview."

"Told he not you what was the purport of his message?" asks Tom Mackenzie.

"He did, sir. He brings news of Major Weston."

We gazed at one another, and then got to our feet.

"I had not heard of Major Weston's regiment being returned."

"Nor I," cries Tom.

"I think," says Father Newton, "that Major Weston's regiment hath not returned, but that——"

The priest then hesitated, as doubtful, and then added:

"Will you allow me, sir, to see this messenger? My sacred character shall vouch for my disposing of the matter to the best interests of all. I do particularly desire to see him."

Mackenzie, being encouraged by a quick glance from me, was more than willing to make the venerable man his agent. Accordingly did Father Newton seek the messenger, while we fell eagerly to wondering what might the issue be.

A quarter of an hour elapsed and our anxiety, augmented much by curiosity, caused our impatience to reach its limit.

Mackenzie, starting forth in quest of Father Newton, had reached the library door, when there rushed by him along the corridor the aged priest himself, followed by one whose dress proclaimed him a simple country fellow.

"This way! This way! With me, sir, to the chapel!" cried the priest; and, as he passed Mackenzie, "Tell Mr. Broadbent, sir, that an armed body comes. Best find Miss Madeleine at once and then alarm the servants! I shall be with you instantly!"

But ere these steps could possibly be taken I saw six troopers gallop across the lawn, and heard their leader loudly demanding me.

CHAPTER XIX.

Hastily grasping the fowling piece, which was our only weapon of defence, and bidding Tom see to Miss Broadbent's person, I hurried to the main door of my house, and, flinging it wide open, stepped forth upon the top of the great steps of the front portico.

The gathering dusk made it impossible for me at once to make out who my so noisy visitors might be. But I perceived from their red coats that they were of General Sir X——'s forces.

Indeed, at that time, no Continentalists were quartered in the county. I then demanded in the King's name what was the purpose of their visit, good-humoredly suggesting also that, since the road was fair, they spare my greensward when it should please them to betake themselves away.

A derisive shout greeted my words, and I began to fear that a marauding troop had fallen upon us—not for the first time,—and (as their predecessors had burned all my outhouses) I wondered if the hall of my fathers was now doomed.

The leader of the band here swung himself heavily from his horse, and, with an air of impudent bravado, approached the steps.

"Hold!" cried I, levelling my piece at him, "though but an old and peaceable, you will not find me a fearful man. In the King's name, I charge you not to invade my house except your purpose be both amicable and just."

"Put up your rusty shot-gun, Squire, in all good conscience. You know me, sir. This bit of red rag here hath but deceived you. My name is Darlington—Sergeant, they like to have it. Sergeant Darlington, Squire, at your command."

I instantly recognized the man who had arrested me two years before.

"I cannot call you welcome altogether, Sergeant, albeit, if I can be of service to your men and you in the mean way of food and drink, why, pray command me."

"Our bellies all the larders in the county minister to."

"I hear Sir X—— doth wisely not neglect his commissariat."

"Sir X—— and his commissariat be damned! Do you take us to be the hired butchers of free men?"

"Your coats would prove you British, certainly, and yet on the occasion

of our former meeting I took you for a most approved good rebel."

"That, sir, is not an epithet we brook. This bloody livery we wear for a good purpose."

"God grant it! But I had thought most men would rather sail under fair colors."

"At times, at times. But come, sir, we seek here Major Weston."

"He is not here."

"That I must satisfy myself of, by your leave."

"I tell thee that he is not, hath not been here."

The fellow at this nodded to his men, four of whom instantly did so dispose themselves as that they might command a view of every entrance to the house.

The Sergeant and the remaining trooper then came together to the steps.

I was upon the point of ordering them to halt, when out there ran Mackenzie, whispering to me that Madeleine was nowhere to be found.

The troopers bounded upon the steps, and, being implored to do so by my friend, I suffered them to enter without protest. In the hall we found the venerable priest reading his office as he paced the floor.

"Ah! there is the petticoat we caught sight of but now," says Darlington's lieutenant.

"Father, be good enough to tell us where you have hid the major."

"What officer is that of whom you speak, my son?"

"Come, come," bawls out the trooper; "the Major, Father, he whom you have so much consorted with of late."

"I understand you not."

"You lie!"

But even Sergeant Darlington regretted his lieutenant's words.

"Hold your cursed tongue!" he roars at that subordinate, and then: "Father, is Major Weston not hid in this house?"

"He is not, sir."

"You swear it?"

"If that were necessary—nay I do swear it. That officer is not here, nor can I tell you where he is."

"Do you know?"

"No, Sergeant; I do not."

"Strange! Let us see your daughter, Squire."

"No, sir! What mean you, sir?"

"We have not many moments more. Where is your daughter? Don't hem and haw there. If it be necessary I shall burn down the house, but I shall see her."

Scarcely restraining me, Mackenzie then declared that Miss Broadbent was not at home. The soldier turned then to the priest enquiringly, and as the Father sorrowfully shook his head in indication that he believed my daughter was at home, the Sergeant, followed by us all, began a search. But, though no spot in the whole house wherein so much as a large apple might have been hid, but was pried into, no trace of Miss Broadbent was found.

I know not if this caused me more relief than anguish.

It spared her insult—but where was my poor child?

Cursing in disappointed rage, Darlington muttered that he would have the hide of them that had occasioned him this wild-goose chase.

Calling his band together, they held a council, and then made off (sparing this time my lawn), but not until they had regaled themselves by means of a collation I was but too impatient to have prepared for them.

Having allowed sufficient time for them to put a league between us, and having posted Barker with the old fowling piece a stone's throw from the house, we hurried, under Father Newton's guidance, into the little room which served us as a chapel.

Here I did hope to find the priest had hid my daughter, but I was thrown into the wildest terrors when

he declared he had supposed she was within until the search had failed to discover her. While I was feverishly turning in my mind what I might do, the clergyman withdrew behind the little altar, where it had been ingeniously contrived to place a closet in the wainscot, in which the priest did use to keep his vestments.

Presently thence emerged no other than the messenger whom Major Weston, we have seen, dispatched, and whose untimely visit the coming of the troopers had disturbed.

The Colonel, rubbing his eyes and stretching his cramped limbs, followed us silently into the hall, saying on coming there:

"By my faith, Father, had there not been a sacrilege involved, I would not have allowed those two spurred cutthroats to leave your chapel."

"Whom have I now the honor to welcome to my house?" I was beginning, when Tom put in, "Tell him not, sir. You know that it is dangerous to know too much in these days. Tell us not neither who or what you are. It shall be better that we be left ignorant and able so to swear we never knew you."

The Colonel laughed and said: "By all means, gentlemen. But pray permit me to assure you first that raising cabbages is not my true profession, nor this gray coat my customary dress."

He then declared he came from Major Victor Weston of the American Army, who, being on parole, was come under a safe disguise into the neighborhood. He whispered something then to Father Newton, who looked consent, whereat the unknown told us plainly that for some reason known not to himself (though he might guess it) the object of his visit was to convey the vehement request of Major Weston that Mr. Thomas Mackenzie do conduct Miss Broadbent at nine that evening to some stone summer house, or grotto, being beside a pond within the grounds of an estate known as the Abbey.

That moment was an unspeakable and awful one for me. Black horror surged into my heart of hearts. I would have swooned, so deep in its uncertainty was my alarm, had not my confessor pressed reassurance on me.

Guided by Father Newton's counsels, we did agree that he should in his own person conduct my daughter to the mysterious interview, which we all felt it most unwise as well as possibly unjust to ignore—which I at first did hotly protest I would insist on.

Meanwhile, we did arrange, Mackenzie and myself should be in the near vicinage of the appointed tryst in order to afford Miss Broadbent our protection, or else to further Major Weston's purposes, an they proved innocent of treason, or other prejudice to our known neutrality.

Satisfied hugely with this complacency on our part, and the entirely happy issue of his mission, the messenger, partaking hastily of a deep draught of liquor, and a few mouthfuls of cold meat, took his departure.

Night having fallen, he, for the sake of saving half a mile, kept to the avenue, and made the best of his way to rejoin Weston.

Tortured with ever-increasing anxiety, I next searched once and again every portion of the house and its surroundings. But in vain. The fast approach of night, and our last search, which did again prove fruitless, changed our suspense into confessed alarm. Summoning as well the gardeners and hostlers as the domestic servants, yet without furnishing these worthy gossips with any the least notion of what the messenger's news was, I diligently inquired of them if they had seen Miss Broadbent walking abroad that day.

One of them, the daughter of my coachman, declared that she did see Miss Madeleine taking the air back of the long rose house.

"At what hour, Jessie?"

"Gone four, sir, and——"

The wench did hesitate and stammer as though she knew more than she deemed it prudent to reveal.

"And what, my girl? Be not afraid to speak."

The simple maiden reddened, but being vigorously prodded from behind by her fat mother, and told not to "be acting like a natural" before his reverence and me, she took sufficient heart to say that not a half an hour ago her dear Miss Madeleine, looking as pale as any ghost she ever saw, had come and given her a sovereign and a letter.

"A letter? For whom, pray?"

"For you, sir; but I mayn't yet deliver it, saving your honor's presence."

"Wait till I have ye home, ye hussy!" whispered her mother, menacingly.

"Why may you not deliver me the letter, since you were charged to do so by your mistress?"

"Because my poor young lady—that was all trembling like—bade me not give it to your honor until half-past seven."

"Give me the letter, child, and I engage Miss Madeleine will not upbraid you."

The loyal little creature was for not yielding, when a sound cuff, administered by the maternal palm, recalled her to her duty.

"Nay, Nora, do not force the child."

But Jessie by this time was all communicative and giving me the letter, added that her young lady had walked or run in the direction of the pine plantation, where, as she hoped to be forgiven, a roughish-looking man was waiting for her.

My daughter's letter was but a pencilled scrap, and ran—I have it yet—as followeth:—

"My Beloved Father—I do not ask forgiveness, but your trust. I go in the discharge of what, before my God, I know to be the highest duty which a woman knows. I hope to be at home within two hours from this; but I may never—so perilous is my position—return home more.

"I could speak one word, father, which would allay your apprehension and evoke your pardon. If it shall be the will of God that I return not, I, or another one, will speak the word. And so, beseeching that you do pursue me with your prayers and blessing, I know I have done naught to forfeit my chief dower—the right to sign myself your ever dutiful and loving daughter,

MADELINE BROADBENT."

Handing the note to Father Newton, and stunned by vague forebodings, I walked erect (I know not whence the strength) along the passage opened by my devoted servants, and shutting myself in alone before the Sacrament, wrestled with God.

(To be continued.)

THE HEART'S CRY.

BY WALTER M. EGGINTON.

Though Reason tells me that it cannot be,
And wounded Pride commands me whisperingly,
Still from my heart comes yearningly the cry:
With you I'd live, with you I'd gladly die.

THOMPSON'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY WALTER LECKY.

A recent critic, reviewing the poems of Mr. Francis Thompson, in the usual arbitrary way of the modern critic, dismissed the volume from his august presence with what I dare say will be credited by some of his readers as a wonderfully wise remark. "Mr. Thompson's philosophy," quoth the book reviewer, "is out of place in these later days of the nineteenth century." Thus striking the poet in a most vulnerable place, the modest critic dips deep in ink his pen, and turning to the next volume, which happens to be Ibsen, waxes warm in praise of a writer who so well understands the trend of his times; who so vigorously grasps the spirit of his age—one who is not afraid to handle sin with naked hands. "What a contrast!" says the critic, "between Thompson, with his conventional ideas about morality, and this vigorous saga, this preacher of ethical agnosticism, who has nothing but scorn for the feeble dotard that did miracles long ago, and was once a jealous God, but is now quite easy going, and content with his fragment of the human heart, willing enough to accept the service of one day out of seven, and altogether past working miracles. Thompson but blindly follows the ecclesiastical hucksters, who have cobwebbed whatever little of good there was in Christianity! Ibsen will have none of their thralls; he has seen through their tricks, scorns these hucksters, who have no longer any power save what cunning gives; and has not even pity for their dupes. Is it not enough to be born in this age—the age of science—to breathe the air of freedom, and see with eyes that hypocrisy cannot dull? Who should pity the man that would listen to the strains of Francis Thompson, when the true minstrel of the century, Henrik Ibsen, is in full song!"

What is criticism these days but words, the more the merrier, and the better to gull the butterfly audience that such a critic must address. This book reviewer is of the swarm. His trade calls him to go with the current, and Ibsenism happens to be the current. He cannot afford to be honest and manly, thus admitting his ignorance of Mr. Thompson's philosophy and a dislike to its mastery. Did he dare do so, how long could he cater to his crowd? It is the creed of the times that the critic must be omniscient. Dwelling on this attribute, critics, even the puniest of them, have come to believe that they are all-powerful, and that their little label tells sufficiently the destiny of every book that passes through their hands. What fools these mortals be! "Men," says Newman, "must be found who can treat where it is necessary, like the Athenian sophist, *de omni scibili. Grammaticus, Rhetor Geometres, Pictor Aliptes Augur Schoenobates Medicus Magus omnia novit.*" There is a demand for this sort of thing. In order to supply the want, this order of writers give a hurried perusal to the authors of all creeds, with a single sharp exception. Azarias, in the most thoughtful book he has given us, was quick to notice this exception. Speaking of Emerson, who was an apostle of this school, Azarias says: "He sought truth in every religion and philosophical system outside of the teachings of the Catholic Church."

Mr. Thompson is a member of that Church; his philosophy is drawn from that Church; hence the book reviewer's contempt. Let us here part company with a critic who could not, if he would, help us, and learn else-

where the poet's philosophy, and see if it is so out of joint with the age that even small men may pass in the market place and owe it but a sneer.

The poet believes in a personal God; for him no vague, empty shadows, but a reality that takes an interest in our lives, raises us with love, purifies us with sorrow, gives us our heritage by death. His faith is strong in the great dogmas so sedulously guarded by his Church. To him the Incarnation is the basis of all love, the pedestal on which rests the staircase that winds to Heaven. Christ is no mere prophet, no mere philosopher, as Socrates or Plato; no mere sayer of sentences to prop life, but God. Christ came with a mission to teach, and that mission held the true philosophy of life. Your ordinary philosopher, who laboriously hammers from the shreds of the past some unique something which he calls philosophy, takes particular care to gather around him while living a band of disciples, that these same disciples after his death may found a society for the continuance of his theories. Who will question that Christ, whose sufferings and sorrows in the bearing of His message to man tax human description, used the same wise precaution as do the philosophers who breast the crest of the wave for a day and then sink to rise no more? Is it to be thought that a philosophy that was crowned with a Calvary could be thrown, unprotected, to the crowd, as bones to the dogs, to cause but snarl and contention? Laws are not for the populace to use them with their every whim. Courts explain and protect them. The philosophy of Christ was not as thistle-down, to be caught by every human zephyr; nor as a leaf in the winds. It was something solid, substantial, that which was to renovate the world, and to do it needed explanation and protection. Who could know this better than the divine Founder? Who in instituting a Church gave not only perpetuity, but unchangeableness to His doctrines? This Church is nothing else than Christ in activity, and, as a consequence, no matter how complex the age may be, no matter how many ills it may be heir to, this Church is capable of both directing the age's tendencies and administering to its maladies. It develops as civilization develops; it can take by the hand a nation in barbarism and lead it to the highest possible development. Creeds have had their days of prosperity, but man-made as they were, and mortal, they died when the peculiarities which gave them birth had passed away. They were but vague attempts at a forgotten tune, while the Catholic Church was the tune itself. And the reason of this has been well put by Mr. Mallock, who, strangely enough, yet dwells in the encircling gloom: "The Catholic Church is the only dogmatic religion that has seen what dogmatism really implies, and what will, in the long run, be demanded of it, and she contains in herself all appliances for meeting these demands. She alone has seen that if there is to be an infallible voice in the world, this voice must be a living one, as capable of speaking now as it ever was in the past, and that as the world's capacities for knowledge grow, the teacher must be always able to unfold to it a fuller teaching. The Catholic Church is the only historical religion that can conceivably thus adapt itself to the wants of the present day without virtually ceasing to be itself. It is the only religion that can keep its identity without losing its life, and its life without losing its identity; that can enlarge its teachings without changing them; that can be always the same and yet be always developing."

The philosophy of this Church is the marrow of Mr. Thompson's poems. He is, however, by no means, even in English, its highest singer.

Shakespeare has been before him singing of the "great Triune, and Mary nigh," of faith, of hope, of patience in life, of charity, of resignation in sorrow, of resurrection and life in death; aye, singing in highest key what the new philosophy ignores, that the wages of sin is death.

If, then, Mr. Thompson's philosophy is out of joint with the times, so much the worse for the times, and so much greater the need of those being heard who, like the poet, are light-bearers. At this philosophy the critic, drunk with materialism, sneers, but it is well to remember that even the most virulent prejudice is no match for truth. Materialism has long catered to the body, and the sign of the times is, as judged from such vagaries as Spiritualism, that the dead souls are calling for help and nutrition. Mr. Thompson's philosophy, the philosophy of the Catholic Church, alone can succor, for of this church alone can it be written, "She regards this world and all that is in it as a mere shade, as dust and ashes, compared with the value of one single soul. She holds that unless she can, in her own way, do good to souls, it is of no use in her doing anything; she holds that it were better for sun and moon to drop from heaven, for the earth to fail and for the many millions upon it to die of starvation in extremest agony, as far as temporal affliction goes, than that one soul—I will not say should be lost, but should commit one single venial sin, should tell one wilful untruth, though it harmed no one, or steal one poor farthing. She considers the action of this world and the action of the soul simply incommensurate, viewed in their respective spheres; she would rather save the soul of one single wild bandit in Calabria, or whining beggar of Palermo, than draw a hundred lines of railroad through the length of Italy or carry out a sanitary reform in its fullest details in every city of Sicily, except so far as these great national works tended to some spiritual good beyond them." To put this philosophy in a shape that the readers of the critic will swallow and digest is the duty we owe our church. Newman's masterly mind long ago staked the route; men of the stamp of Hecker and Barry have here and there cut the brush, but great is the work yet to be done, great the harvest to be reaped. Men of all gifts and all degrees of gifts are needed. The field is wide. There is work for all; the poet with his song, the artist with his canvas, the musician with his notes beyond the poet's power, the architect with his frozen music, the rich with their means, the poor with their love, they are needed to do again the work of SS. Peter and Paul, reminding the chosen ones how, in their selfishness and hearkening to the world, and learning its tongue and loving its turmoil, they are in danger of losing their ancient heritage to the Gentiles; that there can be no peace found in the hundreds of man-made creeds that shout in the market place for recognition, holding their stalls until some more fascinating creed drives them to bankruptcy and oblivion.

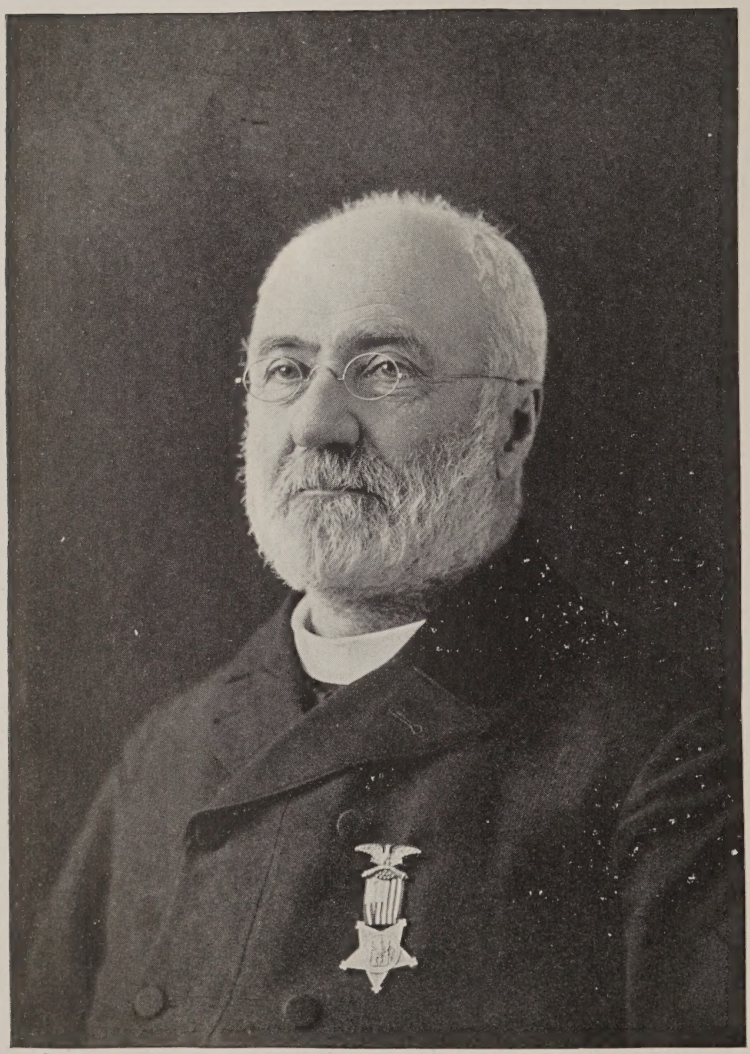
How, then, can we idly stand in this clamorous age, content to minister to our own little selves, when the wounded human spirit beats its bars of flesh, seeking peace, and not soothe it through Him

> "Though dead, not dead.
> Not gone, though fled;
> Not lost, though vanished."

JUNO'S COUSINS.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

By William Hopkins.



Rev. Thomas Scully.

State Encampment of Massachusetts, G. A. R., honored itself in honoring Rev. Thomas Scully, the venerable pastor of St. Mary's of the Annunciation Church, Cambridgeport, whose record as chaplain of the Ninth Regiment during the war is a cause of pride to all Catholics.

Father Scully has been chosen State Chaplain of the order, and it is a fitting testimonial to a worthy gentleman whose life has been devoted to works of philanthropy and religion. Father Scully is also deeply interested in educational progress, his parochial school in Cambridge being

the pride of New England. The Holy Ghost Hospital, founded by the Grey Nuns, will be a lasting memorial of Father Scully's generosity, he having given the land on which the good Sisters are building. The Father Scully gymnasium has been a power for good among the young men of the parish, and the splendidly equipped school hall is the happy rendezvous for all the young people, and old, too, who participate in the enjoyable and uplifting entertainments which are frequently given there.

Rev. M. J. Geraghty, O. S. A.

Rev. M. J. Geraghty, O. S. A., the zealous and energetic rector of the Augustinian Missionary Band of Villanova, Pa., is a pulpit orator of wide reputation. He was born in Carthage, N. Y., and received his preparatory training in the schools of his native town. This was supplemented by a brilliant course at Villanova College, at the conclusion of which he entered the novitiate of the Hermits of St. Augustine. Since his ordination he has occupied positions of responsibility in the order with conspicuous success. For some time he was engaged in parochial work in Northern New York, and during four years served as assistant at the Church of Our Lady of Consolation, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia. At the quadrennial chapter of the Augustinians during the summer of 1894, at which the present Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Martinelli, presided as Prior General of the order, Rev.

Rev. John P. Chidwick, U. S. N.
Chaplain of the Battleship "Maine."

Father Geraghty was appointed to the very responsible position of Master of Novices, and two years later he was promoted to his present position as Mission Rector. Under his able direction the Augustinian missions have assumed a much wider scope, so that now the fathers are in demand as preachers in all parts of the country. To instance the magnificent work now being done by these devoted priests, we may state that during the past eighteen months Rev. Father Geraghty alone has enrolled over 80,000 persons in the richly indulgenced Scapular of Our Lady of Good Counsel, and he and his assistants have adminstered the sacraments to nearly 250,000 persons. Rev. Father Geraghty is very popular with the young men, and is assiduous in organizing literary circles and temperance societies.

"What is the field of labor of a priest aboard ship?" asked the Reverend John P. Chidwick, chaplain of the battleship Maine, in "A Parish Afloat," published in the September Donahoe's. Readers will remember how touchingly this friend of the sailors answered his own question, pleading for his charge that "they stand in greater need of advice, comfort and consolation than men ashore, as their lives are spent far away from the restraining and sympathetic influences of home and are filled with temptation and frequently threatened by dangers."

The magnitude of these dangers was made evident in the recent appalling disaster by which two hundred and fifty-three lives were lost. In describing the daily routine on board a battleship Father Chidwick dwells on the sailors' devotion, their ready response to his efforts in their behalf, and their respect and esteem for their spiritual guide Commending the spirit of kindness and liberality shown to the chaplain by the other officers Father Chidwick says: "The freedom with which a chaplain can mingle with the men is a great help to the success of his work. His men are always around him. He can see them whenever he pleases. This advantage enables him to meet all men without distinction, to know them thoroughly, to win their confidence and to be able to

counsel and help them. The men do not object to his presence. On the contrary they welcome him as a friend and unburden to him many of their cares and troubles."

Thus unconsciously Father Chidwick bears witness to his work, actuated by the zeal for God and love for humanity that endeared him to the parishioners of St. Stephen's, New York.

REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD.

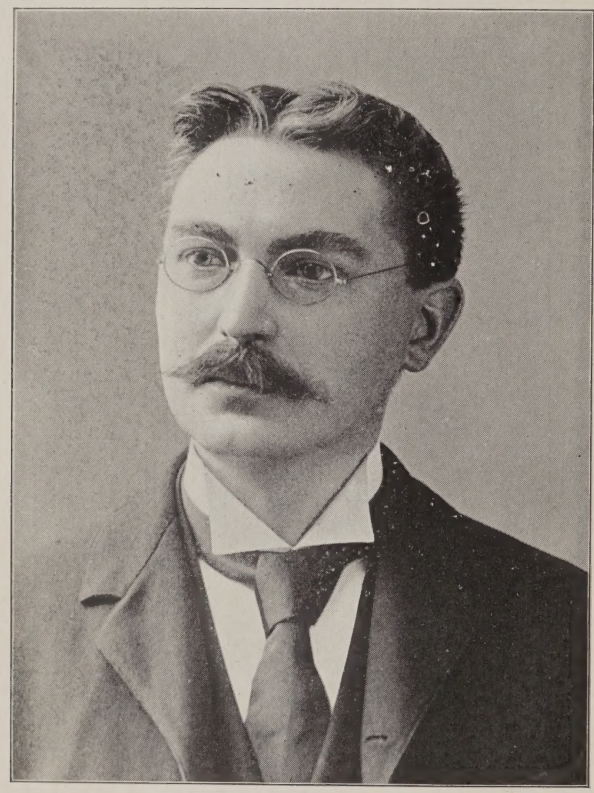
Rev. James B. Dollard was born August 30th, 1872, in the parish of Mooncoin, County Kilkenny, Ireland, by the banks of the "Gentle Suir,"—the same locality in which was born Archbishop Walsh of Toronto, the venerable prelate to whose jurisdiction he belongs. He made his preparatory studies for the sacred ministry in St. Kieran's College, Kilkenny.

In 1891 he went to Canada, where he entered the Grand Seminary, Montreal, making with distinction the five years' course in philosophy and theology. He was ordained to the Holy Priesthood December 19th, 1897, and is now assistant priest of St. Mary's Church, Toronto.

His poems, often under the nom de plume of Sliev-na-mon, have appeared in the Dublin Weekly Freeman, the Waterford Star, Donahoe's Magazine, Catholic World Magazine, and the Boston Pilot, and have been copied extensively by other periodicals.

The municipal ownership and operation of a printing office being something new

in this country, has caused the experiment made in Boston to be closely watched from every quarter, and various predictions have been made as to the probable result. The story of the inception of the idea, the vigorous opposition of those who considered it impracticable, and the lines of development followed, are already known to the public. Recently published information has proved beyond doubt the success of the experiment, and those who less than a year ago predicted failure, are convinced that the municipal printing plant has demonstrated its usefulness and its right to be considered a permanent institution.



Superintendent Thomas A. Whalen.

For this happy outcome no little credit is due to the energy, business tact and alertness of the Superintendent, Thomas A. Whalen, who has spared no personal effort, nor left any means untried to make the city plant a paying investment for the city. Superintendent Whalen's quiet, genial manner and kindly interest in the work of his subordinates have won for him their ready co-operation, while his broad knowledge of every detail of the printing business and fine administrative ability have convinced citizens in general of the wisdom of his appointment to so onerous and responsible a position as that of Superintendent of the only municipal printing plant in the country.

Mayor Van Wyck of Greater New York gave additional evidence of his wisdom by selecting for the responsible position of chief clerk in his municipal office, that clever young attorney, Mr. Richard S. Farley.

Mr. Farley is a prominent worker in the Catholic social and literary circles of the metropolis, and he has been at the head of the Knights of Columbus in New York. He was succeeded as State Deputy by Hon. John J. Delaney.

During his time in office as State Deputy he worked zealously for the interests of

RICHARD S. FARLEY.

the Knights, making many personal sacrifices, and having always in view the advancement of the order.

Lawyer Farley's professional career has made him known throughout New York, where a brilliant future is assured him by his learning, ability and personal activity along the highest lines of progress.

SELFISHNESS.

BY MARGARET M. HALVEY.

'Twas the tale of a modern holocaust, and, scanning the printed scroll,
"Thank God!" the reader breathed, "no name I know is on the roll."
The grateful prayer fell trippingly, but that other was left unsaid,
For hearts that broke with certainty, where hers had sickened with dread.

THE CHILDHOOD OF MARY.

A LEGEND OF BOLOGNA.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

Ghirardacci, in his story of Bologna, tells a beautiful legend of a young nun, immured in one of the inclosed Italian convents. She was a holy maiden, so pious that the least hint of a sin distressed her tender soul, and so sweet that she was beloved by all about her. In addition to graces of mind and soul, God had given her the most exquisite beauty and she showed that she was to be trusted with the gift by the humble dedication which she made of it to the One who had permitted her to enjoy it.

One day there was a solemn High Mass in the old church of Santa Maria di Angeli. Countless lights streamed from the magnificent altar, many voices sang the praises of God and the scene was one of devotion and splendor. The nuns, from their gratings in the carven stalls above, beheld the ceremony and assisted in the praise which ascended to the Heavens.

A youth in the church, kneeling devoutly, although he was a soldier and a gay child of the nobles, heard from above the choir lofty strains of the most entrancing sweetness, so angelic that he raised his head to listen. His eyes fell upon the nun Lucia, singing her Ave with fervor, unmindful of the world. Ricardo fell at once so violently in love with the beauty of her face that, thoughtless of the sacred hour and place, he looked again and again at the sight which enthralled his soul. But Lucia, who was as pure as she was beautiful, although she could not avoid seeing the repeated glances cast upon her, modestly looked away. As soon as the service was over she retired from the grating, and never to her dying day did she appear there again.

In despair, Ricardo offered himself, his sword and his good right arm, to wage war upon the heathen Saracens, going—with many other brave knights and esquires—upon a crusade to the Holy Land. Years passed and, fighting bravely for the Cross, he was wounded and fell into the hands of the enemy, who condemned him to death. Invoking the help of the Blessed Virgin and of Sister Lucia—the nun of Bologna—he fell asleep in his chains. When he awoke all was changed. Instead of chains, he was free, and instead of his dungeon walls, reeking with noisome filth, there were the calm, peaceful aisles of a church. He scarce could understand, thinking this some strange dream, but upon looking about him he recognized the church of Santa Maria di Angeli, his own church in the beautiful city of Bologna, the spot where he had seen for the last time his loved Lucia. As he knelt in prayer before the marble altar, there came before his wondering eyes a lovely vision. It was Lucia, more radiant, more purely beautiful than before.

"In brightly shining garments clad,
There at his feet Lucia stood,
Was it a living form she had
For from her cheek had fled the blood?"

runs the old ballad, and upon Ricardo's asking in awed tones if she still lived, she replied, "I am alive, Ricardo, soldier of the Cross, who hath overcome temptation. I live indeed, but of the true life," adding:

"Lightly, on angel wings I come
From near God's throne to succor thee:
Patient, within thy native home
Live, till Heaven's kiss shall set thee free."

Telling the astonished soldier to place his sword and buckler upon her tomb and piously return thanks to the Blessed Virgin for the preservation of his life, Lucia disappeared, and Ricardo thereafter led a life of great piety and sanctity.

In the year 1200 this miracle took place. The story is quaintly told, yet the lesson it teaches is as fresh and sweet as in those days, so long ago.

The influence of a pure woman, one who prizes truth and goodness and duty more than mere earthly happiness, lasts beyond the grave, and

"So to live is heaven;
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing a beauteous order, that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man."

A WATCH IN THE NIGHT.

BY KATHERINE O'DAY MANLEY.

I sat one night by the bedside of one who loved me. I held her hand. I watched her labored breathing. And when she moaned it was as though a blade of steel had pierced my heart. We were alone.

An hour passed. It was midnight now. The faded wrinkled hand still lay in mine, inert and nerveless. Her brow was cold and damp, and the dim eyes were closed from time to time in restless slumber. Her breath came harder now. At times it seemed almost to cease, and as I bent to listen I suddenly realized that we were no longer alone. Beside me sat Memory, looking backward, who presently began to speak. Her voice was soft and low like the voice of the sprite that lives in the seashell, and over and over again sings the well-remembered songs of the ocean. She spoke of the days long, long gone by. Days of childhood, of youth, of manhood. Days of sweetest, purest joys; days of darkest, bitterest anguish. And ever as she spoke, she looked at her who lay there, her whose hand I held. And her words came to me like music in a dream. "She was ever thy truest friend," she said. "Her eyes had always the light of glorious mother love to illumine thy darkest hours. Her lips had only tender words for thee. Her hand was ever cool upon thy brow. Her feet were never weary in thy service. Always her pulses quickened at thy coming and her heart yearned for thee in absence." I bent and kissed the lips so white with pain and whispered "Mother," but there was no answering thrill upon them and the glazing eyes that met my own saw neither the love nor the anguish there.

Then I knew that another sat where Memory had been. A gaunt and restless figure that cowered and trembled and glanced behind with boding eye. A hunted, haunted creature that shrank from every touch and started at every sound. I sought to meet her eye, but could not. She pointed to the door. Then first I saw a monstrous shape in sable garb that waited in the hall beyond. Too well I knew his errand, and in that hour God seemed both very near and very far away. In wordless agony I sank upon my knees, and with my arms about her in despairing clasp, in my heart defied even Death himself to take her from me.

Another hour went by. Still over

against me Fear sat cowering. Still without in the hallway Death hovered at the threshold, gliding with velvet footsteps slowly to and fro beyond the curtain, and ever and anon peering in between its folds. Then would I shiver and draw my cloak yet closer up about me and hold the withered hand in a yet more tender clasp. The clock ticked loud, but save the low restless moaning from the drawn lips no other sound was heard.

So passed another endless hour.

When still another hour was spent and night began to wane, a bright, warm presence filled the room and shivering Fear had fled. The moaning ceased. Her breath came slow and regular and soft. So soft I needs must bend my ear to catch it. As if by some supernal power the lines of pain were smoothed away. The muscles relaxed like those of a sleeping child, tired after play. The eyes were closed, but over the whole countenance had crept a look of peace and calm ineffable. The beauty of her vanished youth sat once more enthroned upon that brow over which had drifted the snows of sixty winters. She slept.

I looked, and lo! I saw Death's sable garment trailed upon the floor, and trampling over it; Hope had entered and stood beside me. Tall, strong and beautiful he stood. His eyes were deep as the woes of all the ages. His brow was white as the soul of a little child, and round it clustered locks that seemed to hold imprisoned the sunlight of all human love.

With a mighty throb of joy my heart went out to him. I stretched my arms toward him. I knelt at his feet. I hung upon his garments. But he looked away from me to her who lay asleep. He spoke. "I have come to give her rest," he said. "Is she not beautiful? See how calm her brow. How sweet the smile that curves those tender lips. She shall suffer no more. Pain and sorrow have lost dominion over her, conquered by my might. Her eyes, closed so peacefully, already drink in the glory of the view beyond. She sleeps. She is at rest. No more of pain, or grief, or suffering, or toil. No more heart-aching or heart-breaking. Nothing now but peace, and joy, and love,—and rest. And I have come to give her these. You call me Hope because you see my face unveiled, but last night I stood beyond the curtain and you shrank trembling from my sight. God bids me hide my beauty with a mask of woe, lest, like you, all men should fly to me for solace. Men fear me because they know me not. I am the dispenser of most precious gifts. 'Tis I alone who can bring lasting peace and rest. Through me alone can the lover say to his beloved, 'Now thou art mine, mine in the love that lives beyond the grave, changeless and eternal.' I am he whom men call Death."

I fell at his feet. I begged that he would take me with him, for I loved him. I would have thrown my arms about him and held him, but he was gone.

I turned to her. The first rosy beam of coming day fell full across her face and brightened it as with a glory from beyond the skies. I touched her forehead—it was cold. I pressed my quivering lips to hers—they were like ice.

The clock ticked loud. There was nothing besides to break the silence, but in my ears was the echo of the angel's words, "She sleeps, she is at rest."

And though my heart was breaking, and I writhed beneath the burden that was crushing me down, and though my eyes were dim with burning tears, I remembered the glory on her brow, and the light in the eyes of the angel when he said, "She sleeps, she is at rest."

And in my heart I whispered, "It is well."

ST. PATRICK'S VISION.

"Fides Manebit."

By John A. Doyle.

The shadows of ev'ning were silently creeping
O'er Erin's green valleys, o'er mountain and lea,
The last smiling ray o'er the hilltop was peeping
Ere sinking to rest 'neath the waves of the sea.

The bright waters glistened, the blue sky reflecting
Her beauty enhanced in the picture below,
And white clouds majestic, their proud heads erecting,
Looked up from the mirror-like mountains of snow.

Fair Erin lay smiling where Nature had crowned her
"The Queen of the Ocean" that near her feet rolled,
The halo of sunset shone brightly around her,
An emerald gem in a setting of gold.

The flocks wandered homeward, the shepherds were calling,
The tinkle of cowbells fell faint on the ear,
The dew kissed the shamrock as twilight was falling,
And charmed by her loveliness, Peace lingered near.

Far up to the hilltop o'erlooking the ocean,
In deep meditation a holy man strayed;
The sky was the roof o'er his place of devotion,
The greensward an altar where kneeling he prayed.

The scene of his labors was spread out before him,
His trials and triumphs came back in review.
The prayer he continued 'till darkness fell o'er him
Was: "Father Eternal, keep Ireland true."

Then quick flashed the answer, the sky rent asunder,
A vision of gladness burst forth on the night,
And St. Patrick in awed veneration and wonder
Was filled to the soul with a holy delight.

There stood the Archangel, the faithful defender,
His white robes resplendent, his visage aglow,
His beautiful countenance smiling and tender
Was turned to the Saint on the hilltop below.

Unfurling a banner of Heaven's designing,
While choirs of angels caught up the refrain,
These words lit the sky with their beautiful shining,
"Fides Manebit": The Truth will remain.

Long years have rolled by since that promise was granted,
And storms of oppression have raged there at will,
But spite of all tempests the faith that was planted
Could ne'er be uprooted—'tis flourishing still.

Though scattered afar Erin's sons dearly love her,
And faithful and fearless her honor sustain,
The Vision shines ever a bright star above her,
And *"Fides Manebit":* The Faith will remain.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A biographical work of the first order is "The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman," by Wilfrid Ward, which has lately appeared in two large octavo volumes. This long expected work, undertaken by Cardinal Manning, and later by Fr. Morris, S. J., and interrupted by their death, has at length been successfully accomplished by Mr. Ward, to whom too much praise cannot be given for the comprehensive and masterly way in which he treats the life and influence of the great English Cardinal. It is something more than a mere biography: it is, as its name implies, a study of the times, a tracing of the intellectual and spiritual movement in England, which, during the middle of the present century, engrossed the attention of the world, and in which the great churchman who is the subject of these memoirs played such a prominent part and exercised a deep and lasting influence. Not the least interesting chapter in this remarkable work is the masterly survey of the position of English Catholics during feudal times, and the effect of years of persecution upon their attitude and spirit, which resulted in that peculiar intellectual and moral temperament with which Wiseman was forced to contend when, after his return from Rome, he entered the lists as champion of the Catholic cause. This chapter, which deals with the history of English Catholicism from the spoliation of Henry VIII. down to the passage of the act of Catholic Emancipation, forms one of the most brilliant resumés of the religious history of the times which has yet appeared, and is necessary for the right understanding of the elements which were at work in English religious life, when Wiseman began his noble mission. There is a rich collection of documents and letters, many of which appear here for the first time, which throw a new light on the momentous events which occurred during the Cardinal's brilliant career. The author has made a good use of these documents, especially in setting forth the status and development of the controversy between Wiseman and Manning on the one side, and Errington and his adherents on the other, and has succeeded in rescuing the illustrious name of Manning from the obloquy which Mr. Purcell by his ungenerous methods had, in a measure, surrounded it. We catch many delightful glimpses of Wiseman in these letters and we learn to appreciate his many-sidedness, his broad and tolerant spirit, his comprehensive learning, his just perception of the spirit and need of the times, his powerful influence in upbuilding Catholicity in England. Sensitive by nature, and shrinking from criticism, he could on occasions make a display of the highest moral courage, and lose all sense of natural timidity in the overwhelming conviction of the justice of his cause and his unswerving confidence in the ultimate success of its claims. An instance of this manifestation of his sanguine temperament, which surprised even those who knew him best, occurred on his return to England from Rome in 1851, with his cardinalitial honors fresh upon him, to face the storm of bigotry which was sweeping over England, and which had been occasioned by his famous pastoral "From out the Flaminian way," announcing the re-establishment of the hierarchy in England His own friends feared for the result, fearing that he would be overwhelmed by the storm, but in ten days he had out his famous "Appeal to the English People," and scored a triumph, the magnitude of which surprised friend and foe alike. His versatility was wonderful and he seemed equally at home in every department of learning. Many examples of his varied learning appear in these pages, stamping him as a man of wide and varied culture, eminently qualified for the great work in which he was engaged. The author writes in the spirit of a true biographer. He has entered fully into the spirit of the times in which the events occurred, he shows a fine sense of discrimination in the perplexing problems and controversies which confronted him at every point, and produces a picture of the great Cardinal which is as complete as it is beautiful. Mr. Ward deserves the thanks of all men for giving to the world as fine a piece of biographical work as has been produced within the century. London, New York, Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.; 2 vols., $6.00.

"The Life and Writings of James Clarence Mangan," by D. J. O'Donoghue, is a valuable contribution to the many other works on Irish literature written by this well known author. Singularly sad and pathetic is the life of the gifted Irish poet Mangan, who displayed such rich poetic power that he may be justly called

the prince of Irish poets. Physically a wreck from his foolish excesses, Mangan possessed a mind well stored with knowledge and fertile in rich imagery and instinct with lyric power, gifts which never acquired their full development, but which are plainly manifest in many of his poems. The author treats with rare delicacy his tragic life, and yet gives us a complete picture of the man who shrank from public notice and bore alone his life's affliction. The fame of Mangan as a real poet is bound to grow, as he becomes better known, and this latest work, devoted to a study of his life and writings, will help, in no small measure, to give him the place in Irish literature to which his genius entitles him. Edinburgh: Geddes & Co.; Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son; Peabody, Mass.: Nugent Bros.; Chicago: P. V. Fitzpatrick. Price 7s. 6d.

"The Divine Redeemer and His Church," by Rev. Edward Douglas, C. S. S. R., appeared originally in Italian and met with widespread popularity. It is now published in English and will no doubt repeat the success which it obtained in Rome and Italy. It is not controversial in character, but illustrative, brings together the principal facts connected with the life of our Blessed Lord and His Church. The author spent some time in the Holy Land and is intimately acquainted with the scenes of our Lord's life, while a long residence in Rome has made him thoroughly conversant with the great events of Church history. The result is a deeply interesting narrative, whose bare recital carries conviction with it, as the long series of providential facts unfolds itself before the reader's mind, all demonstrating the divine origin and preservation of the Church. It is a perfect treasury of information, revealing the wide reading and cultured mind of the reverend author. It is published under the auspices of the English Catholic Truth Society. London: Art and Book Company; 2s. 6d.

"A Child's History of Ireland," by P. W. Joyce, LL. D., meets a long felt want. The history of Ireland is most interesting, but until the appearance of this work, no compendium of Irish history adapted for school work was to be had. The one before us is destined to take a place beside the best histories o this kind which have been written of other countries. Although written for children, it may be read with profit by all, and will be found to be a deeply interesting narrative. The whole arrangement of the book is excellent in every respect, the different epochs standing out prominently, while the work of the printer deserves special commendation. The illustrations are many and beautiful, and procured from authentic sources. We recommend this work as a serviceable and invaluable handbook to all who wish to know the history of Ireland. London, New York, Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.

"Lenten Sermons," from the German of Rev. B. Sautes, by Rev. J. F. Timmins, consists of a series of well seasoned discourses on Judgment, Heaven, Hell and Purgatory. Their publication at this season is timely, as they present excellent material for Lenten sermons. The translation has been well done. New York: Fr. Pustet & Co.

"The Parochial Hymn Book," by Rev. A. Poleie, S. M., is a book which every Sunday School should have. It contains a collection of beautiful hymns, selected with the greatest care, many of them classics, set to beautiful music, and so arranged that the whole book may be justly called a catechism or course in Christian doctrine set to music. There is also a rich collection of prayers and indulgenced devotions, which make the handbook a very treasure-house of gems. An edition containing the words only of the different hymns is soon to appear. New York: P. J. Kennedy.

The Catholic Father, by Right Rev. A. Egger, D. D., Bishop of St. Gall, is a manual of instructions and devotions for the use of Catholic fathers. Some of the subjects treated of in this very practical little book are: The Dignity of a Father, The Duties of a Father, The Cares of a Father, The Joys of a Father, The Christian Father of a Family, The Catholic Father, The Sacrament of Matrimony, Husband and Wife, The Mother, The Child, The Christian Family, The Earliest Religious Education, The Earliest Moral Training, The Father's Co-operation in the Earliest Training of His Children, The Second Period in the Child's Training, The Respect Due to the Father, Firmness and Gentleness, Persuasion and Force, The Training of the Conscience, Later Religious Training, The Spirit of Faith, Temperament and Character, The Youth and the Man, The Ideal, Prudence, Justice, Temperance, Fortitude, Chastity, Peace of Mind and Contentment, Choice of a State and Calling, At School and Among Strangers,

Civil Duties, The Eventide of Life, Christ and the Holy Family. Benziger Bros., New York. Price 75 cents.

Responses for Divine Service, compiled and arranged by the Sisters of Notre Dame, Milwaukee, Wis., is one of the recent publications that must find favor with teachers and choir leaders. The thoroughness of the work done by the Sisters will no doubt be widely appreciated and win for the book the popularity it deserves. Joseph Flanner, Publisher, Milwaukee, Wis. Price $2.00.

There is a charm about Christian Reid's story-telling that makes one anxious to read every line from her pen, and the announcement of a new book is always hailed with delight. "Fair Gold" comes to us to delight young and old with the bright description of the struggles and triumphs of three young girls, who leave the convent school to take their places in the world. After following them closely through a series of events most interestingly described, one reaches the happy end, and leaves the heroines more pleased than ever with the charming style of the Southern writer. Published by the Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Ind. Price $1.00.

In the Second Reader of the Columbus Series regular grading is continued. The first ten lessons contain but four new words each; the second ten, five new words. Beginning with the twenty-fifth lesson the new words are increased, one with every five lessons, so that the sixtieth lesson contains ten new words. This gradual increase keeps pace with the increasing mental powers of the pupils, but so slowly that no difficulty is felt by the child. This feature alone of the Columbus Readers is bound to commend the Series to teachers. Benziger Bros., New York.

A general summary of the statistics compiled for Hoffman's Directory gives the Catholic population of the United States as 9,856,622—an increase of about 445,000 over last year. There are 10,911 priests—an increase of about 500 since last year. There are 14 Archbishops and 77 Bishops. There are 230 colleges for boys; 600 academies for girls; 97 seminaries for the training of 3,873 seminarists. There are 819,576 children in the parish schools, and 38,000 more in orphan asylums.

A course of Nature Lessons in most pleasing dress is "From September to June With Nature," by M. L. Warren. This series is for very young pupils and instils much useful knowledge through the medium of simple stories carefully planned to attract and interest little children. The book is finely illustrated, printed in large, clear type, and prettily bound. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. Price 35 cents.

The third book in Silver, Burdett & Co.'s new series of eight graded readers, aptly called "Stepping Stones to Literature," is no less attractive than the two volumes which preceded it. Pupils in this grade have advanced sufficiently to read stories of two or three pages, with some pretension to simple plot and variety of incident. Fables and fairy tales predominate in this Reader, including a number of Hans Christian Andersen's inimitable stories, dear to all childhood. Other fairy tales are from the French, and there is a bright story by Mrs. Ewing, another of the children's favorites. There are several charming incidents of child life in city and country; there are telling fables, each with its suggestion of a moral deftly woven in. The poetical selections are unusually attractive.

New Music.

The following new music has been received from Louis H. Ross & Co., 32 West street, Boston: For Piano—"The Little Caporal," Elinor Cooper Bartlett and Kate Vannah; "Castle Square Stock Company March," Max Heindl; "Through the Yard March," E. B. Terhune and W. E. Lord; "Anacita March," J. N. Burnham; "My Old Kentucky Home," J. Albert Snow; "Irma Waltz," Amy Van Vleck. Vocal—"Annie Carey," Irish song, Leopold Jordan; "There'll Never Be One Like You," John E. Daniels; "O Tender, Loving Shepherd," James L. Gilbert; "Juravit," sung during the first Mass of priests at the American College, Rome, adapted to "O Salutaris Hostia," music by Rev. W. H. O'Connell. Books—"Jack and the Bean Stalk," juvenile operetta in four acts, libretto by Laura T. Armitage, music by Richardson Caldwell. "Mass in Honor of the Immaculate Conception," for two voices, with organ accompaniment, composed by the Sisters of St. Joseph, Allston, Mass.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Two Women's Lives.

Two babes were born in the self-same town,
On the very same bright day;
They laughed and cried in their mothers' arms
In the very self-same way:
And both were pure and innocent
As falling flakes of snow,
But one of them lived in the terraced house
And one in the street below.

Two children played in the self-same town
And the children both were fair,
But one had curls brushed smooth and round,
The other had tangled hair;
The children both grew up apace,
As other children grow,
But one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two maidens wrought in the self-same town,
And one was wedded and loved,
The other saw through the curtain's part
The world where her sister moved;
And one was smiling a happy bride,
The other knew care and woe,
For one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two women lay dead in the self-same town,
And one had tender care,
The other was left to die alone,
On her pallet all thin and bare;
And one had many to mourn her loss,
For the other few tears would flow,
For one had lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

If Jesus, Who died for the rich and poor,
In wondrous holy love,
Took both the sisters in His arms
And carried them above,
Then all the differences vanished quite,
For in heaven none would know
Which of them lived in the terraced house,
And which in the street below.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

Occupations for Women.

School routine and influence are generally considered as preparations for the fulfillment of the duties of life. But no perfect system of education has been devised which could train each individual pupil for a special vocation; therefore, each is incomplete and has much to learn in the hard school of experience. Is it any wonder, then, that so many girls who during school years have lived in a world widely different from that awaiting them, make such grave mistakes in choosing a life work? Most girls start out with lofty ideals and high motives, but lack a true appreciation of their position or the possibilities open before them. Finding quickly what a conflict life is, surrounded by so many difficulties, the wisest and bravest admit fear and take counsel, while the weak and too-confiding ones either give up in depair or yield to temptations, to which the gradually degenerating influence of their surroundings renders them an easy prey.

Those who at the beginning of their career shrink from associates that they know would not have been welcomed in their own homes, slowly and imperceptibly become morally weakened, and descend to a level where they cease to recognize themselves.

Girls cannot incur a greater misfortune than to be brought up in an undisciplined home. As a rule, too much responsibility is placed on school teachers and too little assumed by parents. Home education may be, and often is, thorough and complete without the aid of school, but school teachers working without the co-operation of parents only waste time and energy in their efforts to prepare the young for what the future has in store for them. Once influence takes a grasp, there is no getting beyond its range. In after life the good example of parents has a stronger influence than the instruction received in school, and the opportunities for teaching at home are more numerous than at school. School teaching and routine are almost indispensable for the majority of children, because many parents have neither time nor aptitude for teaching, but greatly is the child to be pitied whose parents depend entirely on school teachers. One cannot know and love children and notice their imitative tendencies without feeling that right education would in

one generation bring into every-day life a better kind of man and woman than we have to-day. Most of the selfish, hysterical and disagreeable women we meet with are the result of over-indulgence and idleness in the home life. Those with harmonious qualities of mind do not struggle to compete with men, or consider it elevation to be placed on the same level with them. Womanly women elevate men.

Every woman, no matter what her present or future position may be, would be benefited by a year's course in a training school in connection either with an institution for the care of the sick or of children. It would expand womanly qualities and prove to each, beyond question, that there is abundance of useful, necessary and absorbingly interesting work to be done in the world, work which women can best do.

To a spectator, it appears that there is a tendency among a large number of women to become enthusiastic and excited in their admiration of masculine women and effeminate men. A woman to be interesting and successful must be broad-minded in the fullest meaning of that much-abused expression. If we look around and observe, we find it is the contemplative, reflective and rather silent women who are the really progressive ones. Those appearing dull to others and seeming to do nothing in particular, are actually advancing most steadily, adding to their growth by living through all their being, and ripening by possessing themselves in retirement from all that is distracting. All educate themselves to a great extent. The reiterated choice of good or evil, in regard to associates, occupations, recreation, in short, everything, prepares us for sudden emergencies, and our acts in unguarded moments, when under the power of strong emotion, show the habits formed and character determined. We are then a part of all that we have met or been impressed by. If not satisfied with ourselves, we may supply deficiencies by mental, as well as actual association with what is noblest and best.

St. Luke, in his Gospel, has given us the most perfect type of womanhood in the portrait of the Blessed Virgin. Nothing higher, more natural or more womanly could be placed before us for our example. Intelligent, modest, simple and heroic, her qualities combined form the grandest type of womanly perfection. Women of to-day adopting her mode of procedure to present needs, will more surely attain what is highest than the "new woman" with all her inconsistencies and discords. The Blessed Virgin teaches us the beauty of ready acquiescence to the higher, holier Will, as exemplified by her answer to the angel: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word." Then we are told of her decision and prudence, also energy and promptness in taking the journey to visit her elder relative, St. Elizabeth, which was so contrary to the oriental custom of the time. Proof is given of her intellectual powers in the beautiful hymn she has left us, "My soul doth magnify," etc. She must have been rarely gifted in mind. St. Luke also tells us that the Blessed Virgin pondered what she heard in her heart, not boasting of her great destiny, but thinking of it in thankful silence. Surely she is the great example for us all, showing what we should do, how we should act and how much we can endure and yet live. What woman has ever revealed such sublime fortitude and faith as the Blessed Virgin did on the way to Calvary, and at the foot of the Cross?

After the essential qualities for success, the next point for consideration is, which are the most desirable fields for woman's energies and powers? The education of youth is generally put forward as the most suitable occupation for women. While admitting that teaching offers a wide sphere of usefulness, and is a work for which women are well fitted, still I would like to put in a plea for the nursing care of the sick to be placed on an equal, if not higher, plane. It is peculiarly women's work. Men can teach equally as well as women. Some whose opinion is worth considering, maintain that men are more successful as educators. But there never has, nor can be, any rivalry between the sexes as regards nursing. Men do not make good nurses, even after special training for work among their own sex.

If every woman without home ties and responsibilities would learn something useful, in a thorough, systematic manner, and then teach it to her less advantageously situated sisters, they would in a short time alter the aspect of the world. But women are mostly indifferent to the needs of other women, and do not hold together as well as men. All have not aptitude for nursing the sick or for the education of youth, but many who have the right qualities of head and heart for these womanly pursuits are degenerating mentally, morally and physically at office and store work. The environment of office employes is certainly not ideal for bright, buoyant girls. Their duties are often merely mechanical and the strong, good forces within them lie dormant. Womanly instincts become dwarfed and ideas are inculcated at variance with the sphere of woman. The average girl on leaving

school has narrow, cramped ideas, and thinks the whole world is like the small portion of it with which she is acquainted. The delicate question of vocation has never been considered, and the girl passes through many painful and dangerous avenues before she is brought to think seriously of the special design of her being, her destiny, and the part in life for which her natural faculties fit her. Those who grow up with the idea that there are only two vocations open to them, the cloister or marriage, start at a disadvantage. Many are fitted by nature to be independent workers in the world, and if their natural gifts are wisely developed, they exert strong influence for good, while following a useful and successful career.

God has given to each one of us a destination and means to attain it, just as He assigned an end and way to the world when it came forth from His hands into space. When we see the want of deliberation and the absence of religious considerations in the choice of vocations, we are forced to believe that this important decision is not thought more seriously of than the selection of the food we eat or the clothes we wear. Many are deceived through acting upon caprice or impulse instead of perceiving distinct indications in all vocations. It is a frequent mistake to suppose the word vocation means a call to the religious life only, which would be assuming that the variety of destinies are not assigned by God. But modest destinies are not among the least useful, and must be important, since they are so numerous.

Many unsuitable candidates have to be accepted in hospital training schools because the right type does not apply in sufficient numbers. Once undertaken by a girl with the right qualifications, nursing usually becomes a life work. If considered financially, it is quite as profitable as school teaching, and in other aspects it has many advantages. A nurse must be a teacher, but the reverse does not apply. Hospital experiences are valuable to all women, no matter what their degree may be, socially or otherwise. Most intelligent girls who enter a hospital training school respond quickly to its widening influences, and wonder at the emptiness of their previous lives. If, later on, a nurse decides to marry, her hospital career, instead of unfitting her, has been an excellent preparation.

Who is better fitted for the duties and responsibilities of the married state than one with practical knowledge in preserving and restoring the health of others, and maintaining her own? Such a one knows how few are the causes of disease, and the simplicity of the contrivances best suited to protect health. These are valuable resources for all women. Many maintain that this knowledge comes to women by instinct, but to argue so is to confuse the higher gift of intelligence with the lower one of instinct. The former must be cultivated, but the latter is complete in itself. Instinct is all that dumb animals have for guidance, and it is keener in them than in human beings. All observers must admit the unvarying influence of instinct in the habits and actions of animals or birds they are familiar with. Sparrows build their nests to-day, in this country, exactly in the same manner as their great-grandparents did in the Old World, and all future sparrows will continue to construct their shelter in the same way, because ruled by instinct, which does not allow of change and progressive growth; but human beings may elevate themselves above themselves, by persevering effort, and therefore are distinguished one from another, according to the expansion of their intellectual forces.

Nursing is divided into three branches: (1) District, which is work among the sick poor in their own homes; (2) Hospital, the care of all classes of patients, with the aids that convenience of surroundings, system and adherence to rule can give; (3) Private, which is duty among patients in their own homes, able to pay for services rendered. District duty is the highest branch of nursing, but many efficient, conscientious nurses, who would be successful at either hospital or private duty, would fail entirely at similar work in the homes of the poor.

The more education, experience and tact a woman has, who aspires to be a nurse, the better; but for work among the sick poor, in their own homes, it is more essential than for hospital or private duty. Simple, uneducated people are often keenly sensitive, so the one who aims at teaching them how to act, and how to make the most of their poor surroundings, must possess not only knowledge of remedies and appliances, but also the power of self-restraint, be free from inquisitiveness, and inclined to put a charitable construction upon what she sees and hears, but cannot understand. Above all, she must know how to observe silence, preserve evenness of temper, and a cheerful countenance on occasions of contradiction.

It is easy to blame others for what we see wrong in them; but it might be difficult to act as well as they have done, if placed in similar circumstances. We know how much evil has been committed, but we do not know how much temptation has been silently resisted and overcome.

Educated patients, who are reduced to

poverty and seclusion by misfortune, are refreshed and invigorated by intercourse with those whose qualities and training enable them to be helpful, encouraging, and at the same time thoroughly natural. Many girls fail or meet with unnecessary difficulties in whatever work they undertake, because their early years have been spent in indulging pride or folly. Then, when the necessity for earning money arrives, all faculties are taxed beyond their powers, and the laws of nature are totally disregarded in the efforts to crush into a few months the preparation requisite to fill a lucrative position. They study and apply themselves only to gain money, and then give their whole attention to its pursuit, as if that were the end of their being. The work we must of necessity do should only form a part of our life work, and not claim our whole time.

The voice of books is the same to all; but they reveal not to each reader alike. We learn from books, lectures and other opportunities, only as much as previous experience and altitude of mind has prepared us to absorb. Facts, rules and principles, no matter how laboriously acquired by burning the midnight oil, are mere dead matter, and will never produce a ray of mental light, unless illuminated by wisdom and understanding, which are gifts of the Holy Spirit, and not of the technical schools.

The compensations of a nurse, outside of dollars, are many and various. Among others may be mentioned the love and prayers of children, the affection and confidence of the poor, and the satisfaction of knowing she has been able to help others to help themselves. These are high privileges and happy memories, for the poor and young children are God's special friends. For girls, then, who have no vocation for the cloister or married state, what higher, more satisfying, or more womanly work can be found than that of assisting to relieve the mental, physical and spiritual needs of the sick and dying? The medical profession is recognized as next to the priesthood, and a nurse is a doctor's assistant. How they display their ignorance, then, who despise or undervalue the work and calling of an efficient and conscientious nurse.— M. T. Coogan.

A New Rule.

Mr. B. F. Keith has gone one step further than the other theatre managers of the country, and insisted that all the ladies patronizing his Boston theatre must remove their head covering. This rule applies to all portions of the house, the occupants of the boxes being no more exempt than those seated in the top balcony. It was a singularly brave and courageous action, and it is extremely doubtful if it could have been successfully carried out in any other playhouse in the world, except in this unique and model amusement resort. The lady patrons, it is true, helped to an easy accomplishment of the result by cheerful compliance, having in mind the many comforts and conveniences which Mr. Keith has always provided in his theatre for their special benefit, but nevertheless the popular manager is entitled to the lion's share of the credit in the matter. The reform is one which has caused every male patron of Keith's to rise up and call the proprietor blessed, for it has relieved them from a nuisance that had become intolerable.

Maiden-Hair Ferns in the House.

There are some people who will not be convinced that it is possible to grow maiden-hair ferns in an ordinary dwelling. The other day I saw, in a furnace-heated, gas-lighted house as pretty a specimen of maiden-hair fern as any one could wish to see. "I grow it just like my other plants," the owner said, "with this exception." Then she lifted the pot from its pretty jardiniere, and I saw that the bottom of the jardiniere contained four or five inches of water, and that the pot rested on a stone placed in the centre, that held the bottom of the pot up just above the water. —Vick's Magazine.

The pronunciation of the name of Henryk Sienkiewics, the author of "Quo Vadis," is Sen-kee-vitch.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Singers and Artists Generally are users of "Brown's Bronchial Troches" for Hoarseness and Throat Troubles. They afford instant relief.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Only a Lily.

By M. Gertrude Reynolds.

(Concluded.)

"We must part," said the girl. Jumping up, she locked the grotto, and conducted her companion to the opening in the enclosure, where they separated.

After that the two girls met almost daily, and Eulalie Lyndhurst, the only child of the town's richest citizen, decked in lovely laces, and Letty, the forester's daughter, in her daisy-wreathed hat and print skirts, were a nine days' wonder, roaming about together, boating, picnicking, and riding the Lyndhurst ponies. Together they watered the lily bulb, day afer day, and then one morning it lifted its head to them, bearing full buds.

The next morning Eulalie met her little friend at the opening with the news that the buds had bloomed to snow-white chalices.

"Really," said Letty, with sparkling eyes.

"Really and truly; come and see."

They set out on a run; the fragrant breeze blew their hats dangling to their necks, and tossed the silken floss about their laughing faces.

When they reached the lily, it stood tall and graceful beneath their gaze, holding up to them their exquisite reward for the momentary trouble of giving it a little soil and a place to grow.

"Only think," said Eulalie, "what has come to us from that dry, ugly little bulb! I can hardly believe it."

Of all the gorgeous massing of flowers, including the rarest and costliest oriental varieties, the simple lily planted by her own hand seemed the most precious thing there. She sat beside it, inhaling its fragrance, her coral lips and blushing cheeks offering charming contrast with its pearly pallor.

"What shall we do with our lily treasure," she said, "now that we have brought it into the world?"

"If it were all mine," said Letty, "I know what I would do with it."

"What?"

"I would take it to Ugly Jim."

"Who is Ugly Jim?"

"A withered little old man, so ugly that children run at sight of him. He met with an accident in the quarries yesterday, and is laying all alone and helpless in his little cot. No one loves him, no one trusts him, and only the doctor and nurse come near him."

"By all means, dear, we will give the lily to Ugly Jim," said Eulalie, as merrily as if she were going to a Maypole dance, and together the two girls bore the blossom to its destination.

The cot of the sick man was one of a row of dismal little houses, inhabited by badly-paid workingmen and their families. Ugly Jim, as they entered, was in no mood for either their visit or their offering; he had no sentiment, and saw nothing precious in the most beautiful flower that could feast the human eye, but rather gazed suspiciously at the intruders.

"We have brought you a lily, Jim," said Letty, placing it in a glass holder at his bedside.

"Yes, poor man, we have brought you a very precious, a very beautiful lily," said Eulalie.

Jim turned over on his side. "Humph," he said, and cast a furtive frown on the lily, as if he would much rather it were a pipe and tobacco.

Eulalie looked all the while a little startled, and restless, but Letty stood her ground firmly.

"It grew from an ugly bulb, Jim," she said, "and pushed its way out of the dirt into God's sunlight, and bloomed for you."

He raised himself quickly on his elbow, glanced at her and then at the lily.

"And see, it is fragrant, Jim; your little room is fresh with its fragrance; it is doing all it can to brighten and cheer you. God made it for you, Jim, the beautiful lily, and it has bloomed up just as a soul lifts itself from the darkness to grow fragrant in the light."

Then they came away.

"Poor little parson," said Eulalie. "You could not make a lily lover of Ugly Jim; but never mind, the lily is there, and whenever he looks at it he will think of what you said."

The next day Eulalie met her little friend and took her into the Lyndhurst family coach. Mr. Lyndhurst was there on the front seat. "Good morning, Letty," he said, as heartily as if she were the daughter of a brother millionaire. "Hop in. I do not know what is to become of me this morning. Eulalie has taken me prisoner and insisted on my being escort. Come, make haste, there, Jack."

Jack was the gardener, and he came

down the driveway at a rattling gait, looking half scared lest in his hurry he might drop the monster hamper he carried in his hand.

"Come, spry up, Dan," called Mr. Lyndhurst again, the horses stamping in their impatience to start. Dan was the man of all work. On the present occasion he bore a toppling basket of gorgeous roses, which according to his master's orders, he was expected to deliver into the carriage without the crushing of a petal.

"All right there," called Mr. Lyndhurst to the coachman, and away they drove through delightful scenes, around and around to the rows of musty dwellings in the mill section, that sheltered the miserably poor.

"It is all because of the lily," said Eulalie to Letty. "When we were taking it to Ugly Jim, we passed so many faces that looked as if they were starved of every joy and privilege of earth. It set me thinking, don't you see, of the abundance of happiness to which I was born, and I so pitied the little ones that papa said I could do just as I chose about it. I said I would, if he would take care of you and me while we did it."

Here the carriage stopped. "This is number one," said Mr. Lyndhurst. "We will alight here." From house to house they passed on their message of brightness and comfort, Jack and Dan following with the hampers of cold game and delicacies, and the basket of fragrant rose treasures. Everybody in that lowly section wondered what could account for this lovely happening, which had fallen to their dismal lot, but more marvellous still was the transformation in Ugly Jim. When he crept forth from his sick bed he brought the fragrance of the lily in his heart, and its message, as Letty taught him, thrilling his memory: "God made it for you, Jim, the beautiful lily, and it has bloomed up just as a soul lifts itself from the darkness to grow fragrant in the light."

Ugly Jim was a man who, before this, thought nothing was made for him; that he alone was forgotten in all the great wide world. He had supposed he was going to die in this last accident, and the lily—its fragrance, its immaculate contact—had made him know the darkness of his own soul. The little children, who hitherto had run from him in fear, hovered near him now; he was no longer ugly, but clean of heart and word.

The round of flower and food distribution among the poor became a weekly office of the Lyndhurst coach, and one morning Eulalie caught Letty's cheeks between her hands and said, "Guess what tidings, love."

"A new joy," said Letty.

"Yes, love. Papa is going to give his grand park every Saturday to feasting the poor of our district, and the feast is to be called the 'Letty,' in your honor."

When all this came true, the envious looked with begrudging eye on the poor forester's daughter, the gossips flocked to Mr. Lyndhurst with their stories of the forester's family history, the flaws of their ancestors, but the noble man refused to heed them.

"It is not Lyndhurst that has raised Letty," he said. "It is the heaven that dwells in the child's own heart."

And Eulalie in the hush of the little grotto shrine brought her the message, "which is all true," she added, pressing her lovely lips to the glad, shining, uplifted face. "That is why I shall always love you, Letty, dear."

Some Wise Counsel.

A very demure little girl, who holds the old-fashioned belief that children should be seen and not heard, has been looking about her and as a result of her observations is writing "A Child's Book of Manners." It was our good fortune to see some of the advance sheets, and we were so impressed with the writer's wisdom that we gave way to the temptation to publish a few of the rules, not even asking the author's permission, a lapse in grown-up manners that we trust our severe young critic will kindly pardon.

Our little friend has not said anything harsh about the boy who forgets to take off his hat, and wears it down to his ears at home or in the office. We intend some time to devote some space to him ourselves; he needs a lot of space, in fact a prairie would be the best place for him, or the wildest part of the most remote backwoods region. Let us hope he will read "A Child's Book of Manners" and at least learn how to act at table. Here is the author's advice:—

AT TABLE.

A child under five or six years of age should not be at table with ladies and gentlemen. (This age limit is wisely fixed to permit adults of eight and ten to sit with their elders.)

A second plate of soup should not be called for—if there's anything else to be served. (Here again we note the author's foresight.)

A child should never be at table without a napkin.

It is very improper to reach your hand across the table for anything. Ask the

person nearest you for the thing you are asking for.

It is not polite to whisper at table.

Every good Catholic says grace before and after meals.

Miscellaneous—It is improper to talk about another's clothing, to push another, or to chew gum.—From "Child's Book of Manners," by Mary Frances Hayes.

Counting the Pennies.

Some of our girls and boys may have wondered how all the pennies in the treasury are counted. Here we see how it is done:

Pennies are not counted at the treasury by the laborious process of handling each piece, but by a device known as the "counting board," by which five hundred are counted at a time. The counting board is an inclined plane, with columns the exact width of a cent, separated by copper partitions in height exactly equal to the thickness of the coin. The cents are spread over this board, and fall into the grooves prepared for them, all surplus coins falling off into a trough. Then the counting board is emptied into the canvas bags, which are carted away to be shipped to any part of the country.

The Prize Winner.

Master Vincent O'Brien's criticism of Father Finn's "That Football Game" has been adjudged the best of those contributed to Donahoe's, and Benziger Bros. have forwarded him one of Spalding's Intercollegiate footballs, as the prize.

Bower Birds.

Frank H. Sweet.

It is a strange instinct and love of the beautiful which causes some birds to build pleasure houses and grounds, and then decorate them with miscellaneous ornamental objects; and it is even more curious to find that among them are a few who do not waste any of this artistic sentiment upon their own homes, but expend it all upon an elaborate and highly decorated house which they use as a common meeting-place for social enjoyment.

The bower-birds are conspicuous examples of this artistic collaboration in building assembly rooms, and none among them is more expert and aesthetic than the spotted collar-bird. This bower-builder is about the size of a pigeon, and besides a vari-colored and harmonious plumage, it has a collar of long feathers about its neck. The nest is a very ordinary affair, and is usually built at some distance from the bower; as though the bird regarded one as the prose and the other as the poetry of his life, and did not wish them to come in contact.

In making the bower, a level spot is selected and upon this is built a platform of woven twigs about three feet long and two feet wide. Along the sides of this flooring are planted twigs held in place by being stuck into the earth and by stones laid against them. These twigs are curved inward to meet at the top, and other twigs are interwoven to give added strength and imperviousness to rain.

This done, the interior is lined with a species of tall soft grass, held in position by large stones, and so arranged that the heads almost meet at the roof. Great care is also taken that none of the twigs employed in building shall project inward and thus make it possible for a careless reveller to injure his feathers.

Now the birds search the country for miles around for ornamental objects, selecting only such as are pure white or brilliantly colored. Shells, pebbles, feathers, agates, bleached bones, seeds, and in fact anything decorative, are brought and placed about, not at hap-hazard, but in a systematic way which can indicate only intelligent disposition. Pathways are marked out at each end of the bower by means of pebbles, while little ornamental hillocks are erected before each entrance.

After everything is completed to the satisfaction of the artist-builders — the bower firm and neat and compact, and the decorations elaborate and dazzling to the eye—the assembly rooms are thrown open, and a festive gathering is held. The males strut about and exhibit their fine feathers and graceful carriage, while the females look on in rapt admiration. Later, dancing takes place, the males and females dancing singly, and never in pairs of opposite sexes.

There is no room to doubt that the motive in collecting various decorative objects is born of a desire to gratify a love of the beautiful; and the wholly festive nature of the structure is also a proof of the absence of any idea of utility in the impulse, not to say well-defined and conscious intention in making what may fairly be called the collection of bric-a-brac.

QUESTION BOX.

W. M. H. asks: Why did not the Catholic Church define the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception long before she did? The majority of Catholics for many centuries did not believe in it. Beginning with the twelfth century, discussions concerning it arose, and they continued until its definition. Why, then, did the Catholic Church, whose duty it is to teach the whole truth, remain silent?

2. Describe the discipline used by monks of the present day.

1. In the bull "Ineffabilis," wherein Pope Pius IX. set forth the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception, he says that "confiding in the Saviour, and believing that the opportune moment has come for the definition," he will no longer hesitate to sanction and to define by his supreme judgment the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin. We are, therefore, to conclude that up to this moment the church had not considered it opportune, or necessary, to formulate a dogmatic decree. She is certainly the best judge, and in this, as in other particulars, we simply bow to her wisdom. If what our questioner writes were true, it might have been necessary to make the definitions some centuries earlier. But the truth is far otherwise than he has stated. The fact is that the majority of Catholics have always believed, and professed in action their belief, in the Immaculate Conception of Mary. If, in the twelfth century, some diversities of opinion arose, these were but views of theologians, and they had not a great or a permanent following. Before the close of the fourteenth century, we find people and clergy, ecclesiastical synods and universities, eager to proclaim and defend the belief in Mary's privilege of being conceived without sin. At the Council of Trent, where most of the bishops believed in Mary's Immaculate Conception, it was judged sufficient to declare that it was not meant to include in the statement that the whole human race had fallen under original sin, "the blessed and Immaculate Virgin Mary." Later on, some of the Popes, as necessity urged, forbade the discussion of the question in public, or that any one should maintain even in private that Mary was ever under the guilt of original sin. Finally, on December 8, 1854, Pius IX. defined as an article of faith that Mary was conceived without original sin. In his definition, this Holy Father shows how this doctrine was in force from the most ancient times; that it had entered deeply into the hearts of the faithful, and that it had been marvellously propagated in the Catholic world by the care and zeal of the Popes.

Speaking in particular of the Roman Church, he says: "Our predecessors have above all taken to heart to employ all their care, all their attention, and all their efforts for preserving in all its integrity the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of God's Mother; for not only have they never permitted that this doctrine should be censured or despised by any one or in any way, but they have gone further, by declaring in precise terms and at different times that the doctrine which we profess regarding the Immaculate Conception is entirely in accord with the worship of the Church; that it should be so considered, and as the ancient and almost universal doctrine which the Roman Church has taken on itself to maintain and to defend, and which is entirely worthy to be employed in the sacred liturgy and in the solemn prayers."

He adds that his predecessors forbade, and under severe penalties, that any one should maintain, either in public or in private, the doctrine of original sin applied to Mary. "And, by so frequently wounding it," he said, "they wished to destroy it altogether." This last remark helps our questioner to understand the delay in the Church's definition. When practically no Catholic could be found ready to deny the Immaculate Conception, when all were believers, the Church found it opportune to declare the dogma.

Our correspondent will hardly maintain after even the slight reference we have made to the history of this belief that the Church has been silent. The truth was always recognized and acted upon; the formal definition came only lately.

2. We presume the discipline referred to is the regulation of the monks' manner of living. This is in the general way of communities, where the members live under the discipline of their rule, bound not only to the keeping of the commandments, but also of the evangelical counsels—poverty, chastity and obedience.

"Subscriber" asks: Why is "1830" inscribed upon all Immaculate Conception medals?

The medal spoken of by "Subscriber" is what is generally known as the "Miraculous Medal." This dates from a revelation made at Paris, in 1830, to a young girl. The date 1830 recalls the time of the revelation. The medal bears the image of Mary Immaculate, and the favors obtained by its bearers, through their devotion and prayers to the Immaculate Mother, have been so wondrous as to win for it the name "Miraculous Medal." One of the most notable favors accorded to the wearing of this medal was the conversion to the Catholic faith in 1842 of the Jew Ratisbonne.

"Non-Catholic" wishes to know: 1. Can a dumb person, with the use of reason, baptize? 2. Can women receive Holy Orders in your church?

1. No. The form of the sacrament consists in the words, which must be spoken by the one who applies the matter, which is the water. A dumb person, while he could pour the water, could not pronounce the words, and as the work cannot be divided, but is the work of one person only, a dumb person cannot baptize.

2. No. It is of divine institution that men only can be admitted to the sacrament of Orders. The Church has always pursued this manner of acting. It is her perpetual practice, as it is the teaching of all her learned men. St. Paul's doctrine on the matter is positive: "Let the women keep silence in the churches; for it is not permitted them to speak, but to be subject, as also the law saith . . . It is a shame for a woman to speak in the church." I. Cor., xiv., 34-5.

"A Catholic Friend" writes to us the objections, the statements and difficulties of a non-Catholic regarding prayer in its relation with free will and God's perfect knowledge, and asks an unraveling of the perplexities.

We find a great and a growing tendency among non-Catholics to deny the efficacy of prayer. Various are the reasons they assign for their lack of belief. In the present instance, the objector has confounded ideas, because he does not attach a true and positive meaning to words. And this careless, half-informed use of words is the source of much confusion of thought.

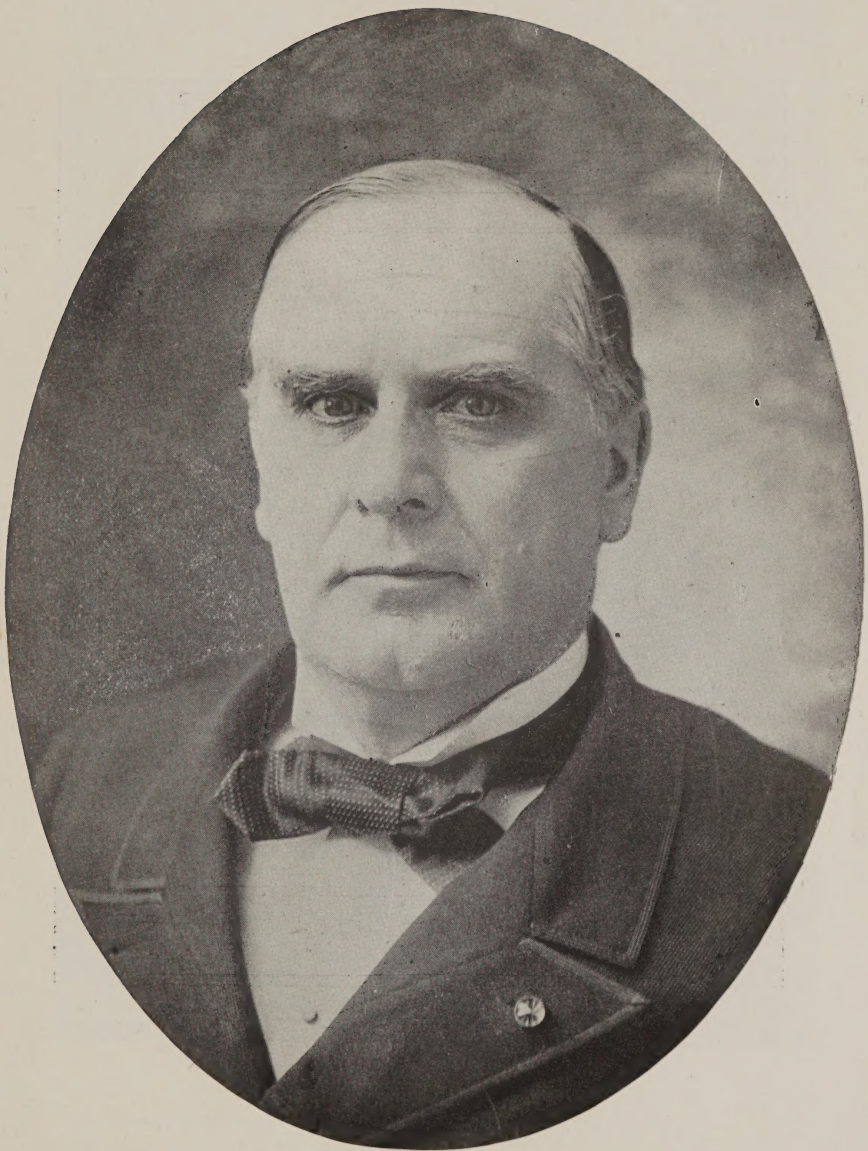
As the readiest and simplest method of formulating an answer to a number of objections in a letter too long for publication, we shall review the example of Jonas and the Ninivites.

"Yet forty days," said Jonas, "and Ninive shall be destroyed." But the people by prayer and penance turned aside from themselves the wrath of the Lord, so that "God had mercy with regard to the evil which he had said that he would do to them, and he did it not." This surely illustrates the value of prayer. If the Ninivites had not repented, they would have perished. They repented, they prayed to God for forgiveness, and they did not perish.

God, who knows all things, knew their sins, knew His own will to punish sin, knew they would not repent unless some one preached to them, informing them of their impending doom; knew that they would ask His forgiveness, and that He would grant it. Even Jonas, with his poor human knowledge, expected such results. In God's knowledge all the elements to the totality are included. He knows everything as it will happen. What He shall do to the unrepentant, what He shall do to the repentant. He knows whether or not a sinner shall pray, and His Providence takes that disposition of the sinner into account in the dealing of justice or of mercy. He knows that we have free will, of which He is Himself the Author and the Giver, and He knows what use we shall make of that will. Here is where our objector loses himself. He falls into a common error of deciding that God's knowledge makes us act in a certain way. God's knowledge is anterior to our action, and is a true knowledge, because it perfectly answers to the action. But our action is not founded on God's knowledge, of which we can have no intimation. We act freely, and, although God eternally knows how we shall act in every circumstance of life, He does not thereby put any restraint upon our freedom. That these things are of mystery, no one can deny. But, while we cannot comprehend in our finite intellects questions that deal with the eternal infinite knowledge and will of God, we can see, nevertheless, that there is nothing absurd or contradictory in the power of prayer. Prayer is the act of man's free will coming in as an added element to the other elements of his life. It has a bearing upon his life as has any thought or deed. And God takes the prayer into account, as He considers and weighs every thought, and word, and action.

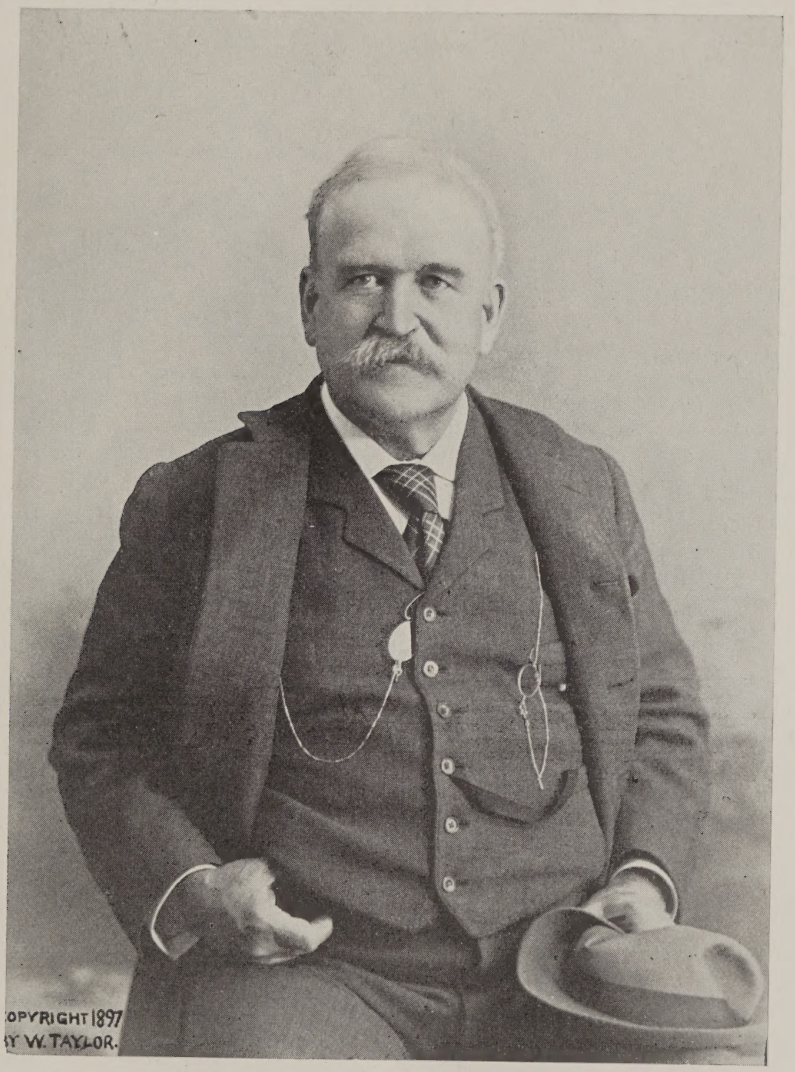
There is gold in Alaska. If I go there, I put down a powerful means for securing some of that gold; if I stay home, I am without that means which I could use, which others use, and so I am without the Klondike gold. This is quite conditional. The conditions placed, the whole tenor of my life may be changed. Very little in this life of ours is absolute, so much is relative or conditional. And so in the spiritual life; if I want heaven's gold of divine mercy and love, I must pray for it. Prayer is the condition. If I am going in search of dross, if I am wasting my energies in idleness, or abusing my faculties in wickedness, I know the inevitable consequences. Suddenly I awake, I don't want these consequences. I know God hates sin and must punish guilt. I ask Him in my case to pardon and forgive, not punish. If I don't ask forgiveness, I shall not have it; if I do ask it, I shall have it.

To a Catholic who prays, the whole matter is so simple, so sure, that he is puzzled to find out how any one can doubt the reasonableness and the efficacy of prayer. And so he prays for those who doubt, or who don't believe. That's the only way to win them. Argument and reasoning are lost on them. The prayers of others help them to see, and if only they can themselves be led to prayer, they will experience in their own happier, brighter lives its divine influences.



PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

ALFONSO XIII. (King of Spain.)



HON. JOHN. D. LONG. (Secretary of the Navy.)

Courtesy Boston Journal]

"Through the calm depths of the blue air He rose, leading captivity captive." See page 313.

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MEN AND THINGS.

BY THE EDITOR, HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, M. A.

ONLY LAST MONTH I had occasion to call attention to the sudden departure of our solid and heretofore decent contemporary, the *Atlantic Monthly*, into the domain of the yellow journal. The cause of my animadversions at that time was a villainous, cheap, hysterical yarn told by one little Penrhyn Lee to me unknown. It is bad enough when nobodies make their bread and butter by scribbling putrid stories about religion, but it becomes galling to find "great guns" like Conan Doyle descending to those dirty levels in quest (one would suppose, unnecessarily) of dramatic raw material.

Conan knows better; he should also know that a large percentage of his delighted readers belong to that church which, in one of his latest stories he wantonly villifies by making use of the worm-eaten theme of the love of a nun for a priest, and the eternal motive of "disappointed love" being the source of vocation to the religious life. In his tale entitled "The Confession," Dr. Doyle plunges like any penny-a-liner hack into the slimy and mock-tragic regions usually exclusively in the possession of the disreputable panderers to the vicious in literature.

His "plot" has done service for five hundred years and should be permanently retired on a pension.

A priest—needless to say, a Jesuit and a Spaniard—has been giving the Dominican nuns of a convent in Lisbon their annual retreat. The Abbess of these "gentle fanatics" was endowed with many virtues and a "wax like face." She was very good to sinners in spite of her "cold and serene" look, and the worst wretches whom she helped caught at times a look in her remarkable eyes which showed plainly that "there was no depth" to which the Abbess "had not been before them."

Then Padre Garcia turns up to give the retreat.

The Abbess goes to confession and discovers that the Jesuit is none other than her long lost Pedro. This is cheap enough—and threadbare; but listen to what follows! (Our friend Penryhn Lee will have to mind his laurels and work hard on his next revelation of horrors, for Conan Doyle is pressing at his bloody heel-prints). How is this for Dr. Doyle? "A convulsed face;" "terrible eyes—so full of hungry longing and hopeless despair!" The padre didn't know that his Julia had taken the veil. "*What was there left for me to do?*" asks Julia, since Pedro jilted her!

Explanations. It appears that a kerosene lamp was to blame. But for that fateful lamp Pedro would never have become Father Garcia, nor beautiful Julia the Abbess Monica with the wax face. On a certain evening they had arranged that she would put this plaguey lamp at her window, which romantic proceeding would give Mr. Pedro, mooning in

the Plaza below, to understand that she "wished him to be true to her." She failed to place the lamp there, he says. She says she did. More explanations. He thought her window was the "third at the top." No! It was the *first* at the top. Treachery somewhere. Wicked cousin Alphonso had put up a job on Pedro—being in love with Julia himself. When the priest hears this "two claw-like hands flew up into the air with a horrible spasm of hatred," etc., etc.

He will NEVER forgive! ! !

The Abbess advises forgiving, but the Padre sums up the wonderful philosophy of this sulphurous tale, by asking the holy religious: "What about our wasted lives!" He had "wasted" his at the altar, and she in works of mercy!

Oh, Conan, Conan! how art thou fallen! And why didn't you tell us what became of Cousin Alphonso? Odds that he did not waste his precious career, but went on sensibly and usefully monkeying with oil lamps, to the confusion of his enemies and the satisfaction of his own honest, worldly, unreligious self. Conan Doyle is a great writer.

POOR SPAIN! The Cardinal Archbishop of Valladolid has recently stirred up a tremendous wave of emotion and anxiety by a Pastoral Letter which he published anent the crisis in Cuba and the growing seriousness of conditions in Spain itself.

Cardinals are not apt to fly off incontinently into injudicious and unwarranted pronunciamentoes; wherefor these sad, strong words possess a very deep significance:

"If it should be proved that this state of affairs is due to the causes which affect moral order and integrity of conscience, there will be bitter lamentations and cries of indignation from all persons of worth demanding before God and man the most terrible punishment for the traitorous authors of so many calamities.

"Sad, very sad, is the description we have just given, but it is the sad truth that there is weighing upon us in one of our colonies a fatal war, which is carrying off without glory the bloom of Spanish youth; that we are seriously threatened with international complications which may involve us in another war still more disastrous; that our national wealth is ruined, our policy vacillating and indecisive, our commerce destroyed, our industry in its death throes, our agriculture at its last gasp, and that our people, with their energies, their blood, and their money wasted in a sterile struggle, and with confidence lost in their rulers, have abandoned themselves to the weakness of despair.

"Every one recognizes that the present situation of Spain is the most critical the country has traversed in the present generation, and is only comparable with that which preceded the French invasion at the beginning of the century. Every one recognizes that outside of our own country a tempest threatens us, and that within a volcano rages under our feet."

THOMAS WALSH, whose verses have appeared from time to time in this magazine, and who, to my thinking, has a truer note than any other of the new writers, was last month called William Walsh in these pages—how or why the (printer's) devil alone knows. I am almost glad of the mistake because it gives me a chance to speak of Mr. Walsh. His muse is freighted with an antique stateliness, and sonorous dignity. You will recall, perhaps, his exquisite piece entitled, *"A Panel After Turner,"*—a bit of rare coloring, and quaintly, deftly done.

I only wish that more of this young singer's songs might come to me. Alas! the secular magazines prove all too tempting to all our writers who rise to something truly great and strong.

ATHANATOPSIS.

BY CONDÉ BENOIST PALLEN.

Sweet quiet of death, made quieter by the sound
Of murmurous leaves above these quiet graves,
Far from the angry city's fretful noise
Of loud mortality forgetting death.
Here let me rest and soothe the unquiet heart
With myrrh of meditation, where they sleep
Who sleep in death forever. How still they sleep,
Arched with the giant limbs of sober oaks,
Fretting the deepening vault of heaven's round
With tremulous tracery of trembling leaves just stirred
By reverent winds. Smooth slopes the silken sward
Soft o'er the silent host, like hope's green mantle
In promise of the miracle to come,
When at the great archangel's jubilant note
The battlements of death shall crumble shaken down,
As those proud turrets tottering tumbled flat
Before the blasts of marching Israel.

Sweet comfort of the mourning soul, that death
Holds not all life within his hoary palm,
Nor hollow eyes of sightless mockery
The final image of the days that looked
Upon a living world through lucent windows,
And saw life smile again through other eyes,
That love enkindled into purer light,
The dawning promise of a deathless day.

Here greatness finds its kindred clod, and fame
A common clay mingling with lowlier names,
Leveled by the blasts of death to nothing.
Here the vain lips of praise find voiceless echoes
In hollow chambers sounding silence back,
The phantom cries of images of dust.
Not though the shouting universe should roll
The long reverberations of its voice
Through all the shaking avenues of time,
And the wide spaces of the firmament
Tremble with all their stars to that loud cry,
Could death make answer from his dusty sleep?

How quiet they rest, unheedful of the fret
Of time, the fiery fuming of the day,
The feverish fancy of the restless night
Eager for morn and morn pursuing eve
In hope expectant of the happier hour
That never lights except to wing away
Again; how quiet their changeless sleep and free
From time's illusive speed outstripping time,
As one who runs to overtake his shadow.

Here life lays down its fardel with a smile,
Unrobes the chafing garments that it wore
Through all the noisy masquerade, and sleeps,
Dreamless, that sleep as deep as silence is,
And everlasting as the voiceless hills
That time has builded to the end of time.
Sweet music to the ear of meditation,
The mute melodious voice of sleep murmuring
Lethean solace to the harried soul,
As plash of waters to the famished ear
Of one athirst midst white Sahara's sands.
Sweet sleep that kisses out the wrinkled care
And breathes the rose's crumpled petals smooth,
Thy cool, white hand upon my forehead lay,
As does a mother on her child's flushed brow,
Till I too sleep in dreamless vacancy.

And wouldst thou be content, O soul, to lie
In that deep emptiness, the wide abyss
Of Death, grim depth unsoundable and void,
Where time embouches and mortality,
Like some swift river in the salt sea's waste,
Pours all the gathered fulness of its course—
Content to lie and know not, lost to use
Of all the spirit's powers and swayed
A weed along the slowly creeping wave
Of Lethe undulating heavily.

To rest were blessed, but to stagnate, woe;
The wearied soul craves life not death, new life,
The glad refreshment of the wasted powers
To rise again in recreated bloom,
As lift the shriveled stalks in long parched fields
Under the moistening kisses of the rain
Pouring abundant gladness from benignant clouds.

But when I speak to Nature of this hope,
Heedless her ear and dumb her stony lips,
Like that image in Egyptian sands
With lidless eye in leaden speechlessness
Staring the crowding centuries hastening by,
As time were nothing and death the all of life.
Nor all the framework of this universal dust
Puts forth one little blossom of the hope
Of that large other life beyond death's touch;
From dust to dust again the barren cry
Sobbing through all the empty wastes of time,
While saddened Nature moans through all her ways,
As life pours back its bloom to nothingness.

Not there the answer, not there the golden gleam
Of promise kindling to the dawn of hope,
Ushering the fulness of the day the soul

Awaits; but turning to the East I watch
With Pilate's soldiers for the coming light.

About steep Sion's walls silence and sleep,
Twin sentinels, keep ghostly watch and tell
The sliding hours through all the heavy night,
While death makes lament on the icy hills,
And mourning bends his hooded head and moans
Presaging vanquishment, the mighty lord
Of earth and man, since closed the clanging gates
On guilty Adam and his weeping spouse.

* * * * *

Now all the heavens stoop towards the west,
Tremble the expectant stars with fainting fire,
And from the awakening east the soughing winds,
Like distant melodies come faintly up
The vaulted darkness of the wasting night,
And through the half-drawn portals of the dawn
Voices, as of multitudes far off,
Rejoicing at the coming of a king.

* * * * *

Lo! Death lies prostrate in his kindred dust,
And Pilate's soldiers by a vacant tomb:
And Nature sings, for day is here, and bursts
Her melody from blossomed branch, and floods
The enameled verdure of the radiant field,
Pouring its amorous gladness on the air,
In all the thousand glories of its flowers;
And shines the city in the golden flood
Of morning, and golden all the encircling hills;
And on Golgotha's brow the naked Cross
Glows golden with the light of newborn day.

For He hath risen, Lord and King of death,
For He hath risen, Lord and King of life!
Rejoice, my soul, and fear not death, who died
That day and fell before my Lord and King
Forever; rejoice and fear not; death is dead,
And everlasting life, eternal rose,
Unfolds immortal petals blown by Love
To perfect fulness in perpetual light.

* * * * *

In Him they sleep, who rest so quietly here,
In Him to rise, who sleep in patience here.
Far from the angry city's fretful noise
Of loud mortality forgetting death,
They sleep in His large peace, the halcyon calm
Of that deep peace the world can never give.
Blessed their sleep in Him, who slept as they
To rise again, as they in Him shall rise
To sleep no more. Here let me sleep in Him,
And slipping off the weeds of time rise up
Robed by His hand in immortality.

WESTGATE'S PAST.

BY LEILA HARDIN BUGG.

John Westgate is a man with a history. He does not often refer to it in the bosom of his family, because his daughter Helen, aged fourteen, who goes to a select day-school in charge of Visitandine Nuns, and is beginning to have nice little social prejudices, is sensitive on the subject.

But when Helen is off at school, or at the Monday dancing class, or at the riding academy, or practicing scales on the piano, or safely tucked away in a canopied brass bed in her dainty room, a beautiful Parian marble Immaculate Conception keeping watch from a pretty lace-draped altar, her father and mother often talk over the episode and make little jokes about it. And carefully put away in Mrs. Westgate's writing-desk are some curious relics—a tintype of a long-haired youth in a coat severely clerical, a gilt-edged copy of "The Pilgrim's Progress," with the date of a Christmas ever so long ago inscribed on it, some faded rose petals pressed between the leaves, and a bundle of letters written in a boyish scrawl on coarse, blue-lined paper. Helen would have elevated her straight black eyebrows at such unaesthetic keepsakes, and would have been mildly horrified at the letters. Little Miss Westgate writes her letters only on the finest and heaviest white paper, and her pictures are taken by a fashionable photographer, who never poses any one at less than ten dollars the dozen. And Helen's mamma is now an eminently correct matron, whose gowns and visiting-list and accent are all quite in the mode. For the Westgates have prospered amazingly in the last ten years, and money, as necessary to a social footing as a foundation is to a house, has been pouring into their coffers in a steady little stream until they are, if not exactly rich, so far removed from poverty that the bravest sort of wolf would never dream of venturing near their quartered oak door.

It is known to their intimates that the story has to do with Father Ryan, the dignified and eloquent pastor of St. Paul's, and Mr. and Mrs. Westgate before they were married. Father Ryan is often a guest at the Westgate table, and is first in the affections of the Westgate children after their father and mother. One of the boys is named for him, and the clergyman takes the kindly interest in their dispositions and studies and plans—apart from the fact that their parents saved his life—natural to one who has baptized them all and listened to their childish sins both in the confessional and out of it. Helen is his favorite, probably because she is the first born, but he has not hesitated to tell her the plainest of truths about her temper, and often asks her if she knows that the devil is the father of pride. And the little maid loves and trusts him, and is never offended except when he refers before company to the time when her father was a preacher.

Mr. Westgate looks anything but the preacher now. Even his wife finds it hard at times to identify the youth of the tintype with the clever lawyer and shrewd man of the world who hurries off every morning from his luxurious breakfast table to his tenth-story office down town, and who takes the keenest interest in horse races and belongs to an evening whist club.

Although Mrs. Westgate has come to laugh over her keepsakes, there is sometimes a wistful look in her beau-

tiful eyes as she puts them away tenderly, for they bring back an episode that came too near to being a tragedy to be remembered altogether without pain.

Somewhat less than a hundred miles from the wholly imaginary line that separates Missouri from the State of the *bent smoky water*, Arkansas, one who is persevering may find the little village of Milton. As it is not on the railroad, the time required to reach it from a given point depends on one's horse and the roads. If it has been raining hard, as it can rain in Arkansas on slight provocation, the chances are that the stranger will not reach it at all.

Milton is not a beautiful village. There is a depressing uniformity about the lines of the houses, and an equally depressing uncertainty about the crooked lines of the streets. And paint has not been lavishly used except on the Town Hall, the Opera House and Jim Cassidy's saloon, where it was paid for by taxation, direct or indirect, of the citizens. There are four churches, controlled by as many denominations, and when there is not a revival, a fair or a feud at one of them, Milton society is distinctly dull.

Fifteen years ago the place was very much the same as it is to-day. Some of the houses may be a trifle dingier, gates may creak harshly that once opened with hospitable alacrity. The Methodists have put a steeple on their church, the Baptists have taken a mortgage off theirs. A few more tombstones loom up in ghostly fairness in the little graveyard, a few more baby faces have come to gladden their mothers' hearts and to grow up to take the places of the men and women that are gone.

The Milton boy of fifteen years ago who goes back a bearded man for a glimpse of the old home, the village whose ugliness and sordidness and commonplace inactivity he has idealized into something sweet and beautiful and near to nature's heart, will feel a hot lump in his throat and a mistiness about the eyes as he catches a sight of Picket Hill to the east, and the familiar outlines come into view. And the faces that he used to know, furrowed and weather-beaten by the passing years, have a place in his memory all their own. But he will not remain long, and it will be many years before he cares to repeat the visit.

In the largest of the houses, standing a little apart from the village, and in the shadow of Picket Hill, John Westgate had waxed from a lusty baby of two into a sturdy youth with widening ambitions and a well-developed will. He was an orphan who had been adopted by his father's only brother and his wife, a childless couple who received the baby gratefully as an answer to prayer, and loved and petted him to the full of their kindly, middle-aged hearts.

William Westgate was among the wealthiest, or the least poor, of the Miltonians. He had a good farm three miles from the village and a large general store on Main street, besides owning his own home and having money in a St. Louis bank. He was an honest, God-fearing citizen, a deacon in his church and a pillar of the commonwealth. He was well content with his own sphere in the world, but for his nephew—who was clever like all the Westgates, he would have said—he had exalted ideas. It was the dream of his life to make a clergyman of John. In the eyes of the uncle the hand of Providence plainly pointed to this consummation.

The pastor was getting old, and would soon have to go on the retired list; and then what more fitting than for the Reverend John, gifted and good, and a nephew of one of the oldest deacons, to step into the vacant place. The boy could thus have his career without going away from

home for it, and during the week days he could attend to his uncle's property. The Deacon's thoughts often strayed lovingly to this happy future, and then he would take down his worn Bible and read softly to his wife, as her knitting needles flew in and out of the bright wool, the story of the youthful Samuel in the temple, or the songs of the Shepherd King of Israel.

The boy took kindly enough to the idea. For one thing, he wanted to go away to school—he hardly dared to dream of a real college—and in order to become a minister of the sort he intended to be, it was absolutely essential to have an education. He had convinced his uncle of this, and it was settled that when he had finished the rather limited course of the Milton district school he was to go to Finetta "University," entering its doors as raw material, to come out the finished ministerial product. The young candidate thought it well to have some preliminary practice, and it became his favorite pastime to assemble his schoolmates under a grove of trees near the schoolhouse, and from a convenient stump to preach to them some thrilling discourses on the evils of dog fights, the wickedness of playing truant, and the positive atrociousness of letting a girl carry off the spelling-match prize. He held revivals, and the boys, entering into the spirit of the fun, would shout lustily at the top of their shrill young voices, and respond to his exhortations with groans and deep amens. A log was dubbed the mourners' bench, and the girls who would not "shout" were invited to that place of penitence. One rosy-cheeked sinner in particular was the object of deepest concern to the boy preacher.

"Deacon Gibson," he would say with comical gravity to a shock-headed youth with a freckled nose, "will you exhort Sister Clara Tidwell to the mourners' bench? And Brother Brown, have the kindness to put away your jack-knife, it is not seemly on this occasion."

Then a lisping, mischief-loving treble would pipe up, "Please Parthon Wethgate, Thister Kitty Thimms is chewing gum."

"Sister Kitty Simms, take your place with Sister Clara Tidwell on the mourners' bench," the embryo parson would command sternly.

Sometimes the girls would go readily, and sometimes they would not, their actions generally depending on the caprice of Clara Tidwell. And when she was recalcitrant the preacher would lose his temper.

"I say Clara, do you think it's nice to be so mean? Who sharpens your pencils, I'd like to know, and brings you apples and gives you candy and a manicure set for Christmas—"

"Well, you can keep your apples and your candy, John Westgate, and I can sharpen my own pencils—or Charlie Atkins will do it for me," the little beauty would retort hotly.

At the mention of Charlie Atkins the boy would rage inwardly, but he liked Clara too well to risk her further displeasure, so with true diplomatic insight, he would change his tactics.

"You know I like you a million times better than Charlie Atkins does—I'd, I—pshaw, Clara! I think you might mourn for a fellow when he asks you to." And then Clara would smile and show her dimples and walk leisurely over to the log, and there with Kitty Simms and the other mourning sinners, sit contentedly, working dumpy little Cupids in red floss on a bureau scarf.

These meetings might have continued indefinitely had not an envious outsider told of them to the teacher, who promptly stopped them, threatening dire punishment on the preacher and his deacons. It took the combined petitions of the school to keep

him from reporting the irreverence to William Westgate.

"We didn't mean any harm, you know," pleaded John. "I don't mind any punishment for myself, but it would nearly kill my uncle if he thought that I was in any trouble at school."

The culprit was kept in that evening and made to copy a page of the dictionary. He was feeling so wounded and sore and deserted when, his task finished at last, he turned into the solitary path leading past the grove where the meetings had been that he forgot how hungry he was, and how tired. But as he came within a few feet of the mourners' bench an unreasoning delight filled his heart, for Clara Tidwell rose up from behind the log and advanced towards him, holding out a piece of pie and an apple. "I thought you'd be hungry," she said shyly, presenting her offerings.

There was a tremble in his voice which he tried hard to conceal, and his eyes shone with a boyish gladness. At Deacon Tidwell's gate—the girl's father was a deacon, too, although apt to lapse into the wrath of the ungodly—he blurted out: "Clara, you know I'm to go away to school when I'm a little older, but you won't like any other chap while I'm away better than me, will you?"

"Oh, you silly boy," laughed the little maid, and ran up the flower-bordered walk to the house.

In due time John Westgate went to the "university," an institution doing heroic work under adverse circumstances, and filled the heart of his uncle with fondest pride by carrying off the prize for oratory during his first year, and winning twenty-five dollars in a history contest at the close of the second. But the vacation of the third year was black, for the young man had dared to tell his uncle that he did not feel any call to be a minister, and that his heart was set on being a lawyer. The blow to the old man was heavy, indeed. A lawyer, a rascally lawyer—this for the child of his hopes, the anointed of the Lord—the Deacon was given to Scriptural phrases—to become a godless sinner, a defender of cheats and rogues from the just penalty of their crimes!

Never!

"No money of mine will ever make a lawyer of you, John," said the old man, grimly. "You must be bewitched."

All the week the youth went about silently, feeling as if under a pall, and upbraiding himself for his ingratitude to the dear old man who had been a father to him in everything but name. And when the next Sunday came and he heard himself prayed for in church, heard his uncle with a quaver in his voice beseech the Lord to keep His servant in the way he should go, and not let him be led after strange idols, to give words of wisdom to his lips and a wall of prudence about his heart, John felt like a wretch on the brink of an awful fate. So he told his uncle that he was ready to go on with his theological studies, and with this compact he returned to Finetta University.

There was much rejoicing on the part of his congregation when John Westgate returned to his boyhood's home as their pastor. And the young man was honestly intent upon filling his place worthily. He had his dreams of temperance leagues and reading clubs and literary societies and university extension, and he tried to carry them out—to be a leader of his people into a higher and better life. And a dearer dream had come true. Clara Tidwell, who had also been off to school, had been loyal to her young lover and on his return to Milton they were formally engaged, with the willing consent of their respective families. Everything pointed to a peaceful, uneventful, happy life. They spent golden hours together; John read aloud the "Vicar of Wakefield,"

and Clara was openly contemptuous of the vicar's wife, and sweetly enthusiastic over the gentle-hearted vicar. The summer days passed, and early in the coming spring they planned to be married.

It was among the young minister's duties to go on one Sunday in each month to preach in a little church near a mill settlement some five miles from Milton, where a voracious saw mill was eating up the stately pines that covered the surrounding hills. There was a shifting population, and the nearest clergymen attended to their spiritual needs.

Westgate was on his way to fill this appointment, jogging along on horseback, and reciting bits of "Paradise Lost" from memory, when at the crossroads midway between Milton and Greenville, he was startled by a vigorous "hallo."

He reined in his horse and waited for the stranger to overtake him.

The minister recognized the newcomer at once as a Catholic priest and an Irishman, from his Roman collar and his brogue.

"Pardon me, I am on my way to Cutler's Mill," explained the priest, "and am not sure of the route. Can you kindly tell me which of these roads I am to take?"

"I am going to the mill myself, and if you don't object to company we can ride along together," responded Westgate.

And thus it came about that the priest and the parson entered the settlement together, apparently on the most cordial terms. Like Westgate, Father Ryan, too, was just beginning his ministerial career. After six months as an assistant in a big city parish he had been sent to Arkansas to take charge of some dozen missions scattered over two counties. As he wrote to one of his classmates: "My parish is as large as a toy German kingdom, and I have jurisdiction over six churches; kindly omit to ask any inconvenient questions as to the number of my people or the extent of my revenues. The blue dome of heaven is my canopy, and a retired army horse my throne. The distance from my headquarters, my cathedral church, so to speak, to my farthest mission, is forty miles in the summer, when the weather is pleasant, and a thousand in winter, with the mercury touching bottom."

As it chanced that young Westgate and Father Ryan had appointments on the same Sunday at the mill, they frequently found themselves in each other's company on the way. They tacitly avoided all discussions of religious differences. The minister, indeed, had been troubled with some vague scruples of conscience as to whether he ought to let pass such glorious opportunities for planting the seed of a purified faith in his companion's soul; but since the priest evidently had no such scruples on Westgate's account, he washed his hands, figuratively speaking, from blame. It seemed curious at first to hear the priest—the sinister agent of a foreign potentate—talk so readily about the situation in Venezuela, and to give his theory as to why the soil on one side of the river is black and rich and on the other red and poor, just as an ordinary man might talk. And it was plain from some remarks that Father Ryan let drop that he regarded murder and perjury with quite as much horror as did the average American citizen. Being a sensible youth on the whole, Westgate speedily decided that the priest was merely a good Christian minister, bent on doing his duty, and as far removed from plots and ways that are dark as he was himself. Westgate's career might have continued indefinitely in this uneventful way but for an accident, or, as the young man put it, an unfortunate visitation.

Father Ryan lived in Greenville, an old town of some local importance

about ten miles from Milton and five miles from Cutler's Mill, the nearest railroad station. To Greenville there came in the early spring an unfortunate wretch named O'Brien, who was loudly heralded and warmly welcomed as a convert from Romanism and an ex-priest. Handbills and advertisements announced his lecture, and the subject, "Horrors of the Confessional," promised entertainment highly spiced. His social sponsors in the community had some uneasy moments about their new brother, when rumors became certainties that he loved to look on the wine when it was red, or even on good plain whiskey; and that the florid color of his nose was not caused by overwork. But they, like charitable men, palliated his weakness because he confessed his sin with tears of penitence, real tears and sham penitence, and bewailed it as one of the awful habits contracted when he was in the bondage of Rome.

As O'Brien's coming had been announced some weeks in advance, Father Ryan thought that it might be just as well in the interval to look up the ex-reverend's record. It was the old story of drunkenness, insubordination, suspension, spite, downfall, and religion for revenue only. Reports of his lecture had reached Greenville, which showed it to be of so indecent a character, and so grossly false, that Father Ryan, as a pastor of Greenville, felt it incumbent upon himself to do something to neutralize the harm and the scandal which would follow it. He prepared a concise biography of O'Brien, exposed the falsity of the lecture, and offered his brochure to the Greenville paper for publication. It was refused, whereupon the zealous priest again presented it as an advertisement. Again it was refused. This aroused the hot blood of the young Celt; he took his article to a job printing office, ordered a thousand handbills struck off, and had them distributed freely in Greenville and Milton. Having done what he could, he left the result in the hands of Providence. He warned his congregation against any acts of violence, reiterating that the best refutation of the renegade's calumnies would be the purity and sobriety of their own lives. But this course seemed entirely too tame for some of them, and Jim Cassidy, the saloon keeper of Milton, and, in the eyes of the Miltonians, its representative Catholic, a man who went to church at Christmas and Easter, and had not troubled the confessional since he was married, ten years before, was particularly loud in his indignation, and spoke openly of giving O'Brien a welcome to Arkansas that he would not be likely to forget.

Cassidy's "zeal" spread rapidly, and when the eventful evening arrived there was a goodly showing of Catholics, or such as called themselves by that name, banded together in the back of the hall. O'Brien had not proceeded very far in his lecture—a lecture which made even the most stolid wince, and wish that he had left his wife at home—when there was a slight commotion in the audience, and in a moment turnips, eggs and onions were flying thick and fast, some of them hitting the lecturer, and some of them knocking off lamp chimneys and grazing the grizzly locks of sober hearers sitting well towards the front, while the malodorous eggs seemed likely to empty the hall in short order. Women began to scream and the men to clinch their fists, and before anyone had quite realized the situation there was a regular riot, with all that the word implies. The fray did not last long, for the Catholics were outnumbered five to one, and were easily put to flight. There was much broken glass and damaged best coats, not a few bruises and more than one black eye; but the most serious injury was to Deacon Tidwell, Westgate's father-in-law-elect, who, in attempting to

climb out over the back of the seats, had slipped and broken his arm.

Naturally the disgraceful affair became the absorbing topic of the day. Everywhere one might hear philippics on the outrages of foreigners, and the liberty of free speech, sandwiched with bits of the public schools and the rights of the great American people. The wave of popular wrath grew in volume until it threatened to submerge the community. Ministers took the riot for texts of sermons, and Washington and the Pilgrim Fathers were hurled indiscriminately at the Inquisition and Philip of Spain. Rural editors who had been contented to puff their pipes and scissor editorials from their metropolitan exchanges on the Evacuation of Egypt and the orders of Barlow, threw away their pipes and wrote long articles with red-hot pens on "The Menace to Free Speech." It was like a Bach fugue, with theme and counter-theme taken up by one set of professional agitators after another until the whole country was in an uproar. Greenville had not felt so important since the day it was christened. The grand jury promptly indicted the disturbers that had been identified, and some that had not been.

On the crest of the popular wave the Sons of Liberty thought that they saw their chance to ride into an enviable prominence.

The S. O. L. were an organization formed a few years before as a sort of revival of the old Know-Nothing party of an earlier epoch. Their political father was a candidate for Congress, who had feared defeat through the votes of the mill hands, naturalized foreigners, solidly pledged to the Opposition. The Sons had not been given much scope for their latent genius, because there was practically nothing for them to do. There were but few Catholics, and the "foreigners" had mostly been born on American soil. To organize to fight such a pitiful minority bordered on the ludicrous. But now they thought they heard the goddess Opportunity knocking at their door. Their president called a special meeting, at which there was much fiery eloquence and potential bravery, with many mixed metaphors and hopelessly disagreeing nominatives, and much good beer and some pungent cigars.

The hottest wrath must have a definite object at which to hurl its fusilades, if it is to keep up to its own standard of intensity. To the leaders of public opinion in the Greenville-Milton community a handful of mill hands and day laborers, led by a saloon keeper, were entirely inadequate to the occasion. It was a masterly stroke on the part of the S. O. L. when they made Father Ryan the target. All at once everybody seemed to know beyond a doubt that the blame for the riot belonged wholly to the priest. There were hoarse murmurs and dark threats rife, and people went about with bated breath, anxious for the next act in the drama.

It was at this point that a committee from his church waited on John Westgate and laid before him their views as to the burning necessity of a sermon from him on the dangers lurking in "their midst." No rural speaker ever fails to bring down at least one "in our midst" during his discourse. It rather nettled John that their suggestion took rather the tone of command than of request. It was out of the question, as the committee would have said, for men who remembered John Westgate as a bare-footed boy playing ball with their own sons, fishing in the creek, or milking his uncle's cows, to be as deferential to him as they might have been to an older man and a stranger. They were very proud of their pastor, paid his salary willingly, and had painted the church in his honor, but they were not going to stand any nonsense from the boy. Although the young man was

secretly sure of his right to choose his own subjects, he was nothing loth to preach on the absorbing topic of the day. It was a theory of his that a minister ought to be in the vanguard of his people in all movements, whether intellectual or spiritual; that he ought to be, by the fact of his position, a deeper thinker and a more philosophical historian than the rank and file of humanity. Westgate assented gracefully to the committee, but begged for time. He did not mean to get up and give a mere demagogue's exhortation. His effort was to be well thought out and well put together. The committee accepted this point of view readily enough.

"Only don't be too long about it, John," put in MacDougall, a sandy-haired Scotsman with a liking to manage affairs in his own way. "You see a mighty fine cake can be spoiled by the keeping, and I'm thinking a sermon's much like a cake. Bake and serve hot," he concluded, and his companions chuckled in various keys at his unsuspected wit.

The Sunday of Westgate's great sermon dawned fair and fresh and beautiful. The young man rose early and, dressing quickly, went out for a long walk before the village was yet awake from its usual seventh-day slumbers. There was a dewy sweetness in the air, and the roses were blooming luxuriously, their fragrance reminding him in some dreamy, far-off way of the gardens of Cashmere, of Abydos, of Eden before the Fall. He turned his steps almost unconsciously in the direction of Deacon Tidwell's, and there was a half-formulated wish that he might see Clara. He was nervous and unsettled, elated one moment at the prospect of triumphant approval, and downcast the next, at the greater chance of unqualified censure. He would not flinch from his duty, but he longed, as many a strong man has longed, for a little human sympathy. There is much of the child in every heart, no matter how many years have been marked on the hour-glass of one's life.

When John came near to Deacon Tidwell's gate his pulse began to beat in the most lawless way, for out in the yard, daintily holding up her skirts to escape the heavy grass dripping with dew, was Clara cutting roses, great masses of them; they lay in luxurious, sweet-scented piles on the grass. Westgate, with vigorous strides, came up the graveled walk.

"Oh, John, how you frightened me," said the girl, looking guiltily at the roses. "Why aren't you buried in thought over your sermon instead of tramping around town at this unheard of hour—don't leave the walk or you'll get your Sunday suit ruined, the grass is soaking wet," she called across a barricade of dewy rose bushes.

"The morning is so enchanting, and I am collecting my thoughts. Besides, I believe I wanted to see you," answered the young man courageously.

"Whatever made you think I'd be out at such an hour—I haven't any thoughts to collect. There isn't a soul up in the house, not even Dilsey."

"Well, since you are out, won't you give me a few moments from your roses? I know I'm not as beautiful as a rose, but—"

"What an idea! Indeed you are not. Why do you want to see me?"

"Don't I always want to see you, sweetheart?" temporized the young man.

"Oh, then it is merely on general principles!" retorted Clara. "I hope my daddy won't see you, for he'd think it was awful for a minister to be talking to a girl before church when he ought to be reading his Bible or pondering over his sermon. And such a sermon too!"

It was one of the unwritten laws of Milton that a young minister was never to accompany a maiden to church, although he was at perfect

liberty to escort her home afterwards.

"I hope you won't be disappointed in my sermon, Clara. I am afraid perhaps you won't like it."

"If there is any one disappointed in it, it will not be I, John," said the girl, advancing towards her lover with her arms laden with the long-stemmed roses.

"I am getting roses for the church," she explained, blushing slightly, but thinking it well to confess boldly, since she had been caught in the act. "I want the pulpit to look festive in honor of the occasion."

John took her in his arms and kissed her. "Ah, Clara, sweet, there is no one in the world like you!" Presently he said: "I am anxious about my sermon. I want to please Uncle William and everybody, but I want to do my duty, too."

"Why, John, how strangely you talk! As if everybody didn't want you to do your duty," answered Clara, looking surprised.

"Yes, but some people have set ideas about things, you know. There has been a precious lot of nonsense talked about the riot, and about other things too. You'll always believe in me, Clara, won't you?"

"Why, you dear old John, of course I will! Father and Deacon Westgate haven't any call to dictate to you about your sermon. If they don't like it let them get up and preach a better one."

"My loyal little Clara!" murmured the young man. Then he kissed her again, and went on his way, wearing a rose on his coat not far from his heart.

Westgate's church was crowded long before the hour for service. It was evident that three ministers in Milton that day would preach to comparatively empty pews. The S. O. L. were out in full force, and the oldest members of the church had an air of proud proprietorship in the occasion. A few outsiders had brought their most critical attitude, and some envious ones were hoping to find something at which to cavil—there is an evil side to human nature that sometimes shows itself even under the most pious circumstances! The deepest interest was manifest on every countenance. There is no sound so intense as the stillness of an excited throng; there is nothing to compare with it unless it be the stillness of a vast prairie just before a cyclone.

Westgate was somewhat pale when he ascended his pulpit, but gave no other evidence of emotion. He read out the opening hymn and led in prayer in much his usual way. Some of the deacons were tempted, in view of the unusual interest of the occasion, to call out, "Cut it short, John, cut it short," feeling that the Lord would be just as well pleased and the congregation much better for the sermon to begin at once.

The minister announced for his text the mighty commandment given to Moses amid the thunders of Mount Sinai:

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor!"

It seemed rather a strange text, the people thought, in view of the nature of the expected sermon.

Westgate began temperately, in clear, easy tones. He introduced a few pyrotechnics about Plymouth Rock and Persecution for Conscience' Sake, deplored the riot that had so recently convulsed the community, and then hurled his thunderbolt. He declared that if any provocation could be great enough to palliate a riot then the Catholics of that community could plead that provocation. O'Brien, an unfortunate, drunken wretch who had sullied the pure ears of the women of Greenville and Milton with his vile words, and had foully aspersed the fair fame of his own spiritual mother, the Church in which he had been born and reared, had lied to his audience, lied in his every assertion. He went

on to give a history of the man, abridged from Father Ryan's handbill, and showed by copious extracts from Catholic books that every part of the lecture was false—"false as hell," he cried, and some good mothers in Israel thought that their pastor was actually swearing. The silence was ominous as the sermon proceeded until the strain was broken at last by an unmistakable hiss. And in a moment the hisses were multiplied from every corner of the crowded edifice. Westgate flushed as if a sudden blow had struck him, and then, regaining his self-possession, went on with his sermon.

"And I as a Christian minister in this community who will have to answer to a Higher Tribunal than the public opinion of Milton, would be direlict in my duty did I meanly let such calumnies of a Christian denomination pass unchallenged. Yes, my people, Christians—separated they may be from us by ages and epochs of advancement and doctrinal differences, but Christians like ourselves. And I wish to say just here that my friend and brother clergyman, Father Ryan, had no more to do with the riot at Greenville than I had—no more to do with it than the child unborn!"

Clara Tidwell looked up, her brown eyes shining, her whole soul speaking through them of her adoring love for her hero. And no one realized as did she what grand heroism there was in the little words, "my friend and brother clergyman, Father Ryan." No one not familiar with the hereditary prejudices of a little isolated rural Protestant community can ever quite comprehend just what the defense of the priest really meant.

Clara tried to give the young defender a reassuring smile. She meant it to say, "How grand you are, how much I love you—more than I have ever loved you before! How I long to crush under my feet each brutal wretch who is hissing you! Would that I could go out with harps and cymbals like Miriam to meet you! She glanced furtively at her father as he sat bolt upright, rigid, stern, his massive jaws as fixed as granite, and at her mother, a delicate, shrinking little woman who looked ready to cry.

And when the preacher, rushing madly on to his fate, declared that each and every one in that congregation had consciously or unconsciously broken God's own commandment —that they had borne false witness against their unoffending Catholic neighbor, the last straw had fallen. Deacon Tidwell could stand no more! He arose with an authoritative "come," and his wife meekly obeyed. Not so his daughter Clara.

"Come Clara," he said, but the girl sat tense and motionless.

"Come, I say! Come, or I'll drag you out," he repeated, seizing her wrist with a grip of iron in his sound hand. His left arm was still in its plaster of paris case. But with one arm he was quite strong enough to drag the girl bodily from the church, and she knew it; besides, she did not want to make a scene, nor did she want to hurt her father's crippled arm in a resistance. It seemed best to go quietly. She got up, head bent down, cheeks scarlet, eyes flashing, and followed her parents, mentally praying that John would not see her go.

John, alas! saw but too well.

"Woman's loyalty!" mocked a pitiless demon in his brain.

As his eyes rested on her retreating figure, they took that hunted, despairing, agonized look that seemed to say, "You too! you desert me, you my heart's idol, you to fail me in the hour of my greatest need!"

A knife with a thousand blades was rending his soul.

He regained his self-control and went on bravely to the end. Then, without any concluding hymn or

prayer, he left his pulpit never to enter it again.

No one came forward to shake hands with him, and there was none of the little amenities usual to the occasion. The preacher walked firmly down the aisle, avoiding the sorrowful faces of his uncle and aunt, and went home.

Although Clara had left the church so quietly she made the homeward march stormy, indeed. "I am going right over to Deacon Westgate's and tell John that you forced me to go! It was a shame, shame, shame to treat him as you did. And those cowardly hisses! John knew what he was saying! He spent days and days over his sermon. If that O'Brien lied I should think you'd want John to tell you so—that you'd be glad to know the truth."

The girl went to her room and fairly tore off her pretty spring bonnet, moving with the quick, clear-cut tread of a determined woman thoroughly aroused. Her father followed her, and stood in the doorway, his massive form almost filling it.

"And so you are going over to Westgate's, are you?" he said, with a sound very like a snort. "You are going to see the sneaking traitor! I don't think you will, my girl. You can give me the young man's ring and his presents, and I'll see him for you. My daughter ain't going to keep company with such as John Westgate!"

And before the girl had quite realized his purpose he had thrown her on her knees and forcibly removed her engagement ring. Then he hunted around until he had found "The Pilgrim's Progress," a vivid blue plush writing portfolio, which both John and Clara in the iron age of their artistic development thought beautiful, and the other little mementoes from John, heaping them roughly together on the carpet just outside the girl's door. "So you side with the men who nearly murdered your father, do you?" he said, standing over the spoils of war. "Well, may be you'll change your opinion if you think about the matter long enough. You can stay in your room until you can see things in their true light. When you've about made up your mind that John Westgate and Priest Ryan and Jim Cassidy ain't as much to you as your own father, you can tell Dilsey, and I'll let you out." And before the girl's furiously astonished eyes he locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

(To be continued.)

EASTERTIDE.

BY DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

Sweet buds from cloven turf upspring,
Where silver dews are born;
All glad with love the robins sing
Against the purple morn.

Each opening blossom shines a star,
And wooes the soul to gaze;
Each echo, rising near or far,
Rings out a hymn of praise.

New beauty wakes from old decay;
Earth hopes and heaven gives;
Despair and death are passed away,
And love forever lives.

THE

FEAST OF VICTORY.

BY REV. THOMAS I. GASSON, S. J.

Like the glad sight of garden and meadow and woodland to the miner from the underworld, like the welcome rays of returning light to the dweller in Arctic lands, like the first fair vision of loving countenance to the blind made whole, like the potent light-storm that burst through the primeval darkness, the bright Easter festival breaks upon the sadness of Lent and upon the sorrow of the tomb. There are many feasts in the annual cycle of the church's calendar, and each feast brings its own message of warning, of divine mercy, of heavenly grace, or of future blessing, but in richness of gift and in largeness of promise the Resurrection-day surpasses them all. Other feast-days bring light, but their light is followed by darkness; other feast-days bring a reality, but

to the reality there is shadow; other feast-days bring enrapturing anthems, but the rich melody of the anthems is hushed by agonizing sorrow over the tragedy of Calvary; other feast-days bring life, but the life is vanquished by death. It is far otherwise with the Easter feast, for it speaks of light without darkness, of reality without shadow, of triumphal music that shall never be stilled by sorrow, of life that shall never know death. Light has conquered darkness, grace has fettered the powers of sin, the spiritual has subdued the material, life has mastered death, and the thoughts that rise uppermost in our minds upon this festal occasion are necessarily about the soul's endless life, the future glory of the risen body, and the solemn responsibility of every thought that is cherished, of every word that is uttered, of every deed that is wrought. Even as Christ rose from the grave in the majestic splendor of perfect manhood, so shall we if faithful one day rise to enjoy with Him the unveiled Vision of God.

In this bounteous promise of a future perfect life, the Easter dawn gives the longed-for answer to the deep yearning of the human heart for re-union with those we love here upon earth. The end is not with the grave, and with all the intensity of soul-strength we rebel against the cheerless doctrines of all who would foist upon a thinking world the view that with the coffin and the tomb life is sealed forever.

Ask the fond mother whose love has gone out to a heaven-sent tiny life —the joy of the hearth and the pride of the home—ask this mother, when, after the visit of the death-angel, she looks upon the stilled heart, the tightened palms and the speechless lips—ask her if her love ends with the approach of death, and if her mother's heart will never again be thrilled by the tender greetings of her own offspring? Ask the maiden whose purest affections have been won by a valiant and upright son of chivalry, who treads the paths of honor and integrity, and who is suddenly swept from life by some unforeseen doom—ask the maiden when the light of her life is thus rudely extinguished, and when she moans in unutterable agony for the grave to give back its dead—ask her if life could be endured were there no existence after death? Ask the young bridegroom when his new home with desolation has been made desolate, because the guardian spirit of his soul has been summoned away —ask him, what he thinks of the life beyond?

Ask all those who have bent in sorrow over newly-made graves and who have felt the pangs of paralyzing grief as the clods rattled upon the narrow resting-place of a friend—ask them what their hearts yearn for in that hour of trial and they will one and all tell you their desire that the dead may rise again, and that robed in mortal flesh they may once again share the affections that brought the rays of brightest sunlight into their lives.

Clear and distinct from every corner of creation the answer to that yearning rings out proclaiming man's endless life, but nowhere do we see it writ so large as in the teaching of the Catholic Easter. That the happy realization of this promise supposes unflinching loyalty in God's service is obvious even to the unreflecting. The life of the spirit is more precious than that of the body, the spans of eternity are more valuable than the periods of time, and the planting in the heart of the lilies of purity, of the roses of charity, and of the violets of humility is more important than the tending of vines on sun-lit slopes or the plucking of luscious fruit in the gardens of the Hesperides.

With what tender entreaty did not our Blessed Lord during His mortal life urge upon all this need of care for the spirit. In that striking scene when

"And gray-haired sages hearkened, spell-bound, to the wisdom of the Boy Divine."

the boy Jesus tarried in the Temple, while his parents imagined that He was with their kinsfolk, what was the theme of His discussion with the learned but the duties of the spiritual life? "The charge entrusted me by my Father claims me," was His deep-meaning reply to the tender inquiry of our Lady as to the cause of His tarrying behind. That answer gave the keynote to His life so simple and yet so sublime. The uplifting of man to God, the victory of the spiritual over the things of sense, was the work placed in His hands.

The same lesson gleams forth from the voiceless years spent in the obscurity of Nazareth. For here we see God robed in flesh, the Infinite Wisdom, having at His command all the treasures of knowledge, having the power to attract all hearts by His winning personality and by His matchless eloquence, being without a peer in the art of governing men, we see this Lord of kingdoms and of empires dwelling in a despised city, toiling at a carpenter's bench and bearing the hardships of a poor bread winner. The creating fingers that fashioned the universe, the omnipotent hands that hold in poise the entire solar system, clean the lowly artisan's home, prepare the wood for his father's labor, and gather up the scattered chips. He could have delivered soul-stirring sermons in the courts of the temple, He could have unfolded the treasures of Infinite Intelligence to the philosophers that thronged the highways of Athens, He could have instructed the lords of Rome in the art of ruling, He could have sped over the globe healing the halt and the maimed by His shadow. Yet He did none of this, for He aimed to teach us that the value of our work with God lies not in *outward* display, but in the *inner* life of the spirit. For this we need neither keen intellects nor the graces taught in the schools, neither lofty position nor titled inheritance, neither boastfulness of speech nor prominent actions, but only the steadfast will to hearken to the whisperings of the soul, when it calls us to do loyal service for God, our neighbor or ourselves.

And when the long silence of the hidden life was broken, and the noonday activity of His public career was made manifest by that wonderful mission upon the hillside, we hear the same notes ringing out from that mystic message of peace. How strange that call to things spiritual sounded to Jewish hearts sunken in the love of material display and of Oriental magnificence! How strange that command of pity to souls dead to outcries for mercy and gloating in grim satisfaction over the avenging of personal wrong! Not only was injury to be forgiven freely, but the anger that raged in the breast was to be checked, the indignant word was to be strangled upon the lips, the unkind judgment was to be refused lodgment in a Christian's mind.

"Judge not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield."

What wonder that the haughty, unfeeling Jew stood aghast when he heard the terms upon which he was to obtain eternal life, especially as the sense of his moral responsibility was borne home to him with irresistible force. Priceless as is the gift of free will, it adds to life a solemn seriousness of its own. The giant trees of the forest crash through the sheltering homes of the unwarned cottager, spreading havoc and ruin, and yet we do not pass sentence of condemnation upon them. The gladsome lark wings its flight aloft, "the vapors weep their burthen to the ground," yet for this we have neither words of praise nor of blame. They have no choice of action; they are not controlled by motives.

"From the mountain-side, with voice
Sweeter than morning's breath, He gave to us
The new Commandments."

But the spiritual nature of man's soul places him in another order of existence. There are voices that cry aloud within him, that propose and suggest, and there is a power that chooses to act or not to act. Man is not forced to perform this office rather than another office; he does only that which he pleases, and by reason of this choice is he chargeable with his deeds. Such in barest outline are some of the thoughts that make the mission-sermons referred to the astonishment of the Pharisee, the abiding comfort of the devout.

How dull-souled we are in this feverish age of mechanical impulses and inventions with regard to the understanding of these truths. The quiet, contemplative Mary we regard as a picture merely to be gazed at; the busy, bustling Martha is made our model. Worried by numberless cares we pass along our crowded streets and haste from duty to duty, without pausing even for an instant to lift our eyes up to the blue depths whence countless spirits are calling us to turn our thoughts towards the hills of eternity. We spend ourselves in efforts to kill time, not in attempts to use it. In fact, the greater number of men seem to think that the great object of life is to invent labor-saving devices. With what keenness Ruskin arraigns these forgetters of the destiny of life.

"The great mechanical impulses of the age, of which most of us are so proud, are a mere passing fever, half speculative, half childish. People will discover at last that royal roads to anything can no more be laid in iron than they can in dust. There are two classes of precious things in this world: those that God gives for nothing—sun, air, and life (both mortal life and immortal); and the secondarily precious things which He gives us for a price; these secondarily precious things, worldly wine and milk, can only be bought for definite money—they never can be cheapened. No cheating nor bargaining will ever get a single thing out of nature's establishment at half price. Do we want to be strong? We must work. To be hungry? We must starve. To be happy? We must be kind. To be wise? We must look and think. No changing of place at a hundred miles an hour, nor making of stuffs a thousand yards a minute, will make us one whit stronger, happier or wiser; and men will at last find out that their grand inventions for conquering (as they think) space and time do, in reality, conquer nothing; for space and time are in their own essence unconquerable, and besides they did not want any sort of conquering—they wanted *using*."

We live to-day under the reign of Martha, where Mary's better part is despised and rejected.

Even the heart-broken and the bodily-sufferers seem to have lost trace of the fountains of comfort and to be forgetful of that touching appeal of the Saviour: "Come to me all ye that labor and are in sorrow, and I will console you." What an unforgetable picture of this piteous appeal to the sorrow-laden is given us by the German artist, Dietrich! How strikingly the Lord of life stands out almost as antiquity has described Him for us. "Christ," writes the ancient chronicler, "was above the middle height. His countenance was full of mingled majesty, beauty and tenderness. His black eyebrows were slightly arched and his long, crisp, brownish locks fell gracefully over His sacred shouders. His beard, also of gentle chestnut hue, lent vigor to His features, while out of the clear depths of His blue eyes divinity shone, and threw a hallowed light upon all that met His gaze. His face was neither round nor sharp, but somewhat long, and beaming with such meekness and peace that all pictures our poor fancy can make will ever be unlovely, as compared with that un-

"Martha, Martha, why art thou so troubled about worldly cares?"

traceable vision of beauty upon which the blessed gaze with ever-increasing admiration and love."

How tenderly He soothes the sufferings of the afflicted, not plucking the thorns from the wounds with rough, vigorous hand, but with gentlest touch pouring oil and cooling salves into the wounds, giving back sight to those who had groped in darkness and opening the closed founts of hearing.

How spiritual, how full of affection He appeared when He called unto Himself the little ones, placing His loving hands in blessing upon them, while He sternly rebuked the selfish churls who strove to keep infancy from His sacred presence. Nay, more, He bade us learn from the child the lesson of life, if we would be granted admission into the city eternal. For the child preaches more powerfully than any one else the vanity of wealth, of beauty and of knowledge, when compared with a pure heart and an unstained soul. How dull are the revellings of passion when compared with the joy of the innocent spirit! Of all the works of spiritual mercy the most precious in the sight of God is the care of children.

So, too, He appeared in that triumphal procession through the streets of Jerusalem, when the air was rent with glad acclamations and spontaneous homage was rendered by a fickle people. Even in the sad scenes of the Passion we hear the pleading tones of the thorn-crowned Saviour summoning all to the life of the spirit and away from the allurements of the flesh.

Yet nowhere do we see the beauty of the spiritual life so vividly portrayed as in the Resurrection, the culmination of our hopes, the starting point of our future existence. It begins with the visit of Christ to the prison-house of the just of the Old Law, who were there impatiently awaiting the freedom won them by His precious blood. Then in the gray of the early dawn, without witnesses save the company of invisible angels, the soul of Jesus came to the rock-hewn tomb in the garden belonging to Joseph of Arimathaea.

Here, "hidden among vine plants and the thin shadows of the olives was a white and cold human body, scarred and seamed with countless wounds and weals, wrapped round in spotless linen cloths and guarded over by a huge stone. It was still the body of the Divine Word, for what our Lord once assumed, He never put away, and hence death did not sever the Human Nature from the Divine Person." Through the rock passed the glorified soul to the sacred body, and once more animating it and restoring the blood to His Heart, the Saviour came forth from the tomb, while the soul poured "the glorified beauty of an immortal human life over every sacred limb, effacing the sad traces of the Passion, save where it burst forth into five brilliant suns in those wounds where savage men had wreaked their vengeance, and from these wounds now rays burst forth to cause unsetting day in the farthest extremities of heaven." It is true that the loving hands of Mary and of the disciples had washed away the earth, the dust and the other defilements which still clung to it after it had been taken down from the cross. Bundles of spices and myrrh had been placed into the still open wounds, but they could not obliterate the marks of the thorns, the traces of the numerous falls on the way to Calvary and, thus, the body was still starred with many a mark of what had been. In such a condition was it when our Lord's soul arrived in triumph at the sepulchre, accompanied by numberless angels. They gazed with love, gratitude and sorrow on the picture there presented to them of the effects of sin, when its punishment had to be wreaked on the innocent and most lovely body of the Incarnate Redeemer. But after their devotion had for a short time had its fill, the power

"Where human sorrow breathes her lowly moans, Christ comfort gave."

"Ye whom He bade draw near,
O'er whom He loved to pray,
Ye babes, to Jesus dear,
Rejoice in Him alway."

"Up in the blue, blue mountains
Dewy pastures are sweet.
Rest for the little bodies,
Rest for the little feet.

But for the Lamb of God,
Up on the hill-top green,
Only a Cross of Shame,
Two stark crosses between."

of God in a moment repaired the wounds and restored the Body to its perfection and beauty, leaving only the five great wounds in the Hands, Feet and Side, which were now clothed with extreme brightness and endowed with a heavenly beauty of their own. "Indeed, so fondly does He cling to the five wounds as to retain them on His throne, not for our reproach, but for our everlasting jubilee."

Taking St. Paul and the Doctors of Theology for our guides, we learn that the risen Saviour's body is the model according to which we ourselves shall rise, if we walk worthily in the paths of virtue here. This will be the reward of the spiritual man, and fair beyond expression are the visions Catholic theology paints of the scenes of the after-life, scenes full of comfort to the earnest toiler. The present order of things will pass, and to it will succeed the order of glorified humanity.

By the regenerating influence of fire the worlds of time are to be transformed into abodes of surpassing and changeless loveliness. Through the broad expanses of this new Paradise the just will be permitted to wander at will with bodies so sublimated and so exalted from the present conditions of this material realm that they will merit to be called spiritual bodies. Not, indeed, that the body will cease to be material, but matter will then be freed from the shortcomings and the imperfections that beset the frail tabernacle of the soul in the present order. Weariness and sickness shall not weigh it down, hunger and thirst shall not torture it, the day of trial and the night of anxiety shall not weaken it, but in full vigor and in abiding health it shall feast upon the riches of fair scene and of luxuriant fruitage prepared by a bounteous Creator. It will be a perfect body, because disease and infirmity will then have vanished from among men. Infancy and old age shall be no more, for infancy is not a perfection, and old age is not a virtue.

Fashioned after the risen Saviour, we shall all be in the enjoyment of perfect and ripe manhood, and neither Northern blast nor Southern heat shall be present to trouble our peaceful lot. The mind will no longer be occupied with weary battlings against an unwilling flesh, but the body will ever be the loyal vassal, the ready servant of the soul, awaiting the bidding of its Master, and desiring nothing save what is in harmony with goodness and truth. No more wanderings from God, no more strugglings between soul and body, no more fear of defeat in daily battle, but lasting victory and constant grace will be the portion of those who rise with Christ.

"Peace!" says Faber, "how unlike life how unlike earth, how unlike even the fatiguing activities of grace! How we have longed for it all life through, and long for it now, alas! more than we long for God! Imagination can hardly picture to itself a life without trouble or distrust, a life without a past to excite regrets, or a present to gall with a yoke, or a future all dim and misty in its uncertainty. The sleep of happy honest labor is an image of this delicious calm. The way in which land and sea, lakes and woodlands, as if their display of morning beauty had tired them, seem to lie down afresh and sleep in the noonday sun, is an emblem of our heavenly rest. The starry skies at soundless midnight give us a feeling which we cannot express, but which helps us to a notion of the utter peace of that blissful Hereafter. Yet, after all, it is like no other peace of God which overpasses human understanding. Can all this be for us? Is it actually one of our possibilities? Nay, more than that, nearer than that, likelier than that. An ocean of heavenliest peace, bound in mysterious and glad tranquility, inviting us to sail upon its bosom, onward into brightness forever and forever,—Oh, if this were all, if there were nothing but this

"Thee once with palms the Jews went forth to meet;
Thee now with prayers and holy hymns we greet.
Thee, on thy way to die, they crowned with praise;
To Thee, now King on high, our song we raise.
Thee their poor homage pleased, O gracious King!
Ours, too, accept — the best that we can bring."

peace, is it not a more than sufficient reward for a long life of austerest holiness?"

It need not be feared that this life in heaven will be one of dreamy inactivity, for the soul will find absorbing occupation in gazing upon the unveiled vision of the Triune God and in the unclouded study of eternal Truth. We shall be lifted to the loftiest heights of thought by aid of the light of glory, to contemplate the nature of God Himself, the first cause and the final destiny of man, a divine nature with three persons, distinct yet not separable, without superiority and without subordination, all three persons leading a life that knows neither change, nor wane, nor season. We see now darkly, because we trace the cause in effect and result. Men wander the world over, seeking for God. Everywhere they find the trace of His footsteps, the marks of His hands, but Him they grasp not, because the vision is not for this life. But then we shall see clearly, because we shall see Him as He is in Himself. We see now as through a glass, because of interposing obstacles; then we shall see face to face, and the creature shall be dazzled by the undimmed view of the Creator; the mind shall feed directly upon substantial truth, and the will shall be forever united to infinite goodness.

How different this state of existence from the crude fancies of the future life found among the world's writings, Savage and barbaric tribes depict it as a hunting ground, over which immortal chieftains roam in pursuit of rare game; the hardy sons of the Northern seas told of it as endless scenes of noisy revellings; the Oriental thought of it as a limitless meadow, where, amid luxuriant vegetation, the elect wander, engaged in plucking choice flowers and mellow fruits; the quietist imagines that the life to come will be an unbroken slumber, in which we shall dream sweet dreams of transcendental truth and goodness; the unChristian philosopher outlines a future in which we shall spend our days in pleasant discussion upon metaphysical problems, rivalling the sage of Stagira in our feats of intellect; ascetical enthusiasts describe it as a starry expanse in which the blessed, robed in flowing garments, and playing upon harps of varied shape and size, move gracefully through the heavens upon clouds of tenuous substance and of uncertain composition. We know that the kingdom of heaven is not as depicted by these wandering minds, but as shown us by the Apostle of the Gentiles and by the saintly and child-like Apostle of the island of Patmos. We shall not be transformed into angels in the life beyond—we are and always shall be men and women; but we shall then be raised to the plane of glorified humanity, and the substantial and primary joy of heaven will consist in the Beatific Vision.

If we remain men and women, it follows necessarily that there will be in heaven enjoyment for our senses, which, after all, are not a mere accidental ornament, but which belong to the integrity of human nature. Furthermore according to Revelation, new forces will then be added to us, which will conquer in marvellous fashion the powers now judged invincible. Nor should this be a cause of surprise to us. Are we not daily discovering forces which overthrow the physical teachings of past ages? It is a matter of very recent occurrence that a power was discovered by means of which what was heretofore deemed invisible is laid open to our gaze, and men pierce the barrier of flesh and view with astonishment the inner structure upon which the outer form rests. In that new life, other forces will hold sway, and what is now regarded as beyond the range of realization will then become a part of the changed conditions of our existence.

The hindrances that now impede the body in its progress through space

"In the gray of the early dawn . . . the soul of Jesus came to the rock-hewn tomb in the garden belonging to Joseph of Arimathaea."

will be vanquished, and we shall be enabled to pass with the speed of the lightning flash from place to place, and from planet to planet, even to the uttermost depths of the star world. And even as the risen Saviour passed through *closed* doors by virtue of a power that overcame the inpenetrability of the barriers, so will the Just be enabled to pass through the hardest rock and the strongest metal.

In that fair life corruption shall never lay hands upon the vigor and splendor of the glorified body, nor shall death ever lay claim to it. For the world of change shall have passed away, and the new era, the era of the abiding and the changeless, shall have been ushered in for everlasting.

And to add to the measure of our accidental joy, we shall there meet and recognize those we have loved upon earth. Heaven will not be an assemblage of strangers, but of friends. Our identity will not be destroyed, nor our memory effaced. The change wrought in the body will render it perfect, but the removal of defects does not destroy identity, just as it does not destroy our nature. Thus we shall once more take up the gladsome features of social life, only in a far higher sense. For then the days of misunderstandings, of partings, of heart-burnings, shall have ceased and the circle of joy shall not be broken, because of the vision of God.

This is but a passing glimpse at some of the rich promises writ upon the golden dawn that ushers in the Resurrection feast.

HEADQUARTERS AND MEMORIAL HALL.

OUR SOLDIERS IN THE NATIONAL HOME.

BY ALOYSE F. THIELE.

THE present war-like spirit of the nation and the patriotism which has been stirred up in every breast by the news of the disaster to the battleship "Maine"; the anxiety with which many a wife or mother is waiting the dreaded word which to her will bring sorrow, and the fervor with which prayers are offered daily that the word may never be spoken declaring war, brings back to many memories of another time such as this one — no, even worse, for then brother stood up to fight brother for the cause championed by the north.

At this time and season a visit to the Central Branch National Home for disabled volunteer soldiers and a glimpse at the manner in which Uncle Sam takes care of his defenders will certainly prove interesting to the reader. It may not be generally known, or the fact may be forgotten, that the conception of a National Soldiers' Home originated with the American poets, William Cullen Bryant and Henry W. Longfellow; Horace Greeley, editor of the New York Tribune; John A. Dix, General U. S. Grant and others, who embodied their idea in a petition to Congress, the same having been presented to the Senate on December the 8th, 1864.

The United States has seven National homes for her disabled soldiers in different parts of the country, and the Central Branch is the largest, and in fact the largest soldiers' home in the world. It is an ideal home in many ways, yet with all its beauties, there is room for improvement.

Beautifully situated on an elevation just west of the city of Dayton, Ohio, it commands a splendid view of the picturesque Miami Valley, whose natural beauties, with its fine farms, win the admiration and praise of every traveller through these parts. As the

visitor stands at the east gate of the Soldiers' Home with his back to the setting sun he beholds a scene which he cannot easily forget. Before him to his left in the valley lies the handsome city, with its magnificent churches, its wide streets and comfortable homes; while to his right the valley stretches from beneath his feet for miles and miles until it seems to end in the distance where a row of hills or bluffs joins the blue of the sky. Well known as it is and so easy of access from the city, yet there are many hundreds who visit Dayton often who do not see the home, perhaps because the beauty of it has never been impressed upon their minds and they do not appreciate the magnificent proportions of this institution. This home now embraces 578 23-100 acres of land which originally cost the United States $87,445.-30. There are cared for at this home over 5,500 veterans and, with the officers, nurses, etc., there are some 6,000 inhabitants living within the precincts of the home. In fact, it is a government in itself, with its governor and staff, its police and fire departments, its post-office, chapels and theatre, its own gas plant and electric works, besides the many other buildings, including the hospital and the barracks, the homes of the officers, etc., etc. To the visitor it presents an interesting study indeed. As he enters the Home he is confronted by a picturesquely laid out park with beds of rarest flowers, winding walks, and lakes in whose clear water fish are sporting, playing hide - and - seek among the lilies which stud their bosoms, while here and there the soft music of playing fountains, and the swish-swish of softly dipping oars of the boatmen add music to a scene which is truly beautiful. Selecting a path which winds in and out along the shores of a pretty lake the visitor soon finds himself amid a scene of tropical beauty as he follows the path which leads between gardens of rarest flowers to the grotto, and after quenching his thirst at a natural spring of iron water, and resting perhaps beneath the cool shade of overhanging vines and flowers, he ascends a romantic staircase of stone beneath an arch of overhanging rock, and passing another spring and, with another ascent of several steps, he finds himself right in the heart of the institution. Before him is the headquarters, a commodious building for the officers of the home; to his left is stretched the campus, with its velvet covering of nature's production, only the quaint pavilion for the band, with its roof of blue and gold, breaking the stretch of green. Beyond the campus to the south are the homes of the governor and his officers, and to the west is a long line of barracks, stretching back for several squares, in which the soldiers are housed. To the north of the headquarters building is the Memorial hall, and beyond that the chapels, the hospital buildings, the club house and many other buildings, making a veritable city of commodious structures.

For the entertainment of guests a neat and well conducted hotel is situated near the entrance. This little hostelry boasts of taking care of many distinguished persons. Among the list of the most august visitors to the home are found such names as Mrs. Putnam, General Hooker, better known as "fighting Joe"; General Sherman, who visited the home on Memorial Day in 1870; General Grant, while President of the United States, with Mrs. Grant and their daughter, "our Nellie"; Governor Allen of Ohio, and many other noted persons, among them many prominent actors and actresses; Bayard Taylor, the poet, Horace Greeley, Wendell Phillips and others. It is a favorite spot for Mme. Rhea, the actress, who, with her company, has spent many summer seasons at the home.

It would cover many pages to even attempt to describe in detail all the interesting points in this magnificent

Rev. C. S. Kemper, D.D. Rev. E. Hight. Maj. Carl Berlin. W. T. Kent, War Department.
Dr. D. C. Huffman. Gen. J. C. P. Breckenridge. Gov. J. B. Thomas. Capt. J. C. Michil. Maj. A. S. Galbraith.
Maj. Milton McCoy. Col. J. W. Byron.

OFFICERS OF THE HOME.

INSPECTION AND REVIEW ON THE CAMPUS.

"Dynamite Corner"

home, and so only a passing glance will be given the buildings. Of these perhaps the most interesting is the mess hall, where over 2,000 men sit down to dinner at the first table every day in the week. The dining halls and kitchen are all on the ground floor, the cooking department being central so as to facilitate the service. At meals is the only occasion when the men see each other so numerously assembled socially, and it is a novel spectacle to the visitor to see so many old soldiers seated at table together, enjoying the peace and comfort provided for them by a grateful country. To give my readers an idea of the quantity of food Uncle Sam's veterans consume in a day at this institution I quote the following consolidated bill of fare which is usually served on Thursday:

Breakfast: Beef fricassee, 2,000 lbs.; hominy grits, 220 lbs.; bread, 800 lbs.; butterine, 175 lbs.; coffee, 148 lbs.

Dinner: Roast beef, 2000 lbs.; potatoes, 34 bushels; stewed beans, 450 lbs.; or green peas, 66 bushels; or sliced tomatoes, 40 bushels; bread, 800 lbs.; butterine, 175 lbs.; coffee, 148 lbs.; pies, 1,250.

Supper: Rolled oats, 160 lbs.; syrup, 50 gallons; biscuit, 1,100 lbs.; bread, 400 lbs.; butterine, 175 lbs.; cheese, 350 lbs.; tea, 35 lbs.

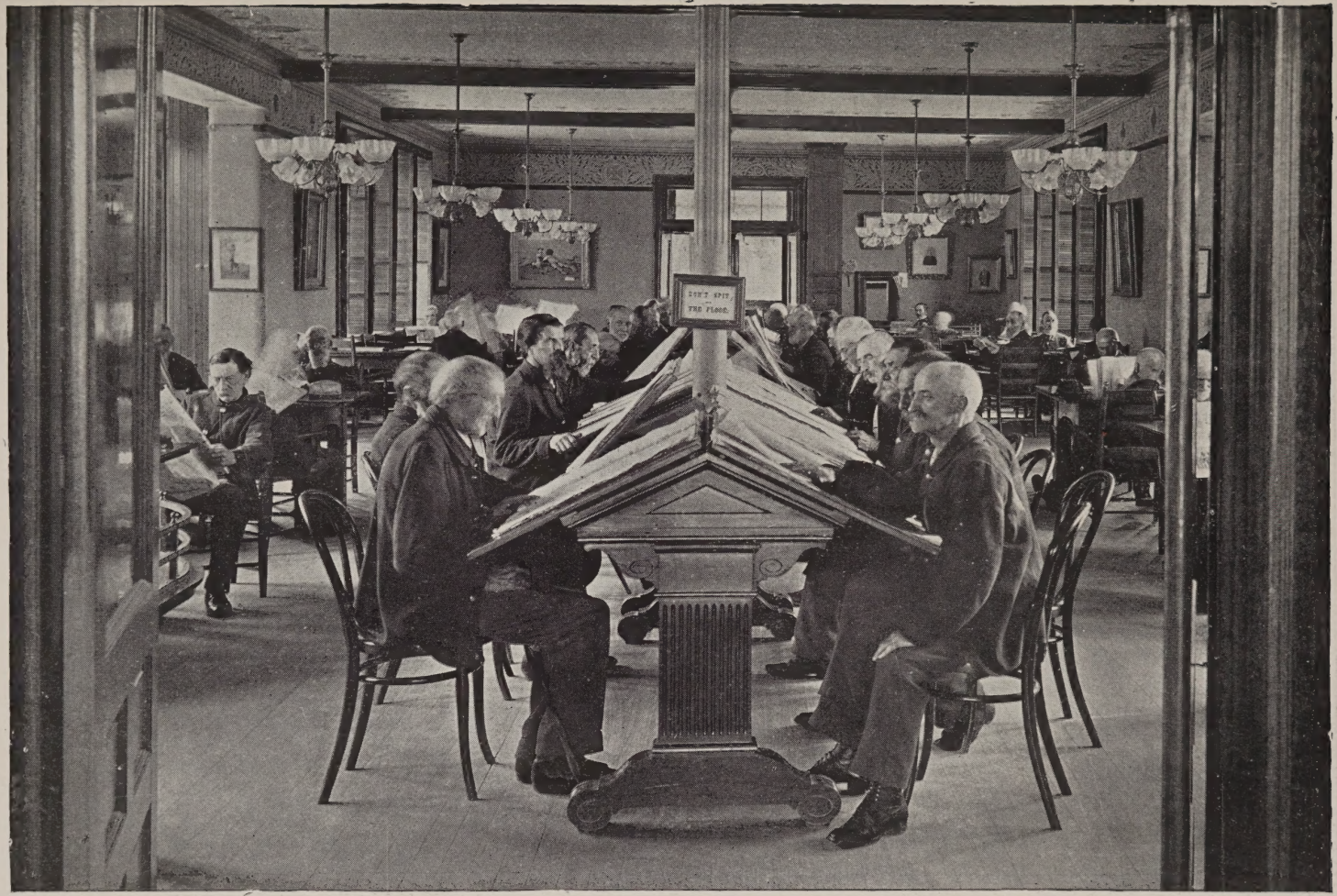
Another domestic establishment of interest is the laundry, an extensive brick structure in which the year's washing reaches the astonishing number of 2,250,000 articles. The work is done by steam. The machinery is of the latest improvement.

Giving only a passing glance to the long row of barracks where the soldiers are housed, some not too comfortably, for the reason of too many being obliged to occupy the same room or hall, and the ventilation not being of the best, the visitor passes to the Putnam library, a handsome

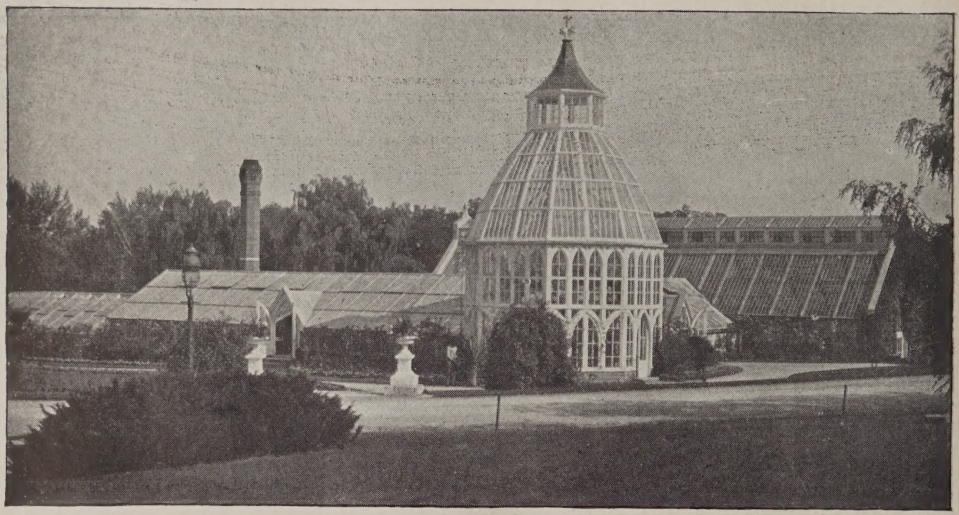
FISHING IN THE LAKE.

structure; then on to the club house, where billiards and games form a delightful pastime for the veterans; the engine rooms and power house, the property buildings, etc., and finally arrives at the hospital, an immense structure surrounded by many smaller ones, all occupied by sick men, who are administered to by white-capped and neatly-gowned nurses and a staff of physicians under the directorship of Dr. Hoffman. This hospital was the first permanent structure erected at the home, and in 1888 an annex was built, the enlargement being made necessary to meet the constantly increasing demand for accommodating strictly hospital cases. The bed capacity of the hospital is about eight hundred.

Conspicuous in the central group of buildings is the chapel, a handsome edifice, built of stone, in the gothic style of architecture. It has a clock tower and spire, and is almost entirely covered by an abundant growth of American ivy, making it quite picturesque. Catholics and Protestants alike worship in this chapel, the Protestants occupying the auditorium and the Catholics the basement. However, as the basement has become entirely too small and uncomfortable for the congregation of Catholic soldiers an additional chapel is now being completed for their use and will be ready for occupancy some time after Easter. This scheme will facilitate matters greatly and will be eminently satisfactory to Catholics and Protestants alike. At this home there are some 1,800 born Catholics, and although all of these do not attend to their religious duties, a very large number do, and it is quite edifying to the visitor to see the devotion of these battle-scarred veterans. Enter the Catholic chapel when you will during the day, and you will find a number there saying their beads and making



READING THE NEWS.



THE CONSERVATORIES.

their devotions. The Blessed Sacrament in this chapel is never without worshipers.

To the south of the chapel is Memorial Hall, erected in 1880 and dedicated with appropriate exercises to the liberal arts, music and the drama. It has a seating capacity of 1500, and the auditorium is very handsome. Some of our very best actors and actresses have trod the boards of this beautiful little theatre, and played before audiences composed almost solely of veterans. The

HOME OF GOVERNOR THOMAS.

A Scene in the Park.

post office, the beer hall, the home store always interest the visitor, as well as the conservatories, where some of the rarest and choicest plants and flowers are cared for by skilled florists. Another delightful resort is the deer park, situated just south of the grove, where a hundred head or more of deer are kept to add their share occasionally to the bill of fare in the mess hall, in season of course.

A feature of the Home is the mechanical equipment, and of this there are nearly two miles of underground tunnel, containing over fifteen miles of pipes, not including the sewerage pipes, which form a separate system. The steam generators are distributed in eight separate plants, and consist of thirty-one boilers; in addition are seven large hot water boilers containing coils of pipe through which the steam is forced for heating purposes. This steam plant also furnishes the energy for running the dynamos, and the capacity of these furnish 2,150 incandescent lights of sixteen-candle power each. The equipment for fire protection and the ice-making machine and cold storage appliances are of the best.

Last, but not least, the visitor goes to the cemetery, where side by side the soldiers sleep awaiting the final reveille of the angel Gabriel. The cemetery, in the extreme northwest of the Home, is a beautiful spot and affords a magnificent view of the country round about. The plan

CHAPEL OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD. (From the West.)

THE CHAPEL.

A CORNER IN THE SANCTUARY.

PROPERTY BUILDING.

CHAPEL OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD. (From the South.)

PORTER'S LODGE.

adopted for this cemetery is "the circular," the burials up to this time, over 5,500, forming a segment merely. Keeping watch over this bivouac of the dead is a figure typical of the American soldier, musket in hand, at parade rest, admirably carved in granite and mounted on a Corinthian column, which at one time formed a part of the marble colonnade of the old U. S. Bank at Philadelphia. It stands on a pedestal with allegorical figures in Parian marble, one on each of the corners representing the several arms of the service. When a member dies the flag is displayed at half-mast during his funeral, and he is buried with military honors.

CALLING ON HIS PASTOR. (Dr. Kemper's Library.)

The government of the Home is mild but firm, and the severest penalty inflicted is a dishonorable discharge. To secure reinstatement, the erring member must obtain the unanimous concurrence of the Board of Managers.

The present officers of the Central Branch are:—

Col. J. B. Thomas, governor.

Major Milton McCoy, treasurer.

Capt. James C. Michil, quartermaster.

Major Alvan S. Galbraith, commissary of subsistence.

Major Carl Berlin, assistant adjutant general.

Col. John W. Byron, inspector.

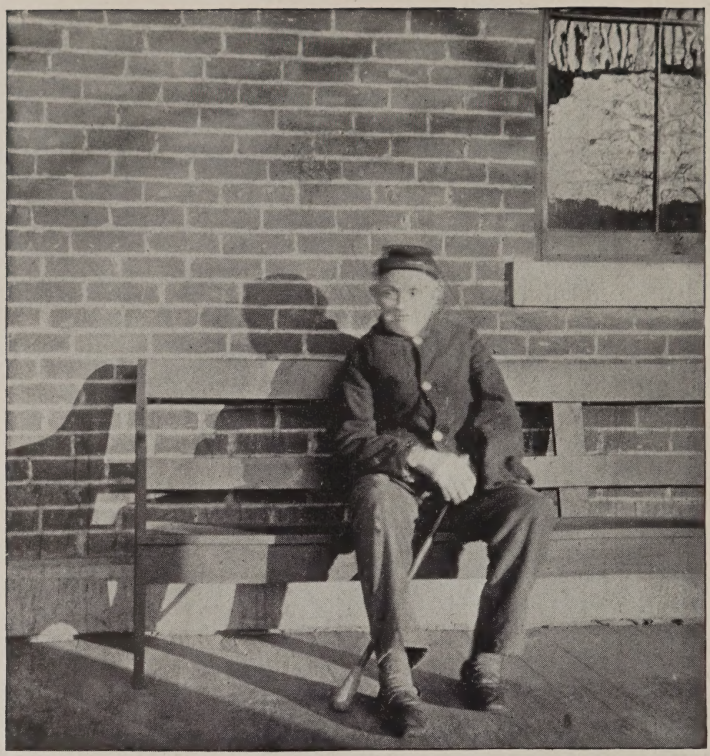
Dr. D. C. Hoffman, surgeon.

Rev. C. S. Kemper, D. D., Catholic chaplain.

Rev. E. Hight, D. D., Protestant chaplain.

Mrs. E. L. Miller, matron.

A question usually asked by visitors is, "What do these men do to pass the time?" If one would answer, "They do as they please," one would be telling the simple truth. Of course many of them have regular occupation in the stores, offices, dining rooms, kitchen, gardens, farm, etc., besides serving on the police force of the Home. But these receive compensation for their services, and many of them are glad of the opportunity of passing the time by being occupied in this manner. But the great majority of the inmates do nothing from "reveille" at six in the morning to "taps" at nine in the evening but consult their own pleasure and pass the hours strolling through the grounds, reading and lounging about in a manner which, to many of my readers, would, no doubt, be very monotonous indeed. To the student of human nature this institution affords a



"Sunning Himself." (Michael McGinty, aged 106.)

large field for study, and the variety of characters is as large as the gathering of 5,000 men could possibly present. Almost every one has some particular hobby which has grown with years of thinking until it is almost a mania. Groups of these blue-coated veterans can be seen here and there at all times, discussing the latest questions, and it is unnecessary to say that the destruction of the Maine and its consequences have afforded these battle-scarred veterans rich food for talk and discussion.

Of the many quaint characters one of the most interesting, if but for his age, which is several years more than 100, is Michael McGinty, whose picture is given here. Michael McGinty is totally blind and quite feeble from age, yet he seems to enjoy life and is always pleasant. He is very devout and spends much of his time on his knees saying his beads.

A day spent at this Home impresses the visitor with the sublime nobility of two great virtues—patriotism and gratitude—and he leaves the Soldiers' Home feeling better and more true to his God and his country; proud of belonging to a nation which has proven so grateful to her defenders; for to the people direct is traced the first movement for a National Soldiers' Home, the conception of which was embodied in the memorial presented to Congress on December 8th, 1864. And as these homes are established they carry out to the full the spirit nobly expressed in Abraham Lincoln's memorable words contained in his second inaugural address:—

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives to see the light, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the Nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

"MASTER."

"She turned herself and said unto Him, Master."

BY FRANCIS W. GREY

Master! The breeze of the dawn hath stirred in the leaves of the olives;
Chill lie the dews on the grass, and deep are the shadows, but deeper,
Darker the grief at my heart; and chill, as the dews of the morning,
Master! the tears on my face; and keen as the breeze in the olives,
Jesu! the fears that assail lest never again I may see Thee.
Low have I knelt at Thy Cross, not daring to look on Thee dying;
Gently Thy Feet I have kissed, the Wounds whence Thy Life-Blood was welling:
Kissed them, again, when Thy Mother, o'erladen with sorrow and anguish,
Held Thee, once more, in Her arms, and, weeping, She gazed on Thee, knowing
Bitterness cruel as death; then laid Thee to rest, as the sunset
Ended the sorrowful day; when night fell at last, and we left Thee
Sleeping in peace, for the pain was over for Thee; for us only,
Us who had loved Thee, the grief that time cannot heal, and the burden;
Loneliness drear as the void of the night without star-ray or moon-beam:—
Master! the Sabbath is past, and now, in the dawning, I seek Thee;
Fain would I die, as Thou diedst, yet fain would I live, but to suffer
Daily for Thee, and to share in the sorrow, the tears of Thy Mother;
So may my penance avail, if God shall have pity, to win me
Pardon, at last, for my sins, and Jesu! hereafter, to see Thee
Yet once again, in Thy glory, the glory Thy dying hath won Thee.

"Mary!"—The Voice that she loved? Ah, surely: she turned her, and answered
"Master!" Then low at His Feet, in the dew-laden grass, in the dawning,
Knelt she, and wept in her joy, for had she not found Him, the Master,
Risen again from the dead? The dawning grew bright, and the morning
Banished the shadows of night; the sorrow, the burden, the anguish,
Fled as she gazed on her Lord. He spoke, and she answered Him, "Master!"

So, through the night of our life we wander, the breeze of the dawning—
Dawn that hath lingered so long!—blows chill on our face, and the shadows
Deepen about us, and we, grown faint with our watching and waiting,
Long for the morning, and sigh; the burden that lieth upon us
Beareth us down, and we yearn for the joy that shall come when the darkness
Fleeth at last, and the Dear One who died for us, rose for us, loves us,
Cares for us, pities us ever shall hasten His coming, and gladden,
Lighten our sorrowful eyes with the sight of His Face, in His Glory;
Then shall we kneel at His Feet, as the Magdalen knelt in the dawning,
Then shall He call us by name, and each one shall answer Him, "Master!"

THE EASTER VISION OF THE BROTHER SACRISTAN.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

All along the Connecticut valley the snows were melting in the mild spring air; up in the balmy heavens the robin and lark sang clear; in the woods the trailing arbutus was blooming as fragrant and fair as its Plymouth Rock sisters beside the sea, and the sturdy little hepatica and frail wind-anemone nodded joyously to each other, for the happy days had come. Do we think the birds and flowers know nothing about Easter? Oh! anybody can see them keep it, who has eyes to see it! All nature is singing glad anthems to tell that Christ is risen with the Spring.

In the great city the stately churches were flooded with melody from organ and flute and viol, and the surpliced choirs chanted glad and gay "Alleluia! Alleluia!" Magnificent altars were ablaze with manifold brilliant tapers, while glorious white lilies bent their fragrant chalices towards the one fairer chalice which the Precious Blood of the Risen Redeemer made more wonderfully fair than any pen can sing or pencil paint.

In the famous Jesuit church of the Gesu, famed throughout the old primatial city for its decorations of extraordinary loveliness, men said one to another: "Brother Rodriguez has surpassed himself to-day. The church was never so divinely beautiful before." And at High Mass the good Brother, hidden in a secluded nook behind the pulpit, looked with dim and dazzled gaze at the grandeur. It had grown to its perfection slowly, all night, under his practised eye and skilful hand, straight from his artist brain and holy heart of love; and he prayed beneath his breath:

"My Risen Jesu! this is all for Thee. Surely I never worked like this before. All praise to Thy Sacred Heart! Is any church of Thine, to-day, more beautiful, and hast Thou any Sacristan more favored and more glad than I, unworthy though I be?"

A strange thing happened then to Brother Rodriguez, the like of which also, in all his long and arduous career as Sacristan, had never before befallen him. Already, that day, he had served three Masses and he had been awake all night, besides; but that was nothing unusual. Then, as usual also, he had crept for High Mass into that quiet corner where no eye could see him, that he might, for one brief hour, after his many hours of Martha-like devotion, take the part of Mary, and sit in loving silence at Jesus' feet. There, for once, and I do not think his loving Lord laid it up against His tired and faithful servant, the Brother Sacristan fell fast asleep.

He fell asleep while the choir was singing the Easter sequence; and, by the way, he always stoutly maintained that he was not sleeping and that good Father Baptiste, going up the pulpit stairs on his way to the sermon, only saw his eyes closed because he was so moved by the Easter sermon joy. His eyes closed then, to express the situation more exactly just as the singers cried out to one another joyously, as deep might call to deep on Easter Day, or Star to Star:

> "Dic nobis, Maria,
> Quid vidsti in via?
> Sepulchrum Christi viventis
> Et glorian vidi resurgentis."

And when he opened his eyes again, the singers were still tossing the

"Amen, Alleluia," back and forth to each other, and up to radiant Heaven, where the angels caught the echo, and treasured it close into the heart of their own Easter Alleluias around the Throne of the Risen God on high. So you see, if he were really sleeping, it was for a brief space only; and if it was an answer to his simple-hearted prayer, and was a vision, truly time counts for little or nothing in ecstatic states like his.

In either case, the glorious sanctuary of the Gesu vanished from the enraptured gaze of the Brother Sacristan, and the jubilant chant of boys and men died away on the fragrant air. Instead, he saw or seemed to see the fair Connecticut valley, with the broad peaceful river winding through it, and he thought that somehow its waters made very glad that Easter Day the Holy City of God. The green hills towered beyond it, up into the sunshine; and, through the grassy meadows, up upon the rocky banks, and into copse and thicket, went a little maiden, holy and fair, though lame and hunch-backed. She was picking anemones and hepaticas and the fragrant, pink and white, hairy buds of the trailing arbutus; and she was saying, as she went, over and over again, only this: "For My Risen Jesus!" But such intensity of love and faith was in it, that Brother Rodriguez cried out in his sleep—or in his ecstasy—very humbly: "Give me, O my Lord Jesus! give me the heart of a little child!"

What singing he heard!! The sweetest boy-soprano who ever sang "O Paradise" at the Gesu, never sang like that. Hundreds of tiny cherubs that never knew one care and never saw aught but joy and the beauty of holiness, were singing blithely; and as he heard them, every pain or anxiety the Brother Sacristan had ever known of fled away from him as completely as though it had never been:

"Dic nobis, Maria!
Dic nobis, Maria!
Quid vidiste, in via, Maria, Maria?"

The dear child made no answer, and it seemed to him they needed none. She only went on gathering hepatica and anemone and arbutus, and repeating, untired and most tenderly: "For Thee, My Risen Jesus; for Thee, for Thee, for Thee!" Then river and hill and thicket and meadow vanished, and the child and he were in a little upper room of a little farmhouse near the Windsor River Locks.

He saw a simple table draped in snowy white, with two wax candles burning; white curtained windows, holy pictures, and the early field flowers of the spring-time lavished everywhere. He saw the little maiden scatter them on floor and table with love like to the angels. Then he saw, on the plain linen cloth, on an opened corporal, a pyx case, and he knew that the Real Presence of the Living Christ was there. And it seemed to him it was the midnight before Easter, and the little maid was Christ's Sacristan, like Magdalene, all alone, all, all alone, with her Blessed Lord.

Holding the last few fragrant sprays of Mary's flowers, the spring arbutus, close clasped to her faithful heart, she knelt at last before the table, her loving labors ended. There was silence now, no singing, no grandeur, and no glory. But he thought he heard the Lord's voice say "Maria!" and it seemed to Brother Rodriguez that Heaven was in this place. He thought the little Sacristan knelt down as the clock struck midnight, and he thought she still knelt there, and he saw her, through all the Easter brightness of that night of which it is written: "The night shall be as light as day." Yet, suddenly, he saw that holy peace no longer. Again he heard the famous boy choir of the Gesu chanting: "Amen, Alleluia!" and suddenly he saw the beauty of his own sanctuary, that his own loving heart had designed and accomplished, flash fair and glorious again upon his dazzled eyes. Was it a dream?

On Easter Monday, Father Bap-

tiste came in with another Father just returned from giving a Mission. "I brought him to see the Easter decorations, Brother," the Superior said, pleasantly. "Father Van Kirk had nothing of this sort at all, where he spent Easter."

"No, Brother," Father Van Kirk continued, "I was in the Connecticut Valley, near your own native land and mine, though further South. I had a sick-call, and was detained all night in a farm-house; and I had a little maid of thirteen years for my Sacristan, with a humped back but an angel's face. I believe she watched all night with our Lord, to my shame I say it. But we had no glorious decorations like yours, Brother; only field flowers, and the wild birds singing. And I had to travel ten miles to say my Mass in the poorest country church. Well, God has given you a great gift for making His house beautiful, Brother."

"And He uses it always for God's greater glory," Father Baptiste added; but the Brother Sacristan most humbly bent his head.

"I have seen," he said "a place where the Lord's feet rested, that was far more beautiful than this is; and a Sacristan far more favored and holy than this unworthy Brother can hope on earth to be."

WESTCHESTER.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, M. A.

CHAPTER XX

To the perfect comprehending the incidents of that so tragic day, it now behooveth us to return to that moment in which we have seen the youthful trooper slain in the midst of his reveries, and Major Victor Weston making so furiously toward Waverly upon the dead lad's charger.

The too ill-boding appearing of Sergeant Darlington upon the scene, while it gave cause for the most serious alarm, furnished the eager lover with just that show of reason for coming to Waverly Grange, the want of which had made it expedient for him to avail himself of the services of an agent in the person of Colonel Saunderson. Now, however, that no less terrible danger threatened the peace, or even the life, of the family at the Grange, than an invasion by the infamous free-booters, commanded by the notorious Sergeant, our cavalier might hope that the weight and timeliness of his alarm would more than suffice to excuse his presence, and afford him the desired opportunity of speaking to his mistress without subjecting her to the peril of the nocturnal meeting. Familiar from his birth with the least frequented foot-paths and woodland by-ways, the officer calculated that he would reach the Grange at least ten minutes before the troop, which at a slower pace was keeping to the more circuitous highway. And indeed, it was so. As his powerful horse felt the grateful check and came to a stand in the shadow of a clump of lilacs not many yards from the green-houses at Waverly, the company under Sergeant Darlington was still pounding along the turnpike, the better part of a league away.

Weston, with a quick glance in the direction of the mansion, dismounted, tied his horse, and was upon the point of hurrying across the strip of open sward, when the flutter of a gown attracted him, and he beheld my daughter, Madeleine, coming around the angle of the long rose house.

Coughing, to warn her of his nearness, the lover sprang from the cover of the lilacs and signalled silence to startled lady.

Dropping the book she chanced to carry in her hand, Miss Broadbent ran toward the spot where, as if in some fancy of a dream, she had beheld her lover.

But ere she reached it, he had disappeared, and, as the sudden apparition had made her head swim, she would no doubt have swooned, had Major Weston not instantly returned and carried her within the safe seclusion of the clump of trees.

"Is it, indeed, you, Victor?" saith the lady, when her heart did suffer her to find the words.

"Aye, Madeleine, it is I certainly."

"And wherefore come you now—and so disguised? I thought——"

"Did I not tell you that you must not think," saith he, kissing away the conclusion of her sentence.

"But the danger, Victor."

"Ha, ha, ha; Darling, ye would have me turn poltroon, or stay-at-home."

"Nay, Victor, nay, but I am told that hereabouts they carry on the war too much in these disguises and deceits, and that it shall go hard with any one discovered playing spy."

"Truly! Short justice and a noose await the luckless spy; but as I am

not spy nor without luck, what skills it? But by my love for you, I was forgetting that which brought me here." Changing his tone and air from that of a devoted and caressing lover, to one more serious and soldierly, he saith:

"Do you remember him that did arrest your father?"

"Merciful heavens! yes! He often frights my dreams. What of him?"

"He and his crew of cut-throats are on the high-road now and not a mile away."

"And coming hither?"

"Yes! Is your father here?"

"Alas! he is, and he hath grown so irritated by these continual insults, that he will surely give these men a most uncivil welcome."

"Warn him, then, Madeleine, for it is best that I remain unseen by this marauding Sergeant."

"Why, would he not be influenced by you his fellow—his superior officer?"

"I fear not," answers Weston, coloring.

"Then I must go at once! There is one place to which my father can escape, where they shall never find him. Meanwhile, wait for me here, but something deeper in the thicket—promise me, my own!"

The officer with a prolonged embrace, suffered the lady to depart, but scarcely was she gone from view beyond the rose house, when she came running back. She was too late. "Victor! For God's sake, go you; go you! The troopers have this moment galloped across the lawn, and even now are calling loudly for my father."

"Then heaven defend them all! Nor be alarmed unnecessarily, sweetheart, for I do verily believe the object of the visit is not the molestation of the Grange."

"What then?"

"A noted officer of the King's forces, it is believed, is hiding hereabouts."

"Then by all means let us assist the uncouth Sergeant once that his purposes be so commendable."

"By all means, Madeleine; yet not by the rash or ill-digested measures. I came here to enlist your aid. This miserable disguise which I so loathe, this dodging behind thickets, these secret, indirect manoeuvres, distasteful though they be, are called for by the exigencies of the case. My being in the neighborhood is caused by business of the utmost weight."

"Ah, my brave, noble-hearted Victor! How much I wronged you in those early days when you half-heartedly did seem to lean to the King's side. Do you remember those meetings in the Abbey? And how you played at treason with the reverend clergy?"

"That was before I fully understood the issue," says Weston, not looking at the lady; "but when I did, hath any officer done more for independence than myself?"

"No! Nor one-half so much, my knight —— my ——" the last word was lost in an embrace.

"It is of those same most absurd and treasonable meetings at the Abbey that I must now speak, Madeleine. Have you the packet of important papers which I once gave you?"

"I gave them, as you know, to Doctor Seabury, but on the coming of his own great difficulties, he did entrust them to Doctor Mowberly."

"Where be they now?"

"The long rolled package ——?"

"Aye, the maps, the maps!"

"Are still in Doctor Mowberly's safe keeping. The other papers I, myself, did hide in one of the recesses of the Abbey steps."

"So I did half remember."

"But why incur this risk to get those old reminders of your degenerate days?" laughing.

"There did you touch the point! Those papers be indeed reminders, with power to bring me to an hempen

end, should they be found and anywise connected with my name."

Miss Broadbent started.

"Why have you not long since destroyed them, Victor?"

"How could I do so? Hath not my coming here been next to impossible? And did not you yourself advise my having nought more to do with the Episcopalian clergy?"

"True, darling, true; but now the cursed documents will be destroyed, and my own hand snall fire them, shall it not?"

"But how to get them?"

"Leave that to me."

The young officer gazed at the woman so unspeakably in the power of his love, and it was manifest that a conflict of emotions swayed his deepest and noblest being.

Some moments elapsed ere he was calm enough to speak.

"To go away to-night may involve everything—your life, your hon——"

"Nay, Victor, not my honor! That, blessed be God, was safe in your hands ever, and needeth not more than a spoken word to rescue it at any time from the most damning circumstances."

"Madeleine!" saith Weston, then adoringly.

"Go you at once upon your horse to where the ruined gate is upon the Northern boundary of Abbey Place, and in an hour I shall be there bringing the papers with me."

"The maps remember."

"Aye, those in the longest roll."

"I shall be with you certainly at seven—and then——"

"God only knows."

"And may He guide us all."

"Amen!"

She was about to hurry off along a pathway leading to Doctor Mowberly's parsonage, when she turned, saying:

"But my poor father!"

"Fear nothing from the troopers, I pledge you that they seek other than him or his."

"But I must certainly advise him of my absence. Have you no paper—a scrap will do quite well?"

Hastily pencilling the note which already been perused by the good reader, my precious child did cautiously advance in the direction of a group of cottages, the homes of my work people, and presently did she espy the witless wench, none other than the Jessie already introduced. This chit did eagerly accept the missive and vow implicit and most particular discharge of the commands of her fair mistress, the which were doubly made assured by much the largest piece of gold that she had ever seen.

Returning forthwith to the cover of the woods, Miss Broadbent parted from her lover, and made her way at her best pace to the abode of the old minister.

Weston the meanwhile picking his road as much as possible out of both sight and hearing of any who might chance to be upon the highway, found himself presently back beside the dead boy's body, and filled with melancholy and remorseful thoughts waited for Colonel Saunderson's return.

CHAPTER XXI.

The parsonage of Doctor Mowberly lay not three-quarters of a mile from Waverly, in one of those sequestered picturesque ravines, or vales, for which the county of Westchester is justly celebrated.

Here had the worthy clergyman ministered for nearly half a century, assisted in his declining years by one of his two sons—himself a much reserved and pious pastor.

Sharing the prejudices and the convictions (though not the worldly wisdom and the caution) of their order, these earnest Tory preachers were early found in the black lists or catalogue of dangerous and suspected persons, the which the vigilant commit-

tees felt called upon to compile in the defence of liberty. But on the breaking out of actual hostility, and the enactment of severer measures against the loyalists, the venerable rector and his son had taken the neutral oath, as it was termed, whereby they undertook to further in no wise the interests of either party—the sacred character of their profession being deferred to reverently in lieu of other pledges. Accordingly at that time, to which our narrative hath brought us, the worthy ministers were living quietly in the unquiet country, and at whatever cost or trial of their patience, remaining peaceful and passive witnesses of war's worst wrongs. Albeit they were closely watched, and on the least evidence of their treason, sure to be detected, unlike too many of their brethren of the Episcopalian Church, the Mowberlys were not so much as charged with anything beyond their having thrice publicly prayed for the King.

Lamplight was being made upon the Autumn afternoon in question, when the unusual tap upon his door startled the aged clergyman, and brought him anxiously to a front casement.

"Who stirreth in these evil times abroad so late?"

"It is Miss Broadbent, Doctor; pray open instantly."

"Miss Broadbent knoweth that even common hospitality and decent Christian courtesy hath been proscribed; so, if her business hath anything to do with sundry passages known to herself, it were best, truly, that she betake her home with my best blessing."

"Fear nothing, Doctor Mowberly, my business looks to the making safe of many whom you love."

"Are you alone, my child?"

"Quite so, dear sir, and there is very urgent need of haste."

Upon hearing this, the clergyman withdrew the heavy bolt of his door and admitted the lady within his house, and led her without speaking into his study closet.

When well within this secure privacy, he waited for his visitor to announce the reason for her unexpected coming.

"I have ventured, Reverend Sir, to intrude upon you at so an unusual an hour, solely because I am assured you will with all your heart, commend my object."

"Would that I might be free to serve you, beloved young lady."

"I thank you sir. You doubtless will remember a packet which——"

The old man, looking extremely pained, stood up and said, "my oath hath gone from me, alas! that I shall neither indirectly nor directly aid, countenance or abet the cause of the King's Majesty."

"I am aware of that, sir, nor think you that I would so forget the sacredness of your engagements as to suggest a breach of them however slight.

"But of this packet, madam, it doth contain——"

"Maps, charts and sundry valuable documents, which would, if found in your possession, inevitably cause your arrest and banishment."

"Of which, then, Doctor Seabury should have more clearly told me. But be it far from me to blame that godly man. Doubtless, he did evade my anxious questions solely with the desire to serve you, Miss Broadbent."

"For which I thank him heartily."

"And I. But what would you now do with these same dangerous papers?"

"Destroy them!"

"Destroy them?"

"Aye! They were collected by Major Weston, sir, before that officer had espoused the cause of General Washington."

"The cause of Washington! Hath Mister Weston become Major and in the rebel army?"

"Indeed he has."

"Incredible! Impossible! Some

idle rumor hath—must have, deceived you."

"Nay, without pressing me too close for explanation, know that my —— that, that Major Weston hath worn the Continental uniform for six months past, and glories in a sabre wound already."

"Alas! What constancy abideth on the earth, if that be truth?"

"That it is truth, I pray you be assured, since I have had it from that officer myself."

"God's will be done!" saith the divine, remaining as if in a trance, and utterly unable to adjust these news with other equally incontrovertible facts known to himself."

"And doth the Major wish that these documents and maps should be destroyed?"

"Earnestly, and to the intent that their discovery (should that befall) do not involve himself nor others in grave suspicion."

"You have this also from himself?"

"Not an hour since."

"How say you—not an hour since? Is Mr. Weston come into this neighborhood?"

"Even to get and to destroy these dangerous traces of his one time treason—nay, nay, I beg your pardon for that word."

"Concern yourself, dearest Miss Madeleine, not in the least for me. You know my loyalty to church and throne. You also know that I wou'd never countenance a traitorous act. Therefore since Mr. Weston hath openly come forth for the rebellion, I share with him his wish to see these documents destroyed."

"I felt you would, sir."

"Aye, verily, I have a thousand times wished them destroyed or in some other's keeping. Let us forthwith to fetch them."

"You have them here?"

"Nay, that were to have gun-powder in one's cellar. Nay, I did lodge them in the secret stairway in the Abbey, where I alone could find them, were all the world to pass there every day."

"Yet you will tell me?"

"Alas, I may not. In fact, I have more hid there than I can speak of or suffer other eyes to see."

My daughter, much abashed by this new difficulty, saith, "But on my pledging you my honor that no hand, no eye but mine shall touch or see, will you not make me privy to the secret place?"

"Nay! but with no reflection, madam, I beseech you think, on your integrity."

After a moment's agitating thought cries out Miss Broadbent:

"So be it, then! Let us together go. I also have hid papers there, it may be in the very next step to your own."

In a few minutes the two were pushing their way along, bent upon reaching the ruined gate which was the rendezvous. Ever and again, so hath my daughter told me, did the old minister say, as if speaking to himself. "You are quite certain that Mr. Weston hath turned a rebel?"

And so they did proceed upon their singular and anxious way.

Meanwhile had Colonel Saunderson returned and found the ghastly evidence of trouble having fallen during his mission to the Grange; but presently, while he stood gazing at the lifeless lad, did Major Weston, who sate close by in hiding, come to his side.

The Colonel laughingly narrated the incidents already made familiar to the reader.

"But of the petticoats, dear Major, got I not so much as a glimpse. Therefore I cannot swear that you shall find your fair *anamorata* at the tryst. They seemed not any too familiar with the lady's doings, not one of them being able to declare just where she was. Odds that she was at that same moment holding one of

these Westchester councils of war with some or other handsome son of Mars, behind some barn, eh?"

"I dare swear it," laughs the Major. He then made known to the Colonel what had transpired since his departure, and after being roundly rallied by that light-hearted officer, a hasty council resulted in their at once proceeding to the immediate neighborhood of the ruined gate; but not until they had removed the body of the trooper and covered it with brush and leaves. Mounted then together upon the unfortunate's horse, they were not long in reaching the appointed place.

It was now dark. After it might have been an uneventful wait of half an hour, they were not too well pleased on hearing voices, and presently on seeing that the lady they expected was not alone.

Their alarm had turned into anger and fear in Major Weston before both were dispelled by his recognizing the accents of Miss Broadbent's attendant.

"Who is your antique rival, man?" whispers the Colonel.

"Hush, they will hear you."

"And you desire to hear the palsied knave's advances and your fair lady's most virtuous protests, with your own ears? Done! But now don't kill the tottering old Lothario in hot blood. Call him out, man, call him out, in due form of the code. Egad, if he shall have the choice of weapons, odds that he names you crutches."

Weston was trying to catch the rector's words, and paid no heed to his friend's raillery, more than by playfully placing his hand across the other's lips.

"Who is he, Major?"

"He is the rector of the neighboring parish."

"Of course! Of course, parsons and petticoats! Was ever war like this?"

"And he is as stout a true blue as they make, believe me. An out-and-out King's man."

"They all are here."

"Their stipends come from England."

"And what were they become long since, had not the church, the throne, the aristocracy hung on to one another, come what would?

"Said true enough. Your state-made church must needs be loyal, or else the reverend Othello's occupation's gone."

"Does this particular Othello now coming up with your fair Desdemona know of your being of his own blue kidney?"

"Aye—that is," says Weston, suddenly thinking that Doctor Mowberly may not know all—"that is, he used to know. But I am not aware he hath been told of my becoming a—a—"

"Spare yourself the ugly word, my boy."

"Nay, out with it! A traitor. And I'm no traitor, neither. However, we must be very cautious. I must be thought a rebel to the core, however much it may give pain to the old man."

"And pray you, my sly fox, does Desdemona think you what you are?"

But before that Major Weston might reply, my daughter, leaning on the arm of the old clergyman, was come up to the gate.

Weston at once advanced to meet her. He noticed the cold distant air with which the minister returned his own salute, and rightly judged that Madeleine had made him fully aware of his having entered the Colonial army, and (what was more to the point) that the clergyman had not heard rumors of a contrary nature, which were beginning to be spread abroad.

Prepared, therefore, to act in the character in which he evidently was held by Doctor Mowberly, Major Weston briefly explained the necessity for his having brought a brother American officer with him, and forthwith introduced Colonel Saunderson. This role was by this time so familiar to that gentleman that the pious cler-

gyman was not the more distressed than Miss Broadbent delighted, by his graphic accounts of recent rebel successes of the which the unblushing and clever narrator spake with the greatest ease, no less than with an amazing accuracy of detail and color.

Major Weston, walking ahead, supporting Doctor Mowberly, endeavored to explain to that grieving loyalist the grounds upon which he had felt moved to accept a commission under General Washington.

My wretched child, upon the arm of Colonel Saunderson, brought up the rear, breathlessly learning from that garrulous and entertaining officer of the irresistible advance of the victorious rebels. "Oh thank, thank God!" cries she.

CHAPTER XXII.

When Sergeant Darlington withdrew his troopers from before my house, he detailed one of them, and that his swiftest rider and most intrepid man, to watch near my gates.

The rest of them thundered on, returning to the spot where they had left the Vermont youth, whose most untimely death hath been recounted.

Not finding him upon his post, scouts were despatched along the three highways converging at that place, and the experienced eye of the commander began a minute study of the surrounding ground. He soon was satisfied that more than one man on foot had trampled on the dust and grass, and that a man or other heavy body, had lain upon the road just where it forked, and had afterwards been dragged upon the grass, where trace of it remained not.

Not baffled anywise, he and his men then fell to beating through the brush, and one, a burly giant from the up-river Dutch towns, planting his heavy boot on something that gave way and slipped unspeakably beneath him, found that his heel had plunged into his comrade's cheek.

A curse, a shout, and all come hurrying up. The dark and soaking blotch in the lad's breast told where the fatal lead had entered.

Darlington foamed with rage.

"My poor, poor Whitby! By the Eternal One! I'll have his blood that did it!"

While the hardened warriors were looking down upon the face of the dead boy, and more than one eye softened into mist, and more than one heart beat with an old tenderness almost extinct, a tramping on the highway gave warning of the return of the detachment sent some time before to reconnoitre along the left-hand road.

Withdrawing to a clearing in the woods hard by, the troop dismounted, and were enjoying a repast and relaxation—the first in fourteen hours—when up there came, all foam and hurry, the trooper left behind to watch my gates. His news—that we had left the grange on horseback and had proceeded to the Abbey not half an hour before—brought every trooper to his feet and into the saddle, and munching the remainder of their meat the indefatigable giants in close order were trotting briskly through the woods, now dark as pitch, within two minutes.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Guided by Father Newton and Mackenzie, I, who suffered supremely and was quite indifferent to what was passing, agreed to go with them to that stone house or grotto which the unknown had designated as the place my child was so unchivalrously bidden to come by Major Weston. These counsellors of mine thought rightly, that in some way as yet inexplicable to us, my daughter had got word direct, and in her natural dread of meeting with my peremptory refusal, had gone, impelled by love, without first telling me. I can remember now naught of that awful ride, save

what my good confessor whispered now and then by way of comfort. He begged me rest assured that, be the dangers into which my child had rushed never so great, they had no power to harm her soul nor to assail her honor.

Many a time had he before bordered on this, though always something obscurely and without frankness—which had much troubled me. But on my pressing him that night for reasons for his so singular obtuseness to my poor daughter's peril and the (to me) inevitable risk her honor ran, the father, holding me back until Mackenzie's horse was well ahead, whispered what followeth:

"The time hath come, my son, that I should tell thee that under the inviolable, sacred seal of the tribunal of penance, your child hath burdened both my heart and conscience with sundry grave and consequential matters. More I cannot, of course, divulge, save that I pledge my priesthood to you, my dear son, in attestation of the fact that any fears you entertain concerning her be groundless."

"This comforts me," I said, "unspeakably."

So we rode on in silence. Leaving our horses close to the outer edges of the Abby park, we found our way directly to the gloomy grotto.

It was past eight of the clock, and the night dark.

As if into the dampness and vague horrors of the tomb we passed into the mouldy, close, dark cavern speechless.

No one was there. I was not at the time aware of the existence of the tunnel communicating so uncannily with the old homestead, so we bent all our sight and hearing outward of the door.

One light illumined that sepulchral hour—the light of self-forgetting sympathy which shone forth in Mackenzie. Never one-half the man of action that I was, he yet had inexhaustible resources in an hour like that. The aged priest, when once we were secure within the darkness of the cave, seemed (as his wont was) to wholly take himself above and out from his surroundings, and but for an occasional half-audible "in te, Domine, sperari," we would have no evidence whatever of his presence there.

Mackenzie, on the other hand, plied me with questions, and ere our vigil was rewarded by the sound of voices, he had laid out a plan for the conducting of this wretched business provided with alternatives against some unforeseen occasions—and all the while permitting to himself only three brief quotations, all three from Marlowe.

The sound of distant voices hushed our hearts, and though they did not (as we hoped) come nearer, I was convinced I heard my child's and certainly the voices of two others, men's.

They seemed to faint away in the direction of the gloomy building whose dark, irregular outline we could with difficulty trace against the night. It was, alas! apparent that, by some unexpected alteration of their plans, my daughter and the rest, whoever they might be, that were to have this most deplorable, unseemly meeting, had settled upon going to the Abbey. I was for following them at once and hotly.

But Father Newton urged a moment's thought, and Tom Mackenzie said: "Hold, Broadbent! To break upon them rudely would be madness. Who knoweth who the company may be?"

"My child is there!"

"Not certainly. I would not swear it was her voice we heard."

"A parent's ears be not so easily deceived."

"Grant you! But how know you who they may be that now accompany her?"

"God! man, what care I, think you? If they be gentlemen and friends, what hinders? And if they should be

neither, my place is with my poor, misguided daughter."

I would have broken from their kind restraint had not a new alarm that moment reached us. The tramp of horses' hoofs, apparently along the turnpike, ceased, and in about three minutes we heard their muffled tread and guessed the troop (we judged a strong one) was making toward the Abbey on the softer sward. Breathless we peered into the darkness, and soon were able to descry the forms of certainly not less than eight or ten dragoons or troopers, silently nearing the place of our concealment.

Our safety now, no less than that of my beloved child, lay in the chance of their not seeing us—which was indeed not great, since any searching party, if this were such, would most assuredly not overlook so promising a cover.

However, when the two men that rode a little in advance were come close to the edges of the pond upon whose hither side our grotto was, we heard a low, long whistle break the deathlike stillness, and, as if suddenly struck dead, each charger in the troop stood motionless. The signal (clearly from the house) sounded once more. And hesitating only one brief instant, the leader of the band, turning his horse's head, bounded along the short and steep acclivity, his followers at his heels.

Presently, then, we heard him giving some sharp commands, enforced with curses, and we agreed the party were surrounding the dark house in which, beyond a doubt, my daughter was.

"A light! I saw a light in that there windy," we heard a trooper call, and presently we were aware that they were battering down some door.

"I cannot suffer this," I then cried out, "without at least an effort on our part. Come, Tom, with me. Who knoweth but a word from us may save —"

I finished not the words, for Father Newton, who in the deepest shadows of the cave was wrapt in prayer, suddenly cried: "Now heaven defend us all! Look! Look! you, gentlemen!"

We turned, and, to our measureless amazement, beheld a dim, long streak of light, the which grew brighter and showed four-square.

Uncertain what to do, and (for my part) convinced the troubles of the day had marred my reason, we waited for the issue of this new alarm. Nor had we long to wait. A door swung open and I beheld my child, blanched as a sheet, eyes glazed with terror, hysterically laughing. Bearing her in his arms was Major Weston, holding in his right hand a pistol ready cocked. Behind them, with the light, was he whom I at once did recognize as our strange visitor of that same day, and with him Doctor Mowberly. After a momentary shock on finding us so unaccountably before him, Weston, with certainly more coolness and decision than most could have commanded at a time like that, fell to determining our next momentous steps. Madeleine had bounded to my arms, and, as a little child will do, was sobbing in that safest refuge we shall find this side of Abraham's bosom.

"They cannot certainly begin to search the grounds for fifteen minutes, all of which time they will require in their investigation of the house itself. This will enable us to reach the woods and safety, Colonel. Have you the maps and papers?"

I interfered.

"I know not who you are, sir, whom Major Weston hath dubbed Colonel, nor what unconscionable purpose hath brought you and him here; but by my oath and principles I cannot suffer you to take away those papers without protest if they be prejudicial to our neutral stand."

"Father, for God's sake, do not detain these gentlemen! They seek these guilty papers to destroy them merely. The troopers have arrived,

and though of our own Continental army, who knoweth what might fall before an explanation might be made? Go! Victor, Go!"

A shout of scorn and disappointment now announced that the bloodthirsty band had had a fruitless search, and had allowed their prey to slip between their fingers. The leader, then damning and double damning the luckless sentries for having let the enemy escape, was on the point of ordering the pursuit, when his lieutenant, rushing from the house, declared he had unearthed the foxes.

It would appear that this lynx-eyed lieutenant had noticed that the hearthstone in the great hall in the basement was set to one side, leaving a crack two inches wide at one of the two ends, and that on thrusting his great hand into this cavity, the stone had rolled still more aside from its right place.

To find the secret stair was the next moment's work, and that the fugitives had taken to this burrow there could be scarce a doubt.

Accordingly three of his stoutest men began the perilous descent, while all the rest, stationed about the outside of the house, watched every point of possible egress.

Meanwhile our little party crowded in the damp cavern, our light put out, listened to the commands of Major Victor Weston, the which did certainly commend themselves to my own judgment.

It was arranged that Colonel Saunderson, with all the documents, should first depart, and making noiselessly along the bottom of the opening to the fir plantations, await the coming there, as soon as possible, of Major Weston.

The others of us whose possible discovery would not entail (now that the papers were so well got rid of) anything more than possibly a rough examination, were to abide within the noisome grotto until the final disappearing of the troop.

While these particulars were being discussed, what was our consternation upon being made aware that heavy feet were unmistakably descending the subterranean stair!

Our being discovered was now a question of the next half-minute.

"This makes a stand the one thing left to us," hisses out Weston, fingering his weapon, and planting himself before my daughter.

The Colonel, having grasped a pistol in each hand, says merrily enough: "Egad! for once a man can lick his gun in Westchester. The steps grow louder, gentlemen. Only one man can pass through that door at a time. If you have each a ball, not one of the whole lot can pass the door alive. So come on, come on, who or whatsoever ye may be! I claim the first two, Weston, mind that, will you?"

But when the steps did sound not five yards off, Madeleine begged so piteously that the original plan should be in all wise carried out, that I did add my importunity to hers.

"The papers, oh! the fatal papers, Victor! By that which you and I know only, by that which is to be, I mean, I do implore that you be not discovered here with these in your possession."

Accordingly, the Colonel, slipping with noiseless tread into the night without, was followed instantly by Major Weston.

They could not have proceeded twenty yards, when we beheld one of the mounted sentries dash by the cavern's mouth, and instantly we heard the harsh bass voice of Sergeant Darlington bellowing: "This way! this way! my lads! Don't fire, don't fire, but run the vermin down!"

The whole band startled at their posts tried in the dark to follow in pursuit. Even the men within the hidden tunnel, hearing the shouts above them retraced their steps when

not two yards from us. I failed not to observe this fact with profound gratitude.

It left to us a little space for thought and preparation of new plans.

I turned and uttered a few words to Father Newton, who made no answer.

Alarmed by this, I felt for him where I had last known him to be. He was not there!

Just then I heard the sharp (and to me sickening) report of some firearm, and Darlington's "Cursed dog, you! clear the way there!"

Vaguely confirmed by this of my unspoken dread lest the good priest had thrown himself to intercept the charger, I sprang without and saw the venerable man stretched on the ground a dozen feet away, and the retreating form of Darlington beyond him.

Heedless of the advancing troopers, I ran to where the best friend that my soul has known lay doubtless dead.

Five or six horsemen then thundered close by us, failing to see us, or, it may be, ignoring two old men. I stooped. The priest was not dead, for he muttered something.

"It is I, father. Are you hurt, and where?"

"Peace, child, it is the will of the dear God that I betake me—home."

He spake with utmost pain and scarcely audibly.

The others, fearing harm might have befallen us, now hurried to us, and as the whole platoon of troopers were in full cry in the pursuit of the escaping officers, our melancholy circle, kneeling about the prostrate priest, was spared their sacrilegious molestation, if not worse dangers.

Holding the gray head that I loved beyond the love of women, in my lap, I did bend down to catch the quickly dying words of the good man.

When Madeleine spake to him, the priest revived somewhat, and, taking her two hands in his, placed them in mine, murmuring with a heartrending effort—so feeble was he grown—"She is the lawful—lawful—"

The rest I heard not. The holy man seemed to be lost in a sublime, ineffable attempt to meet that awful hour to which the meditations of his whole life tended, with that uplift of mind, that calmness of the soul, where nothing might intrude.

Close by his side knelt Doctor Mowberly ministering mutely; to whom the dying priest held out a hand, as thanking him for the assistance of his prayers.

Mackenzie, saying so much of the Psalm De Profundis as he could then recall, stood over us, armed and alert and anxious.

The dying priest seemed to have caught the old familiar Latin of Mackenzie's Psalm, for when the verse was reached he did himself respond, "Before the morning watch—I say—before the morning watch." These were the last words spoken. His soul did flee, even as he was saying that it would. The deep then broke within me. Oh! that we can be brought to such a night as that, and live!

We never learned the nature of his purpose; but ever felt that, having been the first to see that the escaping Weston was discovered, he had, in hopes of giving to the fugitives some seconds' lead, thrown himself thoughtlessly before the furious troopers, whose course indeed he checked, until the bullet of the Sergeant released his grasp upon the charger's rein.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Thanks to the instant's interruption of the Sergeant which the good priest had paid for with his life, Weston and Colonel Saunderson reached the security of the adjoining thickets fully a half a minute ere their pursuer's horse came to a stand before the tangled and impenetrable fringe of firs.

While moved with thwarted rage, Darlington hastily beat up and down

in quest of some spot passable on horseback, the fugitives plunged deeply in the wood now well in the advance.

By this the body of the troop came up, and separating into bands of three they tore away to circumvent their prey.

Three or four times we heard the crack of fire-arms and answering halloos; but as these sounds grew fainter we all dared hope that neither of the officers had been run down.

Then with all tenderness we bore the body of God's servant and laid it in the cave.

It might have been a quarter of an hour when one of the details composed of three rough men, failing to find a clue, returned, and instantly discovering us bore down upon us with shouts and imprecations.

One of the fellows recognized my form, and fired two shots in quick succession in the air, the which, as preconcerted, recalled the rest.

From several quarters heard we the answering shouts, and ere we could resolve upon a course of action we found ourselves surrounded by nine mounted men, coarsely demanding the surrender of our arms and persons.

Darlington, I quickly did observe, was not among them, being, beyond a doubt, still upon Weston's track.

Resistance being no less to litt'e purpose, than contrary to all my feeling, we gave up the few weapons that we had, and sorrowfully took up as ordered by our captors, a slow and agonizing march we knew not whither.

My efforts to elicit any speech from my poor child failed utterly, for that with but a burst of hideous, hysterical sad laughter, now and then, she did remain as dumb as though she were not conscious of what passed.

Mackenzie whispered something to the trooper next him, and that young man laid me forever in his debt by instantly dismounting and offering me his horse. With my dear daughter held in my arms before me I rode along, the owner of the horse himself leading the animal on foot.

Before us walked Mackenzie quietly reassuring as best he could the worthy Doctor Mowberly, whose bent and wearied form he helped along. About us on all sides the troopers rode trained to a watchfulness in our case needless. Thus trudged we on in heavy-hearted silence.

Though more concerned with agitating thoughts and the condition of Miss Broadbent, I was aware our way was making in the direction of the Westchester high-road, and so, in fact within a half an hour, we came within a stone's throw of our friend Bray's tavern.

The unwonted noises coming from the most excellent of inns, no less than that each casement showed a light, advised us that more company than usual was gathered there—a fact not to the liking of our captors, it would seem. Retreating up a narrow and well-sheltered lane we halted there, two of the men being sent forward cautiously on foot, returning presently with news the which allayed their fears.

That part of the country was at that time strongly invested by the British forces, and worthy Mr. Bray had gladly hid his new disloyal sign of the "*George Washington*," and furnished the new comers with as sound Tory liquors as any boniface in all His Majesty's dominions could well have broached.

However, on the skirts of the King's force there hung small, desperate bands of sturdy Continentals who lost no chance (when any shifting of position warranted) of penetrating to the very elbow of the royal army.

The neighboring Connecticut frontier served these guerilla warriors with a convenient and safe retreat.

Upon the night in question a party of these men, stronger by half than common, had come so far as West-

chester into the neutral grounds, news having promptly reached them at their retreat near Greenwich, that most of the King's body had been withdrawn westward about the Hudson.

Finding that the tavern did contain their friends, our scouts came back, and forthwith we were brought as prisoners into the tap-room.

Neither our persons nor our names were known to any of the group of gentlemanly officers whom we found seated in landlord Bray's best parlor howbeit, many of the common soldiery in the bar without instantly recognized me and pronounced my name.

We were most courteously received by the lieutenant to whom the rest deferred as chief in the command, and in the half hour that we passed under Bray's roof, the exceeding kindness was extended me, of suffering Miss Broadbent to lie down and rest in an adjoining bed-room.

The officer, whose name I many years thereafter learned was Kimberly, bore at the time the odious commission to apprehend and carry off the persons of suspected Tories to an imprisonment in some abandoned copper mines at Simsbury in the adjoining State, the which for cruelty and barbarous disregard of the dictates of civilized, not to say Christian, manhood, hath never been surpassed.

The half hour passed in an irregular examination of ourselves. We had long been suspected; we had been taken in secret and proscribed nocturnal meeting, in company of others who had escaped.

We stoutly and persistently refused to say who those same others were, or what our reasons were for such refusal. True all known gentlemen and men of unimpeachable and stainless honor, as he believed us, we had all vowed that we had neither indirectly nor directly, done, countenanced, abetted, or been privy to anything whatever to freedom's prejudice; but, much as it did grieve him, he could not answer for his own commission, were he to take our bald, mysterious and unsupported negatives for truth.

My heart sank deeper within me at thought of Simsbury's mines, the horrors of which prison had reached us all.

I plead my daughter's delicate condition, and I delight so late to say, the officer almost relented. But duty hath no tenderness for long.

Accordingly I went into the next apartment where my child lay resting to break to her the dismal news that we must be again upon the march in a few minutes. She was asleep, but scarcely in sweet sleep, for that I did observe her fingers twitching nervously, and all the muscles of her face contract.

I had not heart to awake her. Turning to go and beg a respite of an hour, I was attracted by the rattle of a blind and saw a row of finger tips protruding through the slats of a green blind at the sole window the apartment boasted.

A moment's hesitation over, I neared the window, and saw two gleaming, eager eye-balls peering in at me, and one of the long fingers bending as beckoning me.

To my no little comfort, it was the voice of Bray that whispered through the shutters when I drew near.

He must have crept upon the roof of a pent-house making against our room, and so got word with me.

"Squire! Squire!" he began; "there be a thousand red-coats not two miles off sleeping like tops filled with my oldest claret—four casks of it; ye mind it well Squire!—four casks of it, the cut-throats drank. Well, they be now not two miles off, and would be back here in a wink, did but your honor wish it."

Hope flashed upon me. A word to this good fellow and he would raise the alarm, and without doubt bring a large force of English to our rescue. But, then, my oath was gone from me; nor could I hope to extricate myself at such a pass from the entang-

ling evidence against me. To summon British aid were to avow a guilt I had not—and something in my soul at that same moment, filled me with grave forebodings for Weston and my child, should I appeal for help.

"No, Bray, my best of men, it is too late."

"Nay, not too late by any means, saving your honor's presence. Look at the dear young leddy yonder, Squire, and let me do that, Squire, that shall prevent her sleeping in Little Hell."

So had the common folk named the much dreaded mines. Waiting for no reply, Bray dropped the twenty feet which measured the distance of his precarious perch from the hard ground, and, along bypaths and often through the woods, he took the shortest way to the small valley where were encamped the forces of the King, eight hundred strong.

When I returned to the next room I found the officers and all their men making the necessary preparations for an immediate departure, and having with much difficulty and more regret aroused Miss Broadbent, we soon were mounted all upon the animals which need, no less than Mr. Kimberly's consideration, provided for us.

Nor were we anywise too soon set forth, for we had not yet left the tavern court-yard, when who but Sergeant Darlington should gallop up all wrath and incoherence.

He had chased the fugitives he cried, and had tracked them into an open stretch of road where he had recognized them both, Weston the traitor, and Colonel Saunderson the red-coat liar; they had then waved a roll (of maps, he dare be sworn) and bade him come to them. He fired and missed, and then before he could reload, there sprang from back of them two score and more of red-coats, and he had turned and fled, and here he was! "Aye, and the bloodhounds will be upon us here in fifteen minutes. To horse! To horse!"

Kimberly asks him then: "You say that Major Weston was with this Colonel Saunderson, and hath sought refuge in the British lines?"

"I do."

"That is a lie!" screams out my daughter, startling us all.

Kimberly turns to me forthwith: "What have you, sir, to say to this? I would believe ill of my own mother sir, as soon as of my school-mate, friend and fellow-soldier, Victor Weston."

"It is a lie! It is an arrant lie!" Chatters my wretched child, trying to check the mocking, nervous laugh which had so frightened me before.

"Nay, sir, I cannot say," was all that I found power to utter. Mackenzie, with his arm about my daughter, had for the time forgot his other charge, and that sound Tory, piqued and harassed by all this evening's work, found opportunity, therefore, of saying, "Depend upon it, Broadbent, and you, Sir Officer, that Major Weston hath once more found his wits and hath in sooth returned to the King's service from which he only —"

Mackenzie saved the reverend doctor's greater rashness, by interrupting him with a remark which banished every thought save that of safety, from the soldiers' mind.

"Hark! heard you not?" saith honest Tom, "I think the British be upon us, sir!"

At this, sharp orders being passed, our cavalcade swung into line, and we set off at a smart pace toward the frontier, which reached, meant safety for the rest, but for ourselves all of the lingering tortures of the worst of prisons.

(To be continued.)

AN ARTIST OF OUR DAY.

BY BEATRICE OULTON.

The little grey print hung on the wall so much above one's height that it might easily have escaped observation were it not that the white robes of the Mother and Child massed against the grey setting and ebony frame held the attention, and presently the details of the picture emerged from the surrounding greyness and the face of the Madonna looked down. Not a Madonna of the Masters, but the creation of a painter of our own day, a woman artist whose soul speaks in her work, moving all hearts in subtle sympathy while ever subordinating art to the expression of spiritual power.

In the summer of 1894 an oil painting hung in the Art Museum of Boston, and daily there paused before it some who knew art, and many more to whom art was unknown except in those vague stirrings of heart and soul, silent tributes to beauty and truth.

The painting told its own story; there was no need of catalogued description. The modest inscription in the corner revealed the painter of the new Madonna, and public opinion of her work was voiced in the prediction:

"Miss Macomber is able to attain the greatest end which the greatest master ever reached; for she moves the hearts of those who study her pictures, and especially does she accomplish this by the face of the Madonna. This art is not learned in any school; it can be imparted by no master; it is her own God-given nature which has enabled her to illume the face of her Madonna, sad though it be, with the unutterable, tender, passionate, unselfish and immortal maternal love."

Some years later a print from this painting looked down from a murky corner in a photographer's salon and told again the beautiful allegory of mother love and faith conflicting in the heart of Mary.

In her Madonna Miss Macomber has given form to a noble conception inspired by the words of Simeon, "and thy own soul a sword shall pierce."

We see the Mother, her love stronger than human love yet controlled by sublime resignation; the Infant on whom the shadow of Calvary has fallen; the Angel of the Passion holding up the crown of thorns; and the Angel of Sorrow bowed in grief, its wings folded, every line of the drooping figure telling of profound sadness; in the background the lily rears its blossoms, one open chalice inclined towards the Mother and the Victim, who by draining to the dregs the chalice of suffering shall redeem the world.

And such a victim! The artist rends our hearts with the humanness of the babe she has given into the mother's arms. It is so small, and clinging and helpless, inert in slumber; its face so snuggled into the mother's neck that the little nose is turned upward, pressed into her flesh, her hand supporting the tiny head from falling back in the abandon of repose. We can feel the warmth of the swaddled form, the fragrant breath exhaling on the mother's cheek, and our undisciplined human impulse is to tear the crown of thorns from the angel's grasp, putting forth our frail human strength in a puerile effort to avert the consummation of the prophecy. But presently the holy calm of the Madonna encompasses us; the majesty of her grief rebukes our resentful spirit; and our heritage of faith lifts our soul to hers, following it humbly beyond Golgotha to the realization of Christian hope.

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Not alone in depicting holy sorrow, nor in expressing divine resignation does the artist employ her skill in painting religious subjects. Her refined, devotional conception of solemn reverent joy is shown in the interpretation of Gabriel's message, "Hail, thou art highly favored;" and in strong contrast to this vision of virginal purity rejoicing in the favor of her Lord, "A Magdalene" depicts a later social outcast crying out to Him for pity and pardon. She has heard the story of the Magdalen, and, overwhelmed with shame and remorse, sinks down in her costly robes:

"She hath done what she could;
Lo, the flame that hath driven her
Downward is quenched! and her grief like a flood
In the strength of a rain-swollen torrent hath shriven her;
Much hath she loved and much is forgiven her;
Love in the longing fulfils what it would—
"She hath done what she could;

The broad lesson of charity that knows not class nor creed is taught in "A Cup of Cold Water." The road of life is bestrewn with stones and sharp with thorns for the wayfarer's feet, and one has succumbed and fallen by the way, weighed down by the burden of misery. She is richly dressed; the cares of poverty were never hers, yet she reaches out eager grasping hands for the proffered cup of cold water symbolic of the sympathy and kindly thought we all crave to refresh us on life's journey.

Perhaps the most powerful exposition of Miss Macomber's genius is "Care at the Gates of Sleep," suggested by lines from the Faerie Queen telling of the sprite's errand to the house of Morpheus:

"Whose double gates he findeth locked fast;
The one faire fram'd of burnisht yvory,
The other all with silver overcast:
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care, their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe."

Accepting the suggestion Miss Macomber imparted to it a significance all her own. "I was troubled by care myself at the time," she said, in her gentle serious way, "so troubled! The lines appealed to me, but I did not follow the description in the least. I painted her as our modern Medusa."

The classic reference may be lost to many, but no classic lore is needed to grasp the meaning of the huddled form crouching against the gates of Sleep, the haggard face turned outward, the affrighted eyes wide open, the trembling fingers vainly striving to unlock the massive bars.

The artist makes us feel the heart-throbs of this embodied Care with rent garments and snake-wreathed head, vainly striving to escape pursuing thoughts, baffled in her purpose, denied admittance by the opposing doors beyond which rest the favored ones "All drowned in deadly sleep."

In happier spirit is the simple allegory "Spring opening the gates to Love." Spring has ventured forth from the abode of Time where dwell the seasons, and meeting Love, a gracious maiden, draws back the gate that she may enter in to beguile Time with her gentle presence. There is no airy gladness in the rendering of the subject, no frivolous interpretation of the mission of youth and love. Such delineation is impossible to this painter who invests her work with the dignity of reverence.

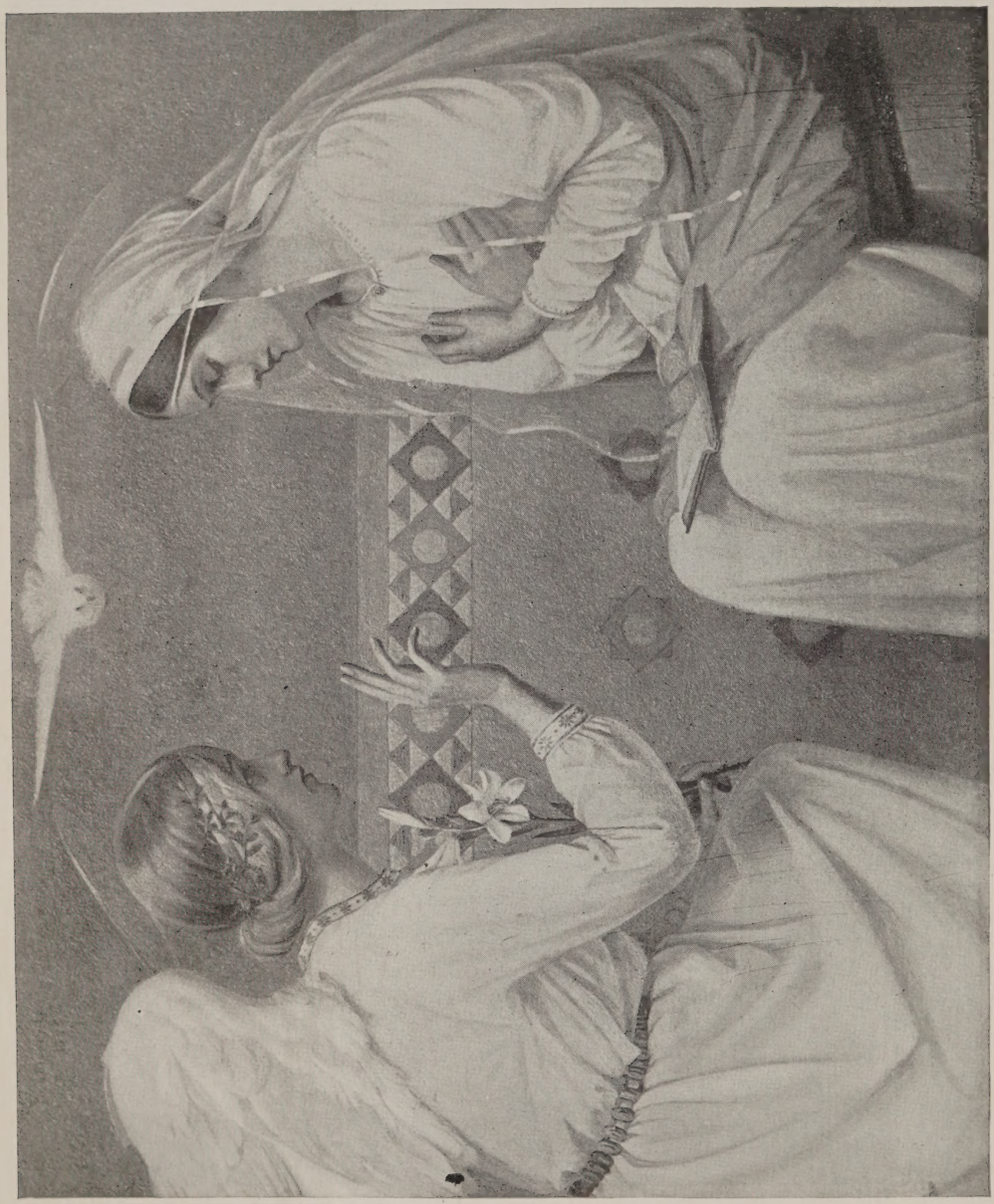
"Hope" is interpreted by Miss Macomber as Hope on the verge of despair, blind, bound in chains, and only one string of her harp unbroken. The others have snapped one by one under severe tension; the remaining string is strained to its utmost, but still she plays upon it kneeling at the feet of that Life which is the source of all Christian hope and the solace of all human cares.

Miss Macomber possesses in a remarkable degree, the power of expressing loneliness. The expres-

MADONNA.

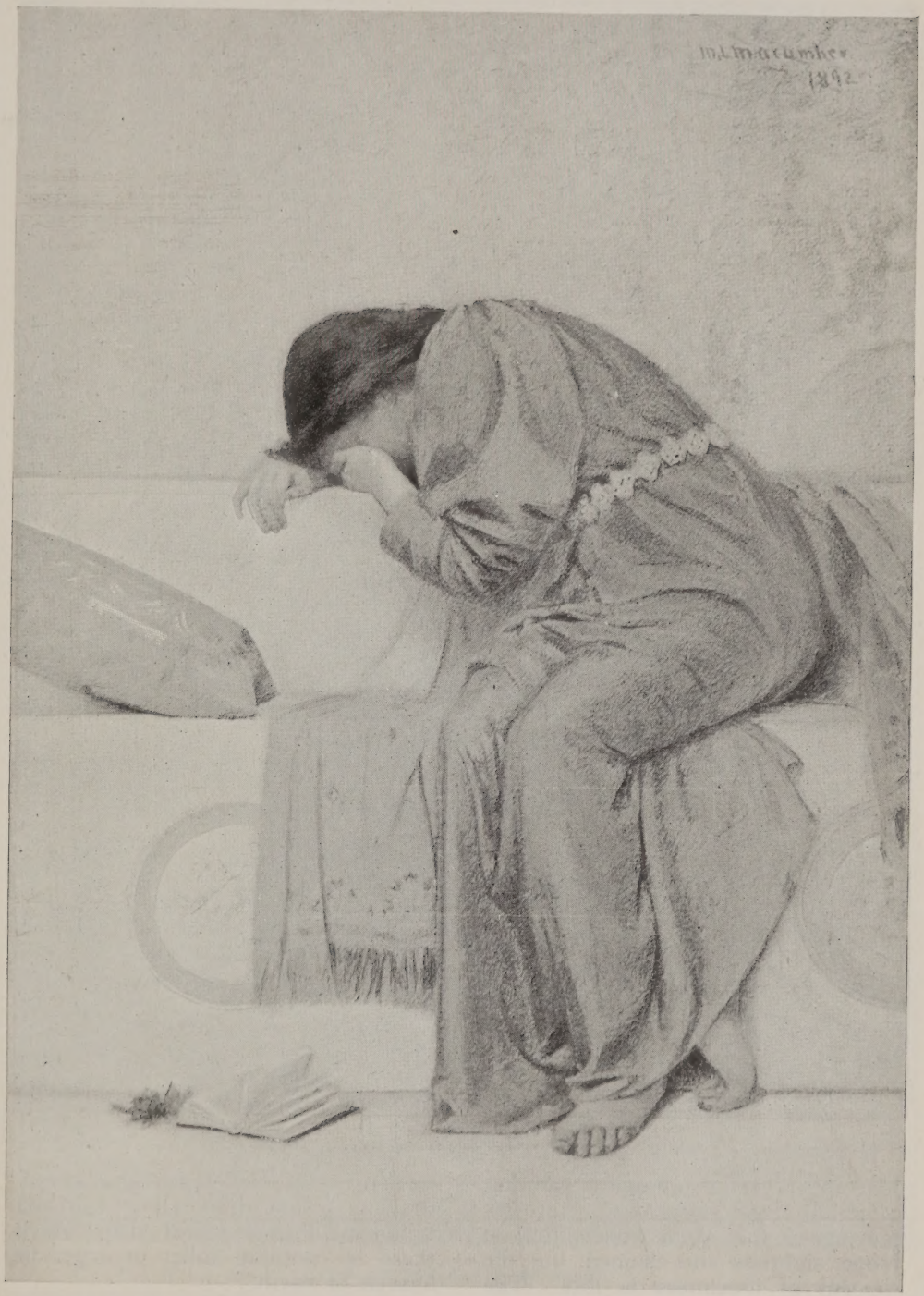
sion is subtle, but keenly felt. It sinks into one's heart. Hope, alone in her moment of supreme trial, is so sad, so desolate, so bereft of human support that for a moment we lose the spiritual appli-

cation, but presently the uplifting beauty of the thought is made known to us. It is not the radiant conception of the happy, who see ever the bow of promise shining on their unclouded lives; it is the Hope of the despairing sorrowing ones, who would shrink affronted from a radiance that mocked their misery.



HAIL! THOU ART HIGHLY FAVORED!

In the Art Museum, Boston, Miss



A MAGDALEN.

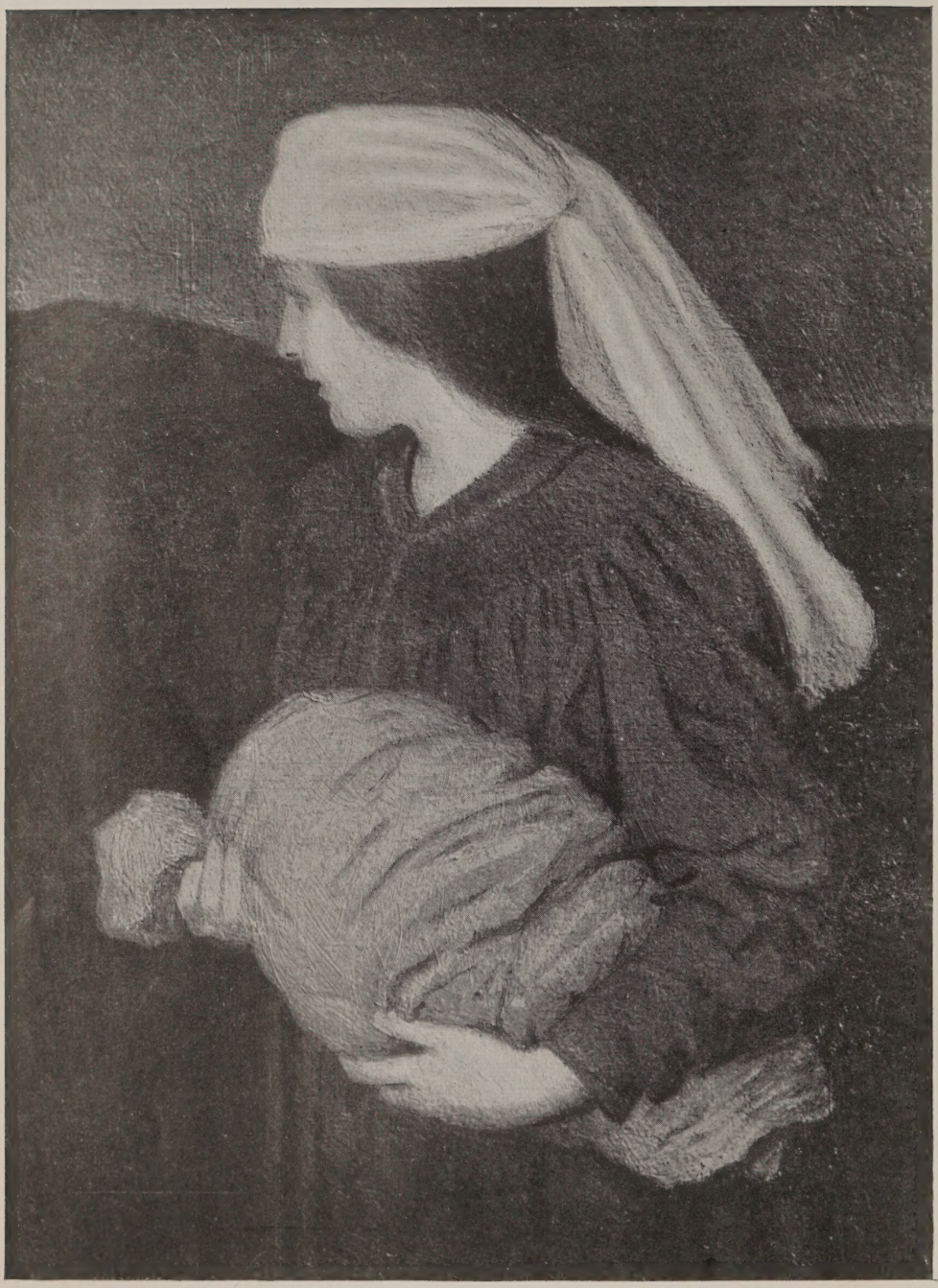
A CUP OF COLD WATER.

Macomber has at present a painting of Faith, Hope and Love. Here we see again the same conception of Hope, sightless and chained, but the element of loneliness is lost. The light of Faith glows steadily, and Love spreads her wings in brooding tenderness around Faith and Hope, drawing them into close spiritual union with that power than which there is "nothing fuller or truer in heaven or earth."

I shall always feel grateful to that little grey print of the Madonna, it dis-

CARE AT THE GATES OF SLEEP.

covered to me such a wealth of beautiful thought expressed so simply that all who *feel* may understand. This simplicity is all the more appreciated because of the general tendency in modern art manifestations to present



LOT'S WIFE.

the weird and inexplicable or the merely sentimental.

Miss Mary L. Macomber was born in Fall River, 1861, studied in the Art Museum, Boston, and has won enthusiastic recognition of her

SPRING OPENING THE GATES TO LOVE.

genius in all the large American cities where her paintings have been exhibited. Her first picture, Ruth, was exhibited in the National Academy of Design, New York, and later on an "Annunciation" exhibited at the World's Fair drew upon her general attention.

"I have always wanted to be a painter of religious subjects" is the

FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE.

artist's modest way of accounting for her success. "Perhaps that is why."

Illness has interfered much with the development of her artistic career,

HOPE.

compelling her at times to abandon all work, but has proved powerless to lessen the beauty of her ideals.

"I have lived so much alone," she says, "that little outward influence has been brought to bear on my work. I did think at one time that I might go abroad to study, but I couldn't. Perhaps, after all, it is as well. Next to being religious in expression, I want my work to be American."

THE HERO OF "QUO VADIS."

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

"From behind the curtain the nomenclator looked in, announcing that young Marcus Vinicius, recently returned from Asia Minor, had come to visit him.

"Petronius ordered to admit the guest to the tepidarium, to which he was borne himself. Vinicius was the son of his oldest sister, who years before had married Marcus Vinicius, a man of consular dignity from the time of Tiberius. The young man was serving then under Corbulo against the Parthians, and at the close of the war had returned to the city. Petronius had for him a certain weakness bordering on attachment, for Marcus was beautiful and athletic, a young man who knew how to preserve a certain aesthetic measure in his profligacy."

So enters the hero of Quo Vadis.

And having played his part in the great onward movement of mankind from Paganism to Christianity how does this noble tribune, commended by his refined profligacy to the favor of Petronius, his uncle, take leave?

Mark the contrast.

It is in the company of Petronius that Vinicius, the Pagan, greets the public, and it is through Petronius that we are permitted to learn at parting of the happy state of Vinicius the Christian.

"It is not the Parcae," he writes to

POPPAEA'S MEETING WITH LYGIA IN NERO'S GARDEN.

From the Illustrated Holiday Edition of "Quo Vadis." Reproduced by permission of Little, Brown & Co.

Petronius in Cumea, "who spin out our lives so agreeably; it is Christ who is blessing us, our beloved God and Saviour. * * * * Thou didst say to me that our teaching was an enemy of life; and I answer thee now, that, if from the beginning of this letter I had been repeating only the three words, 'I am happy!' I could not have expressed my happiness to thee. To this thou wilt answer, that my happiness is Lygia. True, my friend. Because I love her immortal soul, and because we both love each other in Christ; for such love there is no separation, no deceit, no change, no old age, no death. For, when youth and beauty pass, when our bodies wither and death comes, love will remain, for the spirit remains. Before my eyes were open to the light I was ready to burn my own house even, for Lygia's sake; but now I tell thee that I did not love her, for it was Christ who first taught me to love. In Him is the source of peace and happiness."

VINICIUS AND LYGIA HEAR LIONS ROARING IN THE VIVARIUM.

From the Illustrated Holiday Edition of "Quo Vadis." Reproduced by permission of Little, Brown & Co.

In accomplishing this transition of his hero from the merely animal to communion with the spiritual life Sienkiewicz displays consummate skill, rarely hastening events or advancing the improbable, yet with tremendous effect portraying the slow, upward growth through savage conflict and indescribable suffering.

THE CONVERSION OF CHILO

From the Illustrated Holiday Edition of "Quo Vadis." Reproduced by permission of Little, Brown & Co.

In seeking the first cause of this marvellous transformation Vinicius himself is made to reveal it in the words: "Mopsus appeared in a dream to me, and declared that, through love, a great change in my life would take place." This love leads him to the house of Aulus and Pomponia, his wife, who not only stands remarked in Rome for her virtuous wifehood, but is also suspected of entertaining "that Eastern superstition which consists in honoring a certain Chrestos!" Here he meets Lygia, and sensitive to the rare atmosphere of purity environing her, bends low his head before the beautiful maiden.

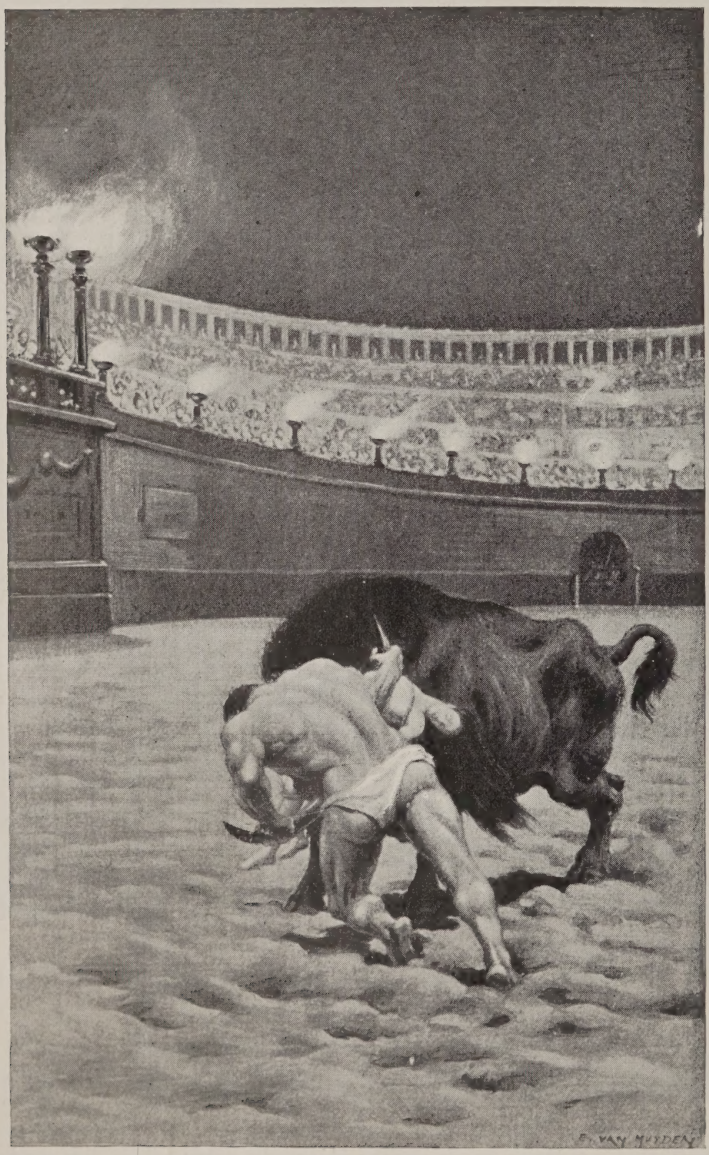
Petronius, the elegant, inwardly amused by the ardor of Vinicius' pursuit, looks through the branches of the woodbine, and is charmed by the delicate beauty of the young Lygian. He notes "her eyes blue as azure of the sea, the alabaster whiteness of her forehead, the wealth of her dark hair, with the reflection of amber or Corinthian bronze gleaming in its folds, her slender neck, the slope of her shoulders, the whole posture, flexible, slender, young with the youth of May and of freshly opened flowers. The artist was roused in him, and the worshiper of beauty, who felt that be-

THE DREAM OF VINICIUS.

From the Illustrated Holiday Edition of "Quo Vadis." Reproduced by permission of Little, Brown & Co.

neath the statue of that maiden one might write 'Spring.' * * * * * In that maiden with Tanagrian outlines there was not only spring, but a radiant soul, which shone through her rosy body as a flame through a lamp."

Vinicius is at his pagan best in the scenes in this chapter. He is gentle; softened into harmony with the scene of which he forms a part; the sun sinking low over the Janiculum, its light reddening the cypresses; the dark background of myrtles; the purple and violet of the sky; the groups in the garden; and over all the calm of evening. Petronius, the votary of pleasure, is conscious of a beauty and sweetness unknown to him before, and filled with amaze that it had escaped his pursuit, turns in his perplexity to Pomponia, saying, "I am considering in my soul how different this world of yours is from the world which our Nero rules."



THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN URSUS AND THE AUROCHS.

From the Illustrated Holiday Edition of "Quo Vadis." Reproduced by permission of Little, Brown & Co.

And the Christian matron raising her delicate face to the evening sky made answer with noble simplicity, "Not Nero, but God, rules the world."

After this idyll of paganism under the spell of purity one turns with loathing from the scenes that follow. The plot against Lygia; her com-

pulsory removal from the house of Aulus and detention in the palace of Caesar; her forced attendance at the feast, where again she meets Vinicius, no longer kind, but "a drunken, wicked satyr, who filled her with horror and repulsion." The besotted, quarrelsome Vinicius persecuting the woman he professes to love is a sorry hero, and we could wish that the picture, all too vivid, had been spared us. It is a relief when the giant Ursus ends the scene by wresting his lady from the grasp of her wooer and bears her off to the care of Acte.

"Let us go home, Ursus," she pleads. "Home to the house of Aulus." But Acte pointing out the ruin she would bring upon her benefactors, the maiden's distress and despair find expression in the words, "May God bless Pomponia and Aulus. It is not permitted me to bring ruin on them; therefore I shall never see them again."

QUO VADIS, DOMINE?

From the Illustrated Holiday Edition of "Quo Vadis." Reproduced by permission of Little, Brown & Co.

The depth to which Vinicius has fallen in the estimation of Lygia is indicated by her refusal to accept the advice of the bondwoman, who urges upon her to seek Vinicius.

"Vinicius might marry thee, Lygia."

But Lygia answers to all her arguments, "I would rather flee to the Lygians."

Acte is touched by the maiden's gentle insistence, her fear of Vicinius, and is seeking to console her, when "further conversation was stopped by the rustle of approaching steps; and before Acte had time to see who was coming, Poppaea Sabina appeared in front of the bench with a small retinue of slave women. Two of them held over her head bunches of ostrich feathers fixed to golden wires; with these they fanned her lightly, and at the same time protected her from the Autumn sun, which was hot yet. Before her a woman from Egypt, black as ebony, bore in her arms an infant wrapped in purple fringed with gold.

Poppaea sees in Lygia's beauty a menace to herself, and jealously demands of her the reason of her presence in the palace. A new hope rises in Lygia's heart, she will appeal to Poppaea.

"Lady," said she, extending her hand to her, "Caesar promised to give me as a slave to Vinicius, but do thou intercede and return me to Pomponia."

"Then Petronius persuaded Caesar to take thee from Aulus, and give thee to Vinicius?"

"True, lady. Vinicius is to send for me to-day, but thou art good, have compassion on me." When she had said this, she inclined, and, seizing the border of Poppaea's robe, waited for her word with beating heart. Poppae looked at her for a while, with a face lighted by an evil smile, and said:

"Then I promise that thou wilt become the slave of Vinicius this day."

And she went on, beautiful as a vision, but evil.

Lygia's eyes filled with tears; but after a while she took Acte's hand and said:

"Let us return. Help is to be looked for only whence it can come."

In the chapters following this incident Sienkiewicz gives us even less cause to admire the hero he has created. Even Petronius is affronted by his savagery, his estheticism recoils from the introduction of murder and merciless torture as the close of a feast. A hero who ruthlessly slays the guardian of his infancy, and in his transports of mad rage desires to possess the object of his love that he "may beat her; drag her by the hair; gloat over her; set her to turn a hand-mill on his lands in Africa; bend her; trample on her; conquer her;" is rather opposed to our later day conceptions of ideal manhood. Yet Acte spoke truly for Lygia when she reproached Vinicius, saying, "Oh blind and passionate man! She loved thee."

And it is given to the bondwoman, an outcast from the favor of Caesar received into the favor of God, to shake the depths of the patrician's soul with the eloquence and justice of her reproof.

"Emotion began to force its way through the anger and pain of Vinicius. The information that he was loved by Lygia shook him to the depth of his soul. He remembered her in Aulus's garden, when she was listening to his words with blushes on her face and her eyes full of light. It seemed to him then that she had begun to love him; and all at once, at that thought, a feeling of certain happiness embraced him, a hundred times greater than that which he desired. He thought that he might have won her gradually, and besides as one loving him. She would have wreathed his door, rubbed it with wolf's fat, and then sat as his wife by his hearth on the sheepskin. He would have heard from her mouth the sacramental: 'Where thou art, Caius, there am I, Caia.' "

But all was lost, and through his own mad action. Even the gentle Pomponia, entering the atrium suddenly and seeing him, raised her voice

in testimony against him. What though her accusation took the form of a plea for pardon for his offense? "May God forgive thee the wrong, Marcus, which thou hast done to us and to Lygia.

Even in this moment of better feeling given to Vinicius, his selfishness and vanity reigned supreme, directing his thoughts to the recovery of the maiden not so much to save her from the dangers menacing her but because he deemed her indispensable to his happiness. Bowing his head in abasement before the sorrow of Pomponia he passes from her presence to begin anew his efforts to bring Lygia within his power. No purpose of renunciation ennobles his quest of the maiden or condones the means he employs to gain knowledge of her hiding place. His emissary-in-chief, Chilo, trails her down mercilessly, finally discovering her in the crypt where the Christians assemble to hear from Peter the message of the Nazarene, enjoining peace, justice and purity.

"The Lygian has been found by Chilo," writes Vinicius to Petronius. "I go this evening with him and Croton to Ostrianum, and shall carry her off from the house to-night or to-morrow."

In the time from his parting with Pomponia to the sending of these tidings the Tribune has suffered much, and his violent emotions have despoiled him of his physical beauty. The uncertainty and torment have developed in him an incomprehensible cruelty that satisfies itself to satiety with the torture of his slaves, among whom he mentally places Lygia, at times gloating over the thought of killing her, trampling her under his feet to revenge himself; again, childishly proposing to buy the favor of the Christian maiden's God. "I would offer Him a hecatomb to-morrow. I have no wish for food, or the bath, or sleep. I will take a dark lantern and wander through the city. Perhaps I shall find her in disguise. I am sick."

There is little heroism in this character. No attribute of that nobility which may adorn even a pagan. We are never more conscious of this lack than at the moment when unconsciously the Tribune steps across the border of paganism into the fruitful fields of Christianity. In pursuit of his base purpose, led by the infamous Greek, he mingles with the Christians, and has forced upon his unwilling attention the doctrine of love made known by the Master to his Apostles.

"Vinicius listened, and something wonderful took place in him. He forgot for a moment where he was; he began to lose the feeling of reality, of measure, of judgment. He stood in the presence of two impossibilities. He could not believe what the old man said; and he felt that it would be necessary either to be blind or renounce one's own reason, to admit that that man who said 'I saw' was lying. There was something in his movements, in his tears, in his whole figure, and in the details of the events which he narrated, which made every suspicion impossible. To Vinicius it seemed at moments that he was dreaming. But round about he saw the silent throng; the odor of lanterns came to his nostrils; at a distance the torches were blazing; and before him on the stone stood an aged man near the grave, with head trembling somewhat, who, while bearing witness, repeated, 'I saw!'"

The Tribune's benighted soul rejects the teaching of this, to him, impossible God. His tyrannical nature recognizes no power higher than his own, saving the will of Caesar, and yet the feeble old man has compelled him to feel a foreshadowing of irreparable loss, making him conscious of an immensity of strength emanating from a source beyond his comprehension.

While he is still struggling with his dazed thoughts the voice of Chilo is heard: "Lord, I see Urban over there,

not far from the old man, and with him is a maiden."

Following Lygia from the cemetery Vinicius receives another alarming proof of the mysterious power of Christianity. He sees two soldiers kneel for the Apostle's blessing, and is filled with wonder at a doctrine that fits itself to all degrees of intellect, and to all conditions of life.

In his attempt to seize Lygia he falls, wounded, into the hands of the Christians, and on his bed of pain struggles towards enlightenment. But still no response to divine influence controls his action, unless it be through the reflex influence of Lygia's goodness and purity. He is conscious only of her, feverishly desirous of her ministrations, and controlling his passion lest by displaying it he may deprive himself of her presence. Marvelling that no horrible revenge had compassed his destruction he gives expression to the thought, "Lygia, thou didst not permit my death."

And she makes answer, "May God return health to thee."

Again this wonderful God! The leaven of His mercy is working. Vinicius, sick and broken, no longer a conquering force, is conscious of a subtle, bewildering change in his sentiments and impressions, and his first outward sign of inward grace is a manifestation of respect for a woman. The sway that this new influence exercises over his benighted soul is very limited; his nature is too small to entertain deep concern in anything or anyone not directly essential to his happiness. Mark his indifference when the treachery of Chilo to Glaucus is exposed. The Greek has served his turn, and no ray of pity for him touches his heart. Of course the Christians will put him to death! Recognizing the propriety of such action Vinicius is sufficently magnanimous to put up with the trifling awkwardness of getting another messenger. "Bury him in the garden," he says, "some one else will take the letter." When the Apostle counsels the craven to "depart in peace," and Urban "in Christ's name" guides him to the street the question that perplexes the mind of Vinicius is "Why didn't they kill the Greek?"

"We are Christians," the gentle Lygian explains. "It is not permitted us to keep anger in the heart."

The thought dominating his existence is with him even in his dreams.

"These dream pictures of Vinicius were blended again with descriptions which he had heard in Ostrianum, from the lips of the Apostle, as to how Christ had appeared on the lake once. So that he saw now in that light on the shore a certain form toward which Peter was steering, and as he approached it the weather grew calmer, the water grew smoother, the light became greater. The crowd began to sing sweet hymns; the air was filled with the odor of nard; the play of water formed a rainbow as if from the bottom of the lake lilies and roses were looking, and at last the boat struck its breast safely against the sand. Lygia took his hand then, and said, 'Come, I will lead thee!' and she led him to the light."

Waking he said to Lygia, "I saw thy soul in a dream."

And now the stages of transition become more marked. The voluptuary is paying homage to purity; the tyrant is acquiring gentleness; the egotist is learning the lesson of abnegation of self. Perhaps in no case is the change more sharply defined than in Vinicius' answer to Lygia's question, "Vinicius, wouldst thou see me again on the Palantine?"

To which he replies, "No. Thou art right. I spoke like a fool! No!"

Passing over the intervening scenes descriptive of Lygia's withdrawal, of the tribune's despair, of his return to pagan associations and relapse into pagan practices, we reach the dra-

matic crisis where his wakened soul revolts, crying out "I have no wish for your life, your feasts, your shamelessness, your crimes."

Yet when Petronius asks him "Art thou a Christian?" he can only reply as one despairing, "Not yet. Not yet."

The extremes, the lack of balance in his character, are shown by his savage treatment of Chilo, who reveals to him the hiding place of Lygia in the house of Miriam, as contrasted with his gentle demeanor when he greets Peter, and Paul of Tarsus, "in the name of Christ." With a humility hitherto unknown to his proud, undisciplined nature he pleads with the Apostles to scatter the darkness, to give him light—and his motive is still human love.

"Give her to me as wife, and I swear that not only will I not forbid her to confess Christ, but I will begin myself to learn His religion."

And listening "the heart of the old Apostle was stirred by that soul in suffering, which, like a bird in a cage, was struggling toward air and the sun; hence stretching his hand to Vinicius, he said:—

"Whoso knocketh, to him will be opened. The favor and grace of God is upon thee; for this reason I bless thee, thy soul and thy love, in the name of the Redeemer of mankind."

Through all this moving play of words one feels an incongruity, a something opposed to the yielding of the Apostles to the pleading of this impetuous pagan, and to the delight they are made to feel in this "victory of their religion. . . the conversion of an Augustian, and a descendant of one of the oldest Roman families." Analysis of the scene gives us as its strong elements a pagan tribune promising like a child to be good provided he gets what he wants—the Christian maiden, who kneels beside him to receive the Apostle's blessing and to hear his exhortation, "Love each other in the Lord and to His glory, for there is no sin in your love."

This counsel is eminently to the liking of the hero, who treasures it up in his heart, writing to Lygia from Laurentum: "Dost thou wish that we should live in some place at the seashore far from Rome, my Augusta? I have land in Sicily, on which there is an almond forest which has rose-colored blossoms in spring, and this forest goes down so near the sea that the tips of the branches almost touch the water. There I will love thee and magnify Paul's teaching, for I know now that it will not be opposed to love and happiness." Here is an alluring prospect! Happiness has improved Vinicius, just as it improves people of to-day, but we are inclined to still question the depth of his desire to "magnify Paul's teaching" beyond the point where it proves acceptable to him.

It is a restless, impatient, very human lover who appeals to Petronius to obtain permission for him to leave Antium. Vinicius, dwelling on the premonition of evil that came to him and Lygia in the garden of Linus, says: "Lygia and I were sitting side by side on a night as calm as this, and planning our future. I cannot tell thee how happy and calm we were. All at once lions began to roar. It came so strangely and unexpectedly that I have those sounds in my ears yet, and unbroken fear in my heart, as if Lygia were asking my protection from something dreadful,—even from those same lions. I am in torture. Obtain for me permission to leave Antium, or I shall go without it. I cannot remain. I repeat to thee, I cannot!"

The gracious permission of Nero is accorded; love is triumphant, but its joy is stilled in the awful tidings of Lecanius: "Lord, the whole city is one sea of flame; smoke is suffocating the inhabitants, and people faint, or

cast themselves into the fire from delirium. Rome is perishing, lord."

As Vinicius rushes forth into the night his one thought is that Rome is a sea of flames, and Lygia is in Rome! Who will snatch her from the burning city? Above the thunder of hoofs the tribune hears the cries of the people invoking the gods and stretching his arms to the sky he calls on the one God of the Christians to save the innocent Lygia from the perils of the Trans-Tiber. This is not faith made perfect. He says "If Thou art what Peter and Paul declare," but the traits of the Christian, the man of high motives, begin to distinguish the tribune. His meeting with Peter and Lygia and the mighty effort he puts forth to subordinate self form one of the most beautiful passages in Quo Vadis. Commanded by Peter to take the maiden and seek safety, "Vinicius began to pass his hand over his head as if struggling with himself or fighting with his thoughts; then, seizing Lygia by the hand, he said in a voice in which the energy of a Roman soldier was quivering:—

"Hear me Peter, Linus, and thou, Lygia! I spoke as my human reason dictated; but ye have another reason, which regards, not your own danger, but the commands of the Redeemer. True, I did not understand this, and I erred, for the beam is not taken from my eyes yet, and the former nature is heard in me. But since I love Christ, and wish to be His servant, though it is a question for me of something more than my own life, I kneel here before thee, and swear that I will accomplish the command of love, and will not leave my brethren in the day of trouble."

Then he knelt, and enthusiasm possessed him. Raising his hands and eyes, he cried: "Do I understand Thee, O Christ? Am I worthy of Thee?"

His hands trembled; his eyes glistened with tears; his body trembled with faith and love. Peter took an earthen vessel with water, and, bringing it near him, said with solemnity:—

"Behold, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen."

Vinicius the pagan is known no more. There is no vestige of him in the man who, meeting Chilo, confesses humbly, "I wronged thee, Chilo."

The burning of Rome; the rending of Christians by wild beasts; the forest of crosses in the arena; the terrific illumination in the gardens of Caesar, where Glaucus dies forgiving Chilo; the Greek's conversion and magnificent atonement; the daily scenes in the Mamertine, in the Tullianum and at the Putrid Pits—all pass in swift review, lending tremendous effect to the culminating act when in the presence of the multitude the tribune calls upon Christ for the performance of a miracle. Ursus is in the arena opposing his strength to that of the aurochs, and lashed to the horns of the wild beast is the maiden Lygia. "People thought themselves dreaming till the enormous head of the bull began to turn in the iron hands of the barbarian. The face, neck, and arms of the Lygian grew purple; his back bent still more. It was clear that he was rallying the remnant of his superhuman strength, but that he could not last long.

Duller and duller, hoarser and hoarser, more and more painful grew the groan of the bull as it mingled with the whistling breath from the breast of the giant. The head of the beast turned more and more, and from his jaws crept forth a long, foaming tongue.

A moment more, and to the ears of spectators sitting nearer came as it were the crack of breaking bones; then the beast rolled on the earth with his neck twisted in death.

"The giant removed in a twinkle

the ropes from the horns of the bull and, raising the maiden, began to breathe hurriedly."

To my mind there is nothing in Quo Vadis more pleasing than the gentleness, the unselfish devotion, and the bravery of this barbarian. Certainly the part he plays is much nobler than that of Vinicius, his faith is so unquestioning, and asks no reward. "It was the Saviour who rescued her from death," is his explanation of the wonderful deed. "I heard a voice in my soul saying 'Defend her,' and it was the voice of the Lamb. . . . Let His will be done."

The prayer of Vinicius has been answered.

He kneels beside her, "His soul melting with a love so immense that he forgot himself utterly. Theocles returned often to the chamber, and the golden-haired Eunice appeared behind the raised curtain a number of times; finally cranes, reared in the gardens, began to call, heralding the coming day; but Vinicius was still embracing in his mind the feet of Christ, neither seeing nor hearing what was passing around him, with a heart turned into a thanksgiving, sacrificial flame, sunk in ecstasy, and though alive, half seized into heaven."

So sorrow becomes joy; the lovers pass from the scene of their suffering to an elysium in Sicily; the author satisfies the popular demand for a happy ending—and yet?

One's mind turns back to Rome, and in the gleam of the sun one sees with Peter the vision of his Lord, and hears with him the mournful reproach "If thou desert my people, I am going to Rome to be crucified a second time."

As we close the book and put it by the message "Be well! Be happy!" echoes joyously from the groves of Sicily; but above it one's higher nature hears the words of Peter, turning back to the woe and wretchedness of Rome, asking only that he may follow, "Quo Vadis, Domine?"

THE CRUCIFIXION.

(Two pictures.)

BY ROBERT DICK DOUGLAS.

A gruesome, gaunt-armed cross, the gallows-tree —
The mark of shame, the badge of infamy.
A yelling, mocking, foul-mouthed, vulgar crowd,
That with coarse laughter cry their taunts aloud,
And laugh to see that pain-drawn, dying face,
And gloat and glory at their God's disgrace:
His pain their pleasure, there they joyous wait
To see Him slowly die. And that is Hate.

A naked, lash-marked form, with arms out-spread,
With nail-pierced hands and feet, and thorn-crowned head;
With thirst-parched tongue and gall-embittered lips;
With wounded side from which the life-blood drips;
With power to live but willing there to die,
And so God's wrath 'gainst men to satisfy,
He gazes on that horde, then looks above
And cries "Forgive them, Father!" This is Love.

A COMING ATTRACTION.

BY MARGARET M. HALVEY.

(Continued.)

In Winnifred's case his self-assured guardianship was shared by Mother Teresa, and his had so far been a silent partnership, probably because through thirty odd years a wholesome remembrance lingered of the days when Sister Dora's claim of equal rights in childish possessions invariably meant triumph for her in any dispute regarding their disposition.

That he had unspoken "views" for Winnie's future, however, was apparent to Henry Germaine when the "all-day visit" insisted upon eventuated and a quiet "after-dinner smoke" within view of the orchard and its occupants afforded opportunity of discussing her grandfather's peculiarities and incidentally her graceful self.

Murt's oldest daughter, married to a prosperous German-American of New York, had repeatedly written to offer a home to her father and her help in securing a start in life for Winifred, as her contribution to the family burden of providing for her brother's orphan.

Mr. Moore thought Murt should not hesitate, even while conceding something to the old man's distaste for the "furrin son-in-law" in the case. "I do not want to think he would like America well enough to remain, for I should certainly be driven to wall up the orchard if Murt stayed away through the harvest. But he could be spared to take the child over." So concluded the ease-loving proprietor, visions of thrifty Scotch venders rising before his mind's eye as a certain outcome of Murt's emigration.

He was glad, most unfeignedly, of this meeting with one who possessed an intelligent knowledge of Trans-Atlantic affairs, and might be supposed to judge fairly of American prospects for Winifred. For Murt he sincerely hoped they did not exist, but he was not selfish enough to hint to the old man, with whom his opinion was always decisive in the long run, that the "child" could depart alone, or with strangers, for a stranger home.

The essay was desirable for her, he considered, while admitting that Mother Teresa thought otherwise, — so far otherwise that a family jar was likely to result from their difference of opinion. This very certainty, doubtless, urged the immediate action which so rarely followed on Master Art's resolutions. A letter full of pertinent inquiries, many of them suggested by Mr. Germaine's American experience, was sent on its way to the comfortable spouse of the German brewer, who might possibly have resented had he been aware of Mr. Moore's habit of alluding to Mrs. Gottlieb Krumanacker as "Murt's daughter with the unpronounceable name."

This epistle was far on its way, — in company with the generous installment of Mr. Germaine's delayed correspondence,— before the latter deemed himself sufficiently acquainted with Master Art to broach his personal plans, in which Winnie had no small share. For her personality dominated the new play so its discussion seemed in all fairness a perquisite of the owner of Ballymoore.

For him, to Germaine's great delight, it was as he expressed it, a revival of the old days at Clongowes and Stonyhurst to find himself consulted on questions of construction and phraseology and applied to as an authority on "local coloring."

"I call your visit nothing short of a Godsend," he assured his American

friend whenever the latter spoke of departure from Moore Hall, where he found himself installed as guest without being very well aware of how the arrangement came about, — a simple matter, nevertheless, and quite natural in the light of Ballymoore hospitality and its master's instinctive "preferences."

A rainy afternoon, which forced indoor discussion of the great project; an insistent host who would not permit departure in such weather, and an early journey to town the following morning on the part of the "masther's boy," with a note to the hotel keeper requesting him to send Mr. Germaine's luggage to Moore Hall, — and the removal was accomplished.

"Indeed, I count your coming amongst the many mercies for which Mother Teresa says I am not thankful enough, — being, therefore, unworthy, — just in the season, too, when I couldn't raise a cricket team for love or money, everyone busy on dry days, as if cricket was not impossible on wet ones," was the host's answer to his expressed fears of possible intrusion, and while speaking he paused to sigh pathetically over Mother Teresa's opinion so often expressed with sisterly freedom, and again for the unfortunate circumstances which prevented the guest's participation in a good, rousing cricket match.

His well equipped "field" adjoining the lawn and his successful team had been the delight of Mr. Moore's seasons, but of late complications had arisen, —the best batsman married and changed his residence, so that he was obliged to practice, if at all, with a rival team, — hence a wavering allegiance and unreliable attendance. A former protege trained under "Master Art's" own supervision to become the best bowler in the province, had been offered a professional place by a great English college and gone thither never to return.

Then this harvest weather was on the whole unsatisfactory, so that farmer and laborer, man and boy, turned in to hard work with a will when "dry spells" offered opportunity to save endangered crops, and "wet days" did not count for cricket. As well as Mr. Germaine could make out the young bowler who had graduated to become instructor in the "prince of games" was one of those whose career had been, as Winnie's, Mr. Moore's accepted charge. Murt Farrell so alluded to him when discussing the grievance with the visitor who, on taking up residence, was promoted to the dignity of being "Master Henry," and the recipient of family confidences. On this occasion the daily spell of inspiration exhausted just as a showery forenoon evinced inclination to "clear up," he had strolled to the orchard house for his daily chat with Murt.

From their position beside the road hedge, they caught occasional glimpses of Master Art, with his accustomed bored expression intensified, pacing slowly the sodden headland of a deserted wheat field, listening to discouraging reports of harvest progress from the steward, — a long-suffering individual, described by his employer as "earning his salary in carrying the worries of the hall and neighborhood."

"That poor man's dead lonesome for his good game," Murt remarked without further introduction than was supplied by the sight of the Master's uncongenial occupation. "That gossoon of the Neills' that he spiled like many another had a right to stay at home when he was thrained. I'm not denyin' that he could bowl, — small thanks to him, when he was showed how, — but that's all there was to him, for all his book l'arnin', — an' little loss if he never comes back."

"I don't know why you give Mr. Germaine that idea of Ned, Grandfather," said Winnie, who stood near, awaiting Murt's pleasure regarding the serving of the noon meal. "I'm sure, all the neighbors would be glad

if he came to-day. Poor old Mrs. Neill frets her life out fearing she may die without seeing him again."

"It might be the best thing ever happened her, if she's tied up in the likes of him that a-way," persisted Murt dogmatically. "I never saw any good in that gossoon except wid a ball in his hand, an' I misdoubt bud he's a chip ov the ould block. Be all accounts, his father was no great shakes."

"I wouldn't speak so of him, grandfather. He may be dead, for all even the Neills know, and Ned's mother was my mother's closest friend. You say yourself Annie Neill was the nicest girl in the county."

Murt knocked his finished pipe against the nearest tree trunk with an air of having "said his say," which might not be reconsidered, seeing which Winnie walked away without further comment towards the cottage by the lodge, and Mr. Germaine forbore, then and afterwards, any reference to the "gossoon of the Neills that the Masther made a bouler of." At first mention he had felt inclined to follow up his story, partly because of a sentimental interest in a smart lad whose family name reminded him of his Irish friend across the water, and partly because the incident of the country cricketer, becoming instructor in the great college, smacked somewhat of new material.

With any thought of "material" came always remembrance of Joyce and his antipathy to the type hunters, and, in due mental sequence, his own droll experience with the lady representative of the gifted fraternity. Much of the enthusiasm for his grandfather's native land which had been simulated for her benefit was now genuine enough. Only that morning at the breakfast table, when the host expressed himself confident that it was a mistake in hagiology which credited St. Swithin to the Saxons, for he must surely have lived and died in Ireland to appreciate the possibilities of rain storms so keenly, the New Yorker found himself making an answer worthy of Joyce's patriotism.

"No, no! that cannot be, — if even the good man's dying wish is truly chronicled,— for he asked to be buried in a vile and unworthy place, you know, and any Irishman would understand there is none such place to be found in Ireland."

Whereat, Master Art laughed in that slow, sarcastic way which was one of his harmless affectations, and amended his theory by throwing in the incident of possible emigration on the part of the Saint.

Even that unsatisfactory harvest day, while the worried steward lamented prostrate barley, and Murt plentiful windfalls and bad prospects for "winter greenin's," the tourist noted with admiring eyes how lingering raindrops beautified the barley's golden beard and the gray and green of sombre trunk and waving bough.

What a glorious sparkle they lent to Winifred's smooth braids as she passed with uncovered head down the wide avenue on her way to the big gate! Like tiny spearlets of crystal they fell with perfect precision of time and movement, making a mimic shower of their own underneath that delicious canopy Time's hand had woven, obedient to the impulse given by some long forgotten owner of Moore Hall, who set forth in ordered row the saplings of promise that were now crowned kings of forestry.

Half way down the winding avenue Winnie stopped to greet an individual whose visits had grown familiar and welcome to the guest, as to all the inmates of the big house, — no less a personage than the mail-carrier, known in local parlance as "Johnny, the Post."

(To be continued.)

IN THE MONTH OF MOODS.

BY HERBERT M. SYLVESTER.

April is the laughing month. The brooklets laugh in the meadows and along the hillsides; the winds laugh the orchard-tops into blossom; they whistle about the gables of the old homestead and into its chimneys—and what odd tunes! mellow and sweet or shrill, as they linger or hasten their northern journey. I imagine they are telling one how glad they are to get back among the New England orchards. The clouds smile and smile until they shake tears of warm sunlit rain off their white puffed-out cheeks, down into the budding woods and springing grasses a-tremble with the flush of April's hope and promise. The tide of the year is just coming to us, with here and there a blossom to mark its rise along the hill slopes until it shall pour its riches into the perfumed lap of June.

If such things do not count in the hard life of money-getting they do count for heart-hood and humanity. One who knows something of the birds and loves them, something of the woods and their dwellers, is as likely to get on as another who neither knows nor cares for these simple things. The lover of Nature has a quick conscience, a tender and generous heart, for Nature and humankind are nearer kin than most people suspect. Life has few equivalents, if any, for the homely delights and simple pleasures, provincial as they seem to some, all so easily garnered within sight of any old country homestead. To one who carries a sketch-book in his heart, they are beyond the possible criticism of provinciality.

As I write, there hangs before me an oriole nest that came down with its limb that was twisted off in a summer storm. As I look at it I almost expect to see a glossy black head I knew in the days when it swung in the summer wind, peeping over its rim of silkweed floss. A veritable cradle it was for the hangnest fledglings. That one who wrote—

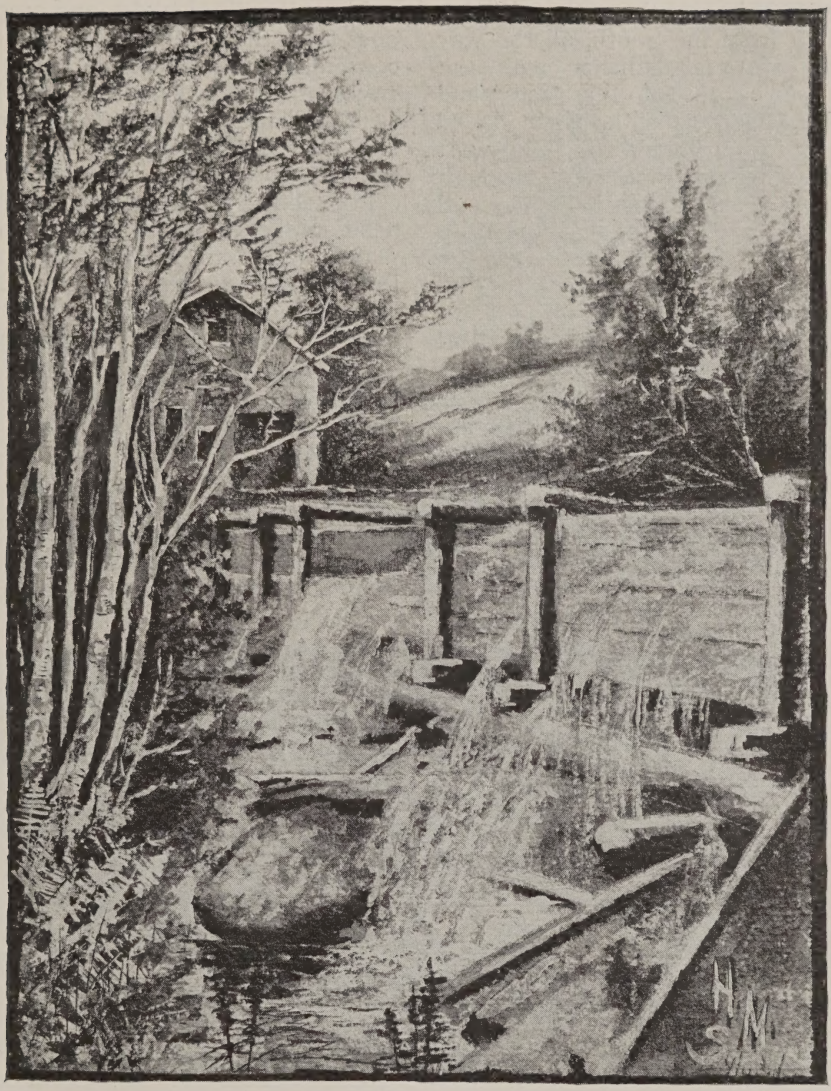
"When the wind blows the cradle will rock"

must have had in mind one of these most beautifully constructed nests in

bird architecture. This nest has leaves of cat's-tail grass for its weft, and silkweed floss and horse-hair, and fine strippings of the bark of the white birch for woof—all woven together with rare ingenuity—and it reads me many a pastoral of the old homestead. It is a book of poems that only the heart can translate.

There is no artifice in Nature, no aristocracy, no shoddy, no pretence. One man fares no better than his neighbor because of his outward appearance. Some novels are to be read in the skip-and-skim fashion, if they are to be read at all; but not so, Nature. The catch-words on her pages are hardly more than guide-boards that

"Down into the budding woods."



"When Winter is Disappearing."

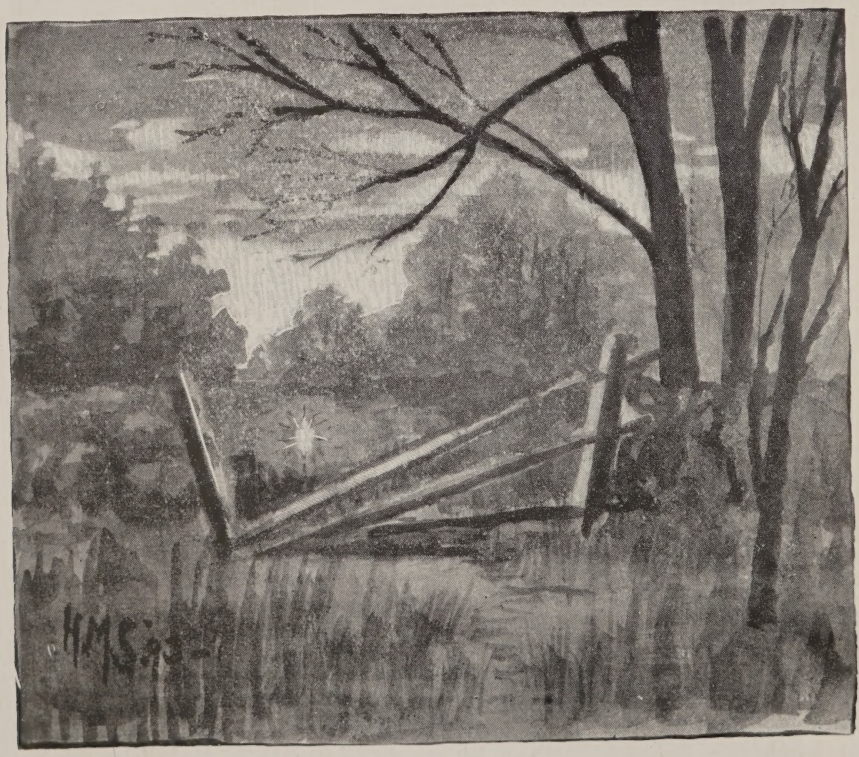
no more betray the beauties that live between the lines, than the weather-worn guide-board tells of the scenery that invests its highway beyond the neighboring hill, or within the woodland farther on, with inexpressible mystery and charm. Hers is the oldest school of philosophy, and hers the truest teachers. A man wants a bit of sunshine and a dash of rain in his soul to get the best results in manhood, as the farmer wants both in his cornfield.

Is spring ever more pregnant with promise than in these halcyon hours when winter is disappearing from the brown slopes, retreating into the margins of the woods and the deep shadows of the walls that make the boundaries of the farming-lands? What

drying winds are these that all day blow up from the South, all the way holding rustling dalliance with the bare brown tops of the trees and wayside hedges, with their faded fringes of gray golden rod, johnswort and steeple-bush that crop through the lingering shrinking drifts here and there, with the mulleins mouldy-cowled—the lean friars of the pasture ledges. What hosts of springing grass-blades and scents of modest half-hidden Mayflower and waxen leaf are sought out and upturned by these soft, caressing breezes!

When the moon is up the mists are up with it. The deeps of the woods are like the deeps of a dusky sea, that, black as it is, is still rich in color. One can see the ruddy swelling buds of the maples and birches as the smell of the woodland boughs comes on the wind. It is the breath of night, and so softly does it fan the cheek one would be unconscious of her breathing but for its sweetness. How slowly rise the lithe, slender shapes of the woodland mists! I wonder if they are not Naiads out for a romp over the hills, like a parcel of giddy girls, only they swirl and bend so silently in the upper currents of the night air. I wonder, too, if the old folk who live in the depths of the tree-hidden springs, know the children are out for a bit of gadding in the moonlight. Will-o'-the-wisp will be after them with his dimly flickering lantern, but he keeps his eyes so near the ground he will hardly discover them.

A whiff of smoke, and the April nights come as well as the April days. The red sun is down, and the singers in the lowlands have been in tune a



An April Twilight.

A Promise of Summer.

good hour. The mists creep up through the tops of the woods to blow away northward, for the vane on the big barn pointed its arrow-head southward for a week past. The days have lengthened, and the house hearth is gray and fireless; the twilights are growing perceptibly longer. One can feel the atmosphere like something tangible, so filled with gentleness are these south winds, warmed with so much of sun, after the chill and bluster of March, and so abundant in prophecy of days to come. The house-doors are hardly shut now-a-days until well into the nightfall. The lights in the farmhouses across the valley do not come out so brilliantly as in winter. Some do not come out at all, while their chimneys are smokeless.

HAPPY DREAMS.

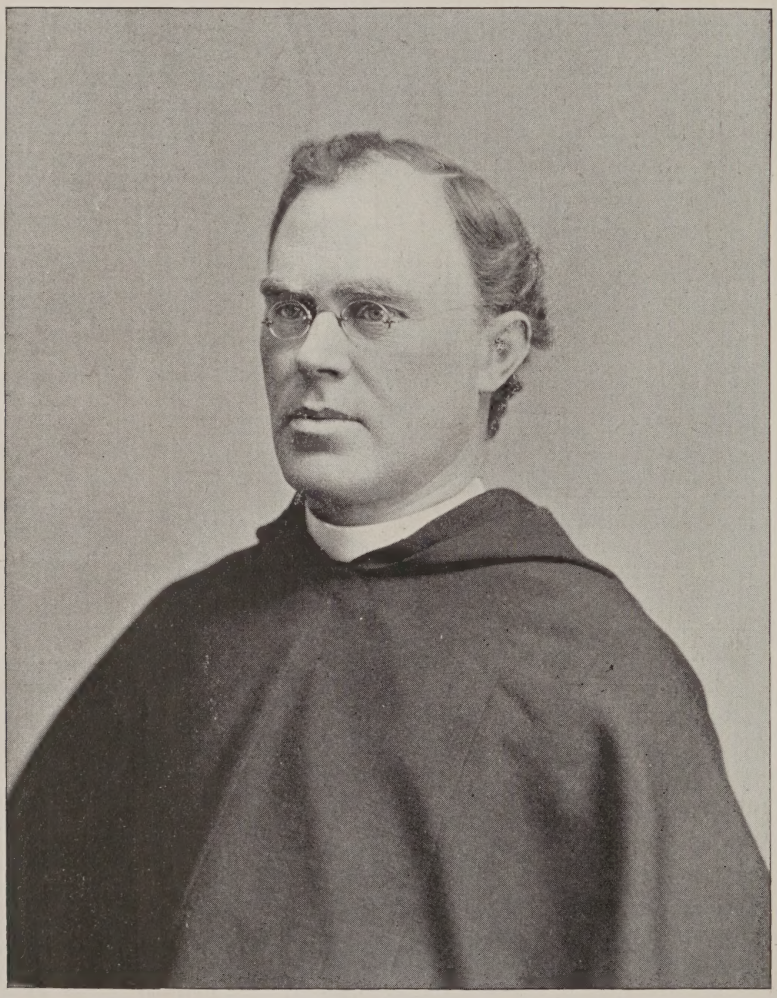
PEOPLE IN PRINT.

By William Hopkins.

His Eminence, Cardinal Vaughan.

Cardinal Vaughan is an uncompromising advocate of strictly Catholic education. His Eminence says no system of public elementary education is acceptable for the training of Catholic children but such as is distinctly and frankly Catholic. The Catholic demand is Catholic education, given by competent teachers to Catholic children.

If the state insists upon educating the children of the country, it is bound at the same time to respect the inalienable, natural right of parents and their offspring in the matter of religion. No instruction in partial Christianity, no form of Christianity other than the Catholic can be accepted by Catholics for their children.



Rev. James T. O'Reilly, O S. A.

Rev James Thomas O'Reilly was born in Lansingburg, N. Y., May 1, 1851. His grandfather emigrated to this country in 1847 from Athboy, County Meath, Ireland, and died in 1886 at the age of ninety-six years. His father, Edward O'Reilly, served honorably in the civil war as a private in Company E, Sixty-third New York Volunteers. The son received his early education at a school conducted by the Christian Brothers in Troy, N. Y. In 1866 he entered the Augustinian College at Villanova, Penn., from which he was graduated in 1871, and having already entered the novitiate of the order of St. Augustine and made therein his solemn profession, he was ordained priest March 15, 1874. He was retained as instructor at his alma mater for the next two years. In 1876 he received the appointment of procurator, and while serving in this capacity he also

performed the duties of pastor of St. Denis Church, West Haverford, Penn. Here he displayed on a small scale that gift for administration and organization which is particularly demanded of the Catholic clergy and which was to distinguish him in his later career. In 1879 he was transferred to the pastorate of St. John's Church, some 16,000 souls and require the ministrations of eleven members of the Augustinian brotherhood. St. Mary's School was first opened in 1859. Chiefly under Father O'Rielly's fostering care it has grown to the number of 1,200 children. He has also built up schools in connection with St. Lawrence's Church and the

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ AND HIS DAUGHTER.

From Hania. Reproduced by permission of Little, Brown & Co.

Schaghticoke, N. Y., where he labored for seven years; when he was placed in charge of St. Mary's Church, Lawrence, Mass.

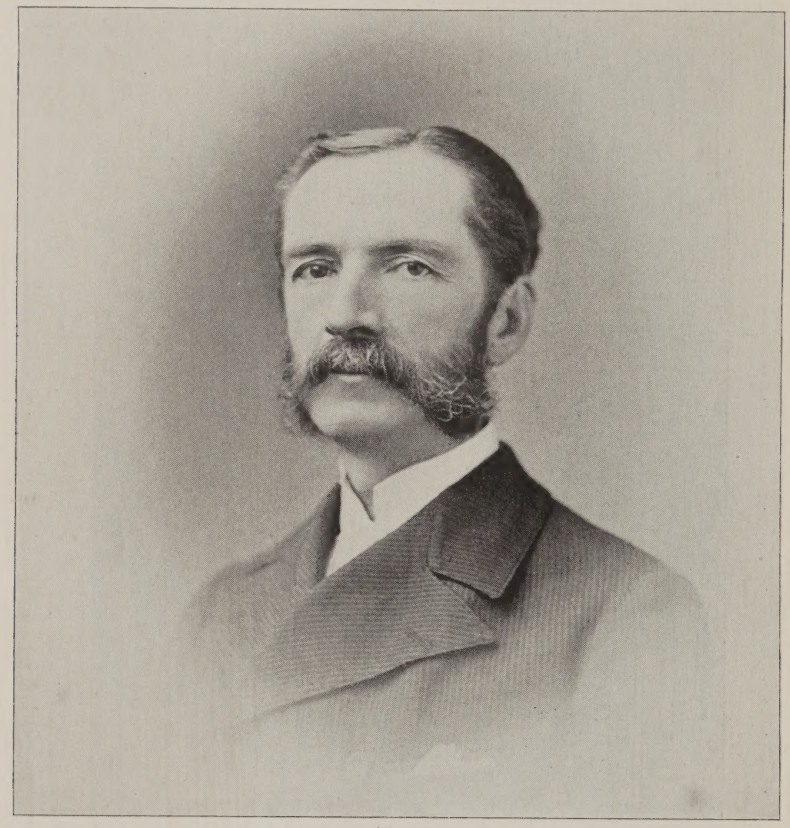
It was Father O'Rielly's task to unite the scattered members of the church body, and to re-organize forces which were out of harmony. Upon his advent Father O'Reilly at once abolished the parochial residence of the Immaculate Conception and arranged to have his church and others attended from St. Mary's. These combined parishes number now

Church of the Assumption. While Father O'Reilly attends most faithfully to the essential religious duties, his particular talent is shown in his management of affairs and of men. He has rendered conspicuous services to the general public by his advocacy of the cause of temperance and by his counsel during periods of labor troubles, when his influence among the mill operatives is always strongly exerted and felt.

In 1886 he organized the Young Men's

Catholic Association of Lawrence. In 1888 he introduced into Lawrence a teaching community of the Xaverian brothers in order to provide for the higher education of the boys in his charge, who up to that time had been obliged to pass from Catholic instruction at the age of twelve.

Early in 1892, the erection of a convent for the sisters of Notre Dame was begun as a result of his efforts. This has since been completed and stands as a fitting monument to the zeal of its founder. Father O'Reilly has been instrumental in organizing many societies designed to further in various ways the interests of his people in Lawrence. Among these are a court of the Masachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters, a council of the Knights of Columbus, a conference of the society of St. Vincent de Paul, and the Merrimac Co-operative Bank. One of the special objects of his care and charity is the Orphan Asylum of Lawrence. He is serving his third term as member of the Definitory of the Augustinian Order, and was duly elected as one of the three delegates to the general chapter of the order held in Rome in September, 1895. Father O'Reilly is president of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of the archdiocese of Boston, his second term in that office.



STEPHEN FARRELLY.

The present record of this energetic priest is an augury of important future achievements in the cause of religion and humanity.

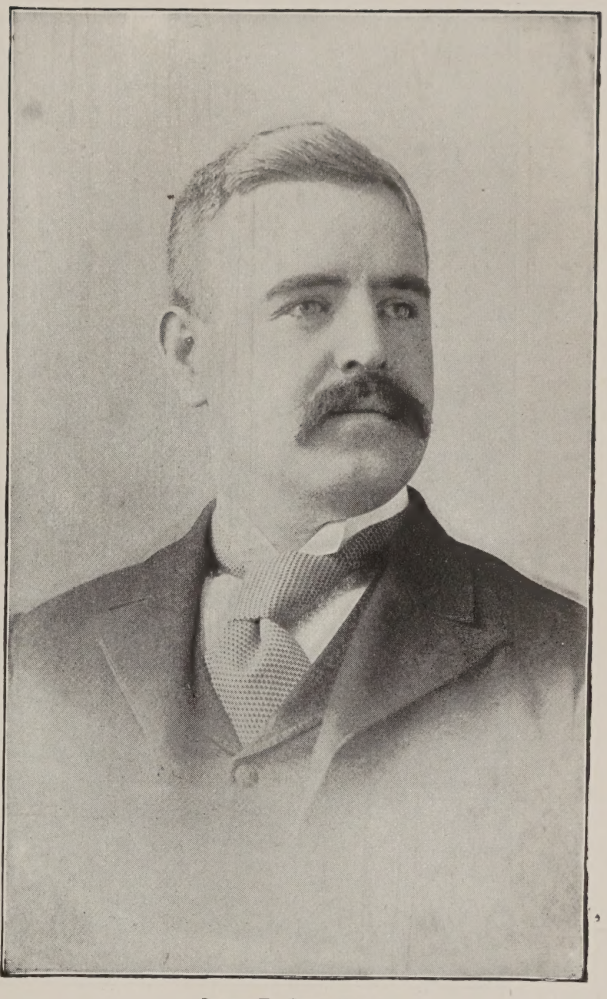
In an age when of making books there is no end, when mere cleverness is often a drug upon the literary market, at rare intervals there has appeared in the world of letters, unheralded by any trumpet-blast of fame, personalities marked and unique, whose genius and merits win for them foremost rank in the great republic of letters.

Such a personality is Henryk Sienkiewicz. It is several years since his first work in his now celebrated Trilogy of historical romances was offered to the American public. Its translator was as modest as its author; and though the work is in some respects a greater one than "Quo Vadis," it did not win that immediate popularity which the Neroic romance has achieved.

At the age of thirty-six Sienkiewicz was comparatively unknown, and apparently content to be. When many a young man would have written himself out, Sienkiewicz was still preparing for his best work. His genius has ripened slowly, apparently undisturbed by the pressure of circumstances, and treacherous and glittering quicksands that have swallowed up many an able young writer. He has never turned aside even for a moment, seduced by "that last infirmity of noble mind." His genius shows an orderly healthy development, undisturbed by outer influences, bearing an evidence of no other pressure than the fine inner compulsion. When he writes, it is because he has something to say which he can say, which must be said.

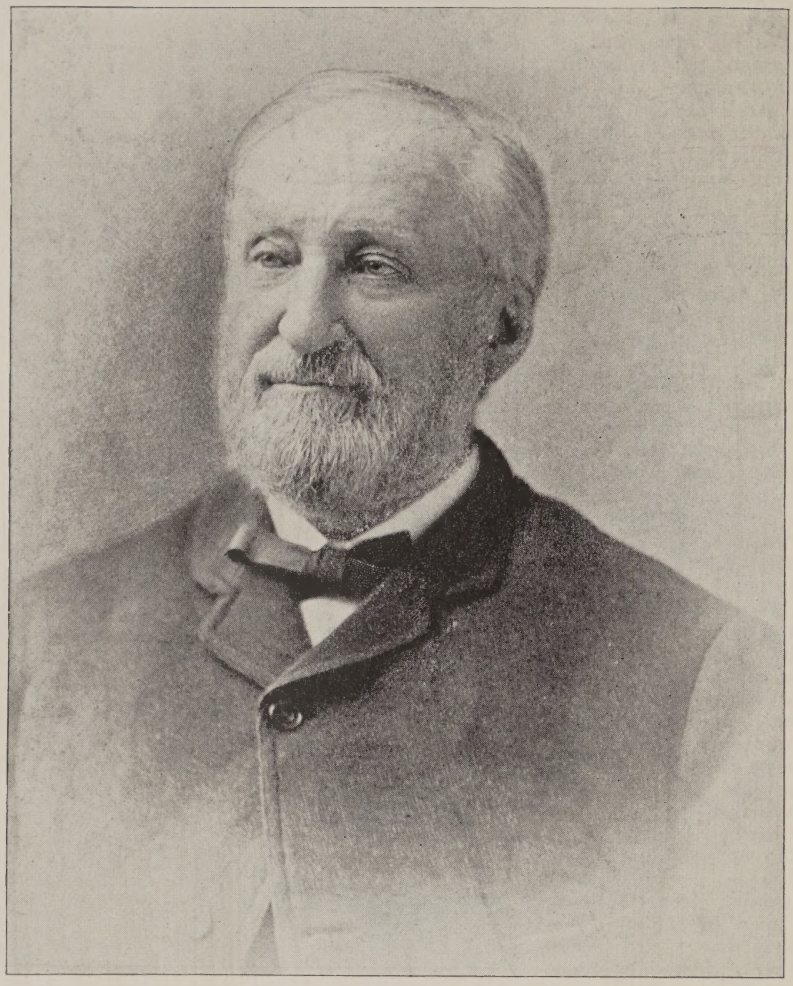
The woman Henryk Sienkiewicz loves to depict is she who loves, who blesses, who gathers her children about her fireside,—who, wedded, retains her purity of soul. Of him may be said what Pierre Loti says of his hero's love for the only incomparable woman, "In her he adored that inexpressible something—her soul!"

Mr. Stephen Farrelly, founder of The National News Company of New York, subsequently became manager of The Central News Company, Philadelphia, and for some fifteen or sixteen years directed the affairs of this house, his ability and business management giving to it the high standing which it has mantained to the present time. For a number of years he held the Presidency of the Catholic Club of Philadelphia, and was also a member of the Art Club, Penn Club, and various others. His interest in all matters pertaining to the church and also in public affairs was untiring. About 1894 he came to New York to assume charge of the New York branch of The American News Company, and was soon identified with all movements for public betterment and in the interests of the church. At present he is one of the Trustees of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, Vice President of the Catholic Club, and a member of other prominent social, literary and political clubs.



JAMES E. SULLIVAN.

James E. Sullivan is the most prominent figure in the American athletic world. For years he has labored faithfully in the cause of pure amateur sport,



THE LATE GENERAL ROSECRANS.

both in the athletic and cycling branches, and it is safe to say that no man has a better knowledge of the needs and requirements of amateur sport in this country to-day than has Mr. Sullivan.

Among the responsible offices held by Mr. Sullivan are those of secretary of the A. A. U., president of the Metropolitan Association of that same body, and chairman of the registration committee. He is also president of the New Jersey athletic club, besides holding membership in the Knickerbocker athletic club, Greenwich yacht club, Good Roads association, and the Catholic club of Jersey City.

In addition to managing athletic "meets" and carnivals and working industriously in advancing A. A. U. affairs, Mr. Sullivan also fills the office of president in the American Sports Publishing Company of New York.

The passing of brave old General Rosecrans removes the last of the great generals of the American rebellion.

His brother was Bishop Rosecrans, first Bishop of Columbus, Ohio.

The military career of General William Starke Rosecrans was one of which any man might well be proud. He fought heroically in the late war, and resigned his commission in the regular army in 1867,

and for a period in 1868 and 1869 was Minister to Mexico. He then retired to a large estate at San Rafael, Cal., and for several years was engaged in various railroad enterprises. He was in Congress from 1881 to 1885. In June, 1885, he was appointed by President Cleveland Register of the Treasury at Washington, and held that office until a short time ago. General Rosecrans was one of the noblest of men—confiding as a child and gentle as a woman.

SUGAR-MAKING TIME.

BY E. O. LAUGHLIN.

Before the tardy passing of the snow,
Before the warble of the bravest bird,
Or any hint of sylvan song is heard,
Before the boldest flowers presume to blow,
While nightly, still, the frost-sprites come and go
And drooping skies by frozen mists are blurred,
The maple's valiant heart with life is stirred
And summons from the secret springs below
Again the living sap. The winds blow cold,
The ice-forged fetters clank about its feet
And all the forest shudders as of old;
Yet still the maple's strong heart dares to beat
Till upward, up the sap begins to climb,
And cometh merry sugar-making time.

IN THE HAND OF GOD.

BY MARY F. NIXON

Good-bye, dear Love, I may not stay with thee.
He falsely spoke who said that parting e'er
Was sweet. Perchance the hope of meeting on
Some glad tomorrow makes it seem more fair.
But you and I, Sweetheart, have no such hope,
Until for us the gates of heaven shall ope.

Good-bye, my Heart! Our Bark of Love which sailed
The sea of life is sunk beneath the wave.
Alas! to leave you sad and lonely is
My hardest fate. Not so! the love you crave
There's one will give more loving far than I;
I leave you in the hand of God — good-bye.

WHAT THE STORM BROUGHT.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

All night long the wind had whistled and shrieked from the northeast, flattening the waves and swirling their half-formed combs into the air, and then hurling them in a broadside of icy sleet across the deck of the doomed vessel. Somewhere off in the distance could be heard the dull reverberations of a foghorn, and the ghostly clang of a bell buoy; but above these and the shrieking of the storm rose the terrible crunching and grinding and gnawing of the jagged reefs as they tore their way through the metal sheathing and the strong oak planks and timbers.

As the night wore away the vessel yielded little by little to the inevitable. Her masts fell and her more vulnerable portions were wrenched apart and scattered upon the wild turmoil of the sea. One by one her crew were swallowed up in the mad vortex; and when the storm swept by and gray dawn appeared, there were only isolated bits of wreckage tossing among the floating windrows of seaweed which the storm had torn from the bed of the ocean. As the sun rose above the horizon two men were making their way across the sand dunes from different directions. When they met upon the beach they paused and acknowledged each other's presence.

"A hard night," said one, whose red face and rough dress seemed to indicate that he was a farmer.

"Yes, a terrible night," agreed the other, as he shaded his eyes and gazed anxiously out to sea. He was a tall man, whose shoulders were bent with age, and whose long white hair was swept about his face by the wind.

"You are a stranger here?" interrogated the red-faced man.

"Yes, my son's vessel is expected, and I came down to meet him. Did you hear a signal of distress during the storm?"

"I wa'n't sure, but thought so."

All about them the beach was covered with great masses of seaweed which had been brought up by the waves. The red-faced man's eyes glistened as he looked around.

"It has been a grand night's work," he said, exultingly. "This is my land, and the seaweed will be worth a hundred dollars to me, clear."

The old man did not answer. He was extricating a plank from the seaweed at his feet. And as it came to view there was part of a name in big, staring letters. The old man threw up his arms with a sudden cry.

"It is from my son's vessel," he said, and he fell upon the sand grovelling and moaning. The red faced man waited a moment, and then stooped to raise him up. But the old man was dead.

BOOK REVIEWS.

One of the most interesting books for American Catholics which has been published in recent years is "Our Lady of America," by Rev. G. Lee, C. S. Sp. The clear and simple narrative, recounting the apparitions of our Blessed Lady to the Mexican Indian, Juan Diego, in the year 1531, the wonderful appearance of the now famous picture of our Lady of Guadalupe upon his cloak, the erection of the magnificent temple of Guadalupe, in which the miraculous painting is preserved, the prodigies performed at this renowned shrine through the intercession of the Mother of God, the formal approval of Rome, especially through Benedict XIV. and Leo XIII. of the Guadalupan facts, and the faith of the entire Mexican people in the truth of the Guadalupan apparitions—all these things are related with a simple power which carries conviction. The whole spirit of the work is admirably expressed in the opening lines, "I believe that the Mother of God appeared on this continent, and spoke to its people, and left there a wondrous memorial of her visit." We heartily commend this book to American Catholic readers as a work which is replete with solid instruction and deep edification. We have no doubt that many will be surprised to learn from its pages that America, from its very discovery, I might say, has rejoiced in a miraculous manifestation of the power of our Blessed Lady, which rivals in its claims upon our reverence the wonders of Loretto or Lourdes. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.; $1.00.

The most complete exposition of the question at issue between Catholics and Anglicans with regard to the mooted question of the validity of Anglican orders is the "Vindication of the Bull Apostolicae Curae," written by the bishops of the Catholic hierarchy of England in defence of the Papal settlement of that vexed question, and in reply to the answer of the Anglican bishops issued shortly after the Canterbury conference. The whole point in dispute is thoroughly discussed from its historical and theological standpoint, and the labors of former controversialists are summarized and put in the clearest and most convincing way. Though small in compass, this brochure presents an exhaustive and comprehensive discussion of the whole subject, and will be eagerly read by all who wish to become acquainted with the status of this celebrated theme of controversy. London, New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; 35 cents.

"Catholic Practice at Church and at Home" is a valuable little manual of instructions and explanations, supplying to Catholics a complete guide and unfailing source of information. How to act under all circumstances connected with the exercise of one's religion is told in language so simple and clear that even a child may understand. It defines the duties of parishioners to their pastor, to the church, home and family, and must prove an important aid to clergymen. Every home should have a copy of this comprehensive little book, the headings of the chapters are in themselves sufficient testimony of its value, and of the scope of its work. Among the more important are the following:

The Parish, Baptism, Private Baptism, Holy Mass, Postures and Actions at Mass, Mass Offerings, Obligation to Hear Mass, The Word of God, Public Prayer, Congregational Singing, Holy Communion, Confession, Annual Confession, Sick Calls, Calling the Priest, Preparation of the Sick Person, Preparation of the Sick Room, Articles for the Sick Room, Administration of the Last Sacraments, Assisting the Dying, Funerals, Matrimony, the Marriage Ceremony, Holydays of Obligation, Fasting and Abstaining, Fast Days in the United States, The Support of the Pastor, Instruction of Children, The Parochial School, The Sunday School, Religion at Home, Blessings and Blessed Articles, Articles of Devotion, The Principal Devotions, Vespers, Benediction, Plenary Indulgences, The Forty Hours' Adoration, The Way of the Cross, The Rosary, The Scapular, Novenas, Pious Organizations in the Parish, Conduct toward the Pastor and Others of the Clergy.

The author, Rev. Alexander Klauder, has supplied a need much felt in many families, and has earned the gratitude of many, who by studying "Catholic Practice at Church and at Home," or even by referring to it when emergency arises, will be helped to observe properly the external exercise of

their religion. Angel Guardian House, Boston. Price, 25 and 50 cents.

The foibles of middle-class society in London, the utter forgetfulness of the best and purest ideals of life, brought about by the false views of life, which gradually claim dominion over the minds of drawing-room devotees, furnish the subject matter of George Gissing's interesting novel, "The Whirlpool." The story opens with a pleasing picture of the hero, Harvey Rolfe, a confirmed bachelor, who finds all the pleasure in life, which he craves, among his books, with an occasional recreation at his club. This easy, quiet and withal happy life is crossed by the shadow of a vain, superficial woman, who destroys the repose of the bachelor's life and drags him into the whirlpool of society. The flatteries of society turn her head, unfit her for the duties of wife and mother, the petty intrigues and whisperings disturb the peace of the household, old friends are estranged, and the folly of deserting the common, every-day duties of life for the vanities of a shallow, insincere society is graphically set forth for the reader's observation. The characters are drawn with a bold, free hand. The power of analysis displayed shows a deep insight into character, and the interest of the story never flags. New York, London: Frederick A. Stokes & Co.; Boston: Little, Brown Co.; $1.25.

Within beautiful covers of white and gold, Margaret B. Downing lovingly traces the annals of Loretto Academy, Florissant, Missouri, in a splendid souvenir volume, entitled "Chronicles of Loretto." The golden jubilee of Loretto, celebrated on June 21, 22, 23, 1897, occasioned the present volume, which is truly a labor of love, a heart offering from one who is intimately acquainted with the spirit of the Florissant Loretto and feels the strength of the bond which unites its children to the old and sacred sanctuary beside the banks of the Missouri. A charming account of the life of Rev. Charles Nerinckx, the founder of Loretto, with his sublime trust in Divine Providence, opens the volume, while the other parts are devoted to the history and development of Loretto at Florissant and the splendid jubilee exercises which were celebrated in thanksgiving for its fifty years of usefulness. Incidentally, we learn much of the early history of Catholicity in Kentucky, Missouri and the far West, and our unstinted admiration goes out to those pioneers of religion who performed such herculean labors for the faith in the most trying circumstances. All these things are told in the volume before us with a grace of style which captivates and with a literary touch which makes the whole story one grand prose poem. Beautiful illustrations adorn the pages, giving the reader an idea of the beauties of the Florissant Loretto, while portraits of some of the noble men and women to whom Loretto owes its present greatness are given during the course of the narrative. There is also a fac-simile of the poem written by Maurice Francis Egan in honor of the golden jubilee festivities. New York, Akron, Chicago: D. H. McBride & Co.

"Idylls of Old New England," by Clarence Hawkes, with illustrations by R. Lionel De Lisser and Bessie W. Bell, is a beautiful volume of poems which treats of New England scenes and thoughts inspired by them. The author, who became blind at twelve years of age, shows a wonderful faculty of interpreting life and giving expression to high and noble thoughts in simple, moving language. Another characteristic, which stands forth prominently in these short poems is the display of hard common sense, so typical of the old New Englander, whose thoughts the author is putting into verse. The author of these striking poems is intensely human, and has learned the secret of playing upon the chords of the human heart. We recommend this beautiful volume as a desirable addition to every family library. The illustrations are numerous and beautiful, and portray New England scenes. Picturesque Publishing Co., Northampton, Mass.; $1.50.

A volume of short poems by Teresa Beatrice O'Hare, entitled "Songs at Twilight," and dedicated to Right Rev. Bishop Watterson of Columbus, has recently appeared. These poems range over a wide variety of subjects and form a series of simple strains expressing the thoughts of the author in simple, heartfelt language. Many little gems of thought will be found scattered through these simple verses, while the tone of all is deeply religious. The Columbus Printing Co., Columbus, Ohio.

"Ide Songs and Sonnets," by Harrison Conrard, is a volume of short poems, in which the author proves himself the possessor of a rich fancy and deep poetic instinct. His smoothly flowing verses, ex-

pressed in happy diction, are sure to please and interest the reader. The Editor Publishing Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A lecture on "Socialistic Fallacies," which was delivered with great success by Rev. Thomas H. Malone, editor of the Colorado Catholic, before the citizens of Denver, has been published in pamphlet form. It will well repay perusal, for it traces the genesis and development of the socialistic idea in society, and the destructive consequences to which it leads in the terse, clear way which distingushes the productions of the reverend author. Denver, Col.: Home Publishing Company; 15 cents.

A splendid edition of the "New Testament" for general use has just been published. It is printed in clear, new type, which is large and attractive, and is handsomely bound in specially imported cloth, with red edge and round corners. It is the best edition of the New Testament which has been placed before the public, and should have a large sale. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.; $1.00.

"The Acolytes' Companion" is a ceremonial and prayer book combined, with rules and regulations for establishing and governing a sanctuary society. The author is a member of a religious community, and has taken his compilation from approved sources. Besides the prayers for Mass, there are instructions for sanctuary boys at High Mass, Pontifical Mass, Vespers and the different functions of the ecclesiastical year. It is a book which every sanctuary boy should have, and will be welcomed by all who have charge of the training of boys for the service of the altar. St. Louis: B. Herder; cloth, 50 cents; French morocco, $1.00.

We are in receipt of a new publication, "The Little Month of St. Joseph," published by the Brothers of Charity of the House of the Guardian Angel, Boston. It is an illustrated brochure of seventy pages, containing exercises for each day of the month of March, a novena to St. Joseph, the seven joys and sorrows of St. Joseph, the devotion to the Cord of St. Joseph, and other prayers, to which is added a list of indulgences, with which these various devotions have been enriched by Popes Pius IX. and Leo XIII. The price of the book is ten cents by mail. It has the imprimatur of the archbishop of Boston. Those who wish to obtain this little book of devotion and help a deserving charity should address Brother Jude, 85 Vernon street, Boston.

The poetry and prose in the Fifth Reader of the series "Stepping Stones to Literature," published by Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston, are of a very high order. There are poems that have become classics, which all children will be glad to learn and remember; of these are Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," Scott's "Love of Country," "America," "The Old Clock on the Stairs," "The Song of Steam," "The Death of the Flowers," "The Old Oaken Bucket," Miss Procter's beautiful "Legend of Bregenz," and Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin." These are favorites which never grow old.

"The Traveler's Daily Companion" contains the prayers for a journey, taken from the Roman Breviary, besides short forms of daily prayers, Mass devotions, etc. The volume is so small that it easily fits the upper vest pocket, and may be continually carried about without causing the slightest inconvenience. Benziger Bros., New York. Price, five cents.

New Music Received.

From Flanner's Music House, Milwaukee, Wis.: For Piano—Calve Waltzes, Milwaukee Carnival March. Vocal—"I Can Forgive, but Not Forget." "When Love Was Young."

From Louis H. Ross & Co., Boston, Mass.: For Piano—Carnival Bells Waltzes, by Louis D. Sprette; Twilight Whispers, by George H. Ryder; Union Two Step, Malcolm Edwin Nichols. Vocal—"Love Me, Sweet," words by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, music by George F. Ormsby. Cradle Song, words by E. E. Rexford, music by Kate Vannah.

At the close of the session of the "Catholic Summer School" at Plattsburg, N. Y., last August, it may be remembered an association under the title of "The Alumnae Auxiliary Association of the Summer School" was formed. It was one of the features of that session and was indeed a fitting and cheering end to the successful meeting.

Many of the women friends of the Catholic Chatauqua had long wished to see some representative woman movement which would bind the members more closely together and be the common centre from which would radiate deep and intelligent sympathy in the Summer School and its life-giving principle—the Reading Circle.

The ladies and their valued advisors felt all this and, weighing the many suggested plans, proposed this Alumnae; taking its roots in the graduating classes of the various schools and colleges, conventual and lay, and spreading out its branches to the many bright, intelligent women who, while not bearing the high-sounding insignia of graduation, had already made their mark in literature or were walking bravely in its paths.

Over thirty-five schools, mainly from the central and eastern States, were represented at the first meeting. The movement met with the warm approval of the officers of the Summer School and much enthusiasm prevailed. Perfect freedom in the expression of individual opinion was encouraged and after two or three sessions a simple but comprehensive constitution was drawn up and adopted. All present seemed to grasp the possibilities for good in this society by spreading the spirit of the Summer School, enlightened ambition for the acquirement of knowledge, and a kindly, social feeling among Catholics. The first practical step taken by the infant society was a resolution to devote the initiation fees to the founding of a chair at the Summer School—whether for history or literature or some other branch will probably be decided at the annual meeting to take place at "Cliff Haven," Plattsburg, the first week of August, 1898. It will be with pardonable pride that our sisters of the Alumnae will in future years point to the "Alumnae Chair" as the oldest of the Catholic Summer School, unless, indeed, the gentlemen should steal a march on us by announcing that they have founded one and appointed some one of our ripe scholars to fill it. Why, then we can only take our sweet revenge by claiming woman's high and sacred privilege of having inspired the good work. Gentlemen! The field is open—we ask no odds.

The necessary publishing of the association was quietly done, delegates were appointed to carry the good tidings to the different cities, and the entertainment and reception given by the New York branch at the "Boland Trade School," 51st street and Madison avenue, New York, brought together over one thousand people, warm sympathizers in the movement.

Rev. M. J. Lavelle, rector of the Cathedral and president of the Summer School, presided and cordially recommended the association. Miss Goessmann, president of the Alumnae, gave an interesting review of the objects of the movement and the rest of the evening was given up to social enjoyment, very much increased by music and recitations. This first formal-social business meeting gave much hope for the future, and presented to the mind pleasant pictures of possibilities for this the youngest child of the great Summer School. Social gatherings, enquiries, responses, better understanding of the self-culture movement, enthusiasm in the "Reading Circle" with its living encyclopedia, many Summer School meetings and last, but by no means least, the discovering and bringing forward of much hidden talent—are a few of the guiding lighthouses in the broad ocean of the "Alumnae Auxiliary Society of the Catholic Summer School."

—Mary Lalor Mitchell.

A Great Charity.

The care of incurable patients is the noble work to which the Sisters of Charity of the Holy Ghost Hospital, Cambridge, devote their lives. From their recent report we clip the following to show the character of the work and a few of the difficulties the good Sisters are called upon to overcome:

Cases of cancer outnumbered all others: one dear old creature had two, one on the side and one on the hand. She had lived alone, in an attic room; but after she came to the hospital, she said she was in no hurry to go to Heaven, she felt so happy and contented. She died, blessing and praying for all who had helped to procure her such a home.

We have also treated lung troubles, scrofula in all its worst forms, dropsy, paralysis, heart disease, hip, joint and bone diseases, rheumatism, abscesses, tumors, and blindness.

We confidently hope we do not appeal in vain for this class of sufferers, who cannot be taken in regular hospitals. The hospital is intended for all, regardless of creed, color or nationality. There is no question here of luxuries. The necessary expense of such a work must in any case, even with strict economy, be considerable. Still we feel that the perusal of our column of receipts and expenses will convince our readers that every dollar given has been, and shall be, expended either toward the building fund or directly for the benefit of the patients. In the care of the sick, not only the nursing but most of the domestic work has been done by the Sisters, with what little assistance a few of the patients could give.

The furnishing of one hundred rooms, of different dimensions, and for different uses, now awaits our attention. As our only source of revenue is charity, we would here remind you that we rely on the generosity of the citizens of Cambridge, Boston, and other cities and towns, to come to our assistance in this part of the work by furnishing a ward or room, by giving beds or any article of furniture such as are needed in hospitals. We might here add that the cost of furnishing a single room in the simplest manner for a single patient is about $25.00, other rooms in proportion.

About the House.

Here are some good suggestions about artistic frames for pictures:

It is necessary nowadays that the frame of a picture should be as artistic in its way as the picture itself. Not costly, perhaps; indeed, the frame must always be subordinate to the picture. No effort in the way of framing will improve a bad picture, while a good one may be all but ruined by an unsuitable setting.

Etchings, photogravures and pictures in black and white are best framed in narrow mouldings of the natural woods, cherry, holly, or oak. Even plain pine, which often has a beautiful grain, if oiled or treated with oak filler and then stained with light oak or maple, makes a very modest and pretty frame. Another pretty way to treat a pine frame is to rub burnt sienna or umber or Vandyke brown into the outer edge for half an inch, shading it lighter toward the inner edge of the frame. Let this dry, and oil with linseed oil, which brings out the grain of the wood. Large photographs from paintings often look well in a broad, flat frame of this sort without a mat, while etchings are improved by a wide, warm cream or soft bluish mat.

Oil paintings require richness of frame, either real or simulated. A young woman, who is a clever artist, although she is not yet famous, has a couple of studies in oil framed in rough, unplaned pine plank, heavily gilded and artistically splashed with bronze toward the outer edges.

Water colors require a happy medium between the richness desirable for oil paintings and the severe simplicity which an etching demands. Landscapes look best in simple, narrow frames; a figure piece will bear a more decorative frame, while a portrait takes a broad, rich setting.

Another artist, with more taste than money, has a delicious bit of water color in a flat pine frame on which is roughly etched spikey, thorny branches; the frame was then oiled and the design painted in sepia. A silvered frame had the design brought out in black. A quaint conceit for a marine view is to cover the frame with old fish net, gild the whole and glue small star fish and shells in the meshes of the net, but one wants to deal very carefully in these realistic frames. Chains and horseshoes and whips and dog collars are to be avoided as a setting for pictures, along with plush and bows of satin ribbon.

A New York author, who paints with equal charm with brush or pen, makes his own mats from large sheets of cardboard, and sometimes, indeed, from delicately tinted blotting paper.

Pet animals are a well-known source for bringing disease germs into the house.

Such are easily carried in the hair or on the feet of the animal. A cat that had left its little mistress, who was sick with diphtheria, was picked up by another child and fondled. Soon the second child sickened with diphtheria and died. As no other possible source was ever discovered, it seems not only reasonable but probable that infection was carried by the cat. Investigation rapidly progresses into channels never before dreamed of, sources of diseases are being brought to light, and as soon as persons will read and practice great good will result. The most important thing to be realized by the laity is the value of the precautionary measures to be taken in the initial case of an infectious disease. That properly looked after may cause it to be the last as well as the first in a community.

Again I advocate visiting and receiving visitors—in a moderate degree, of course. Nothing so narrows the mind and habits of a person as being cooped up at home with never a break in the monotony of work, work, work. Some may take exception to the phrase, "cooped up at home." Home should be the dearest spot on earth; this is conceded by every one. But there can certainly be monotony in a home where there is a seemingly endless routine of work and no variation. A continual round of pleasure even will grow monotonous after a time; how much sooner will endless, changeless work? Seeing people and talking to people broadens the mind and prevents one from narrowing down to thoughts of self alone.

All these things can be attended to properly by the average housewife with good health, if she will use common sense and system. A place for everything and everything in its place; a time for everything and everything on time, with only an occasional necessary exception.

The woman who is both nurse and mother to her baby will find a bathing apron an article of apparel not to be despised. When giving a child its morning bath, a correctly made apron will prevent the mother's gown from becoming soiled and wet.

The best apron for the purpose is made of two thicknesses of flannel with a piece of rubber between them. Such an apron will require two yards of soft flannel. When the apron needs washing the rubber cloth can easily be removed.

A simple way of preventing a child from sucking its thumb is to put over the little hand a Canton flannel mitten. Have the mitten made very large, so that it will be perfectly comfortable, and pin it with a safetypin to the sleeve of the nightgown. If faithfully tried it will be but a little while before the baby will have forgotten that thumbs were never made to suck.

The training of children has become a scientific question. A famous man gives the following things that children should be taught:

That teasing is a positive crime.

That they must eat bread before pastry.

That bedtime is not a "movable" hour.

That they must speak respectfully to the servants.

That weeping over bruises is unworthy sturdy beings.

That they should not appeal to one parent from the decision of another.

That punishment follows in the wake of prevarication and of deceit more swiftly than it follows active mischief.

That it is in bad taste for them to tell all that they learn of the neighbors' domestic arrangements through playing with the neighbors' children.

I have just read a most elaborate description of how to make a parlor lamp from a box. The instructions are accompanied by a cut, a very fetching cut, and if one didn't have common sense one might be tempted to try to make this wonderful lamp; but when you calculate the outlay in materials, gold paint, salmon pinks and sage green, besides the hardware supplies needed, and the amount of time and temper required to make a success, you will decide to buy a parlor lamp if you must have one. I often wonder why women will waste time and energy in the most trivial occupation while so much real work is waiting to be done. Out in the world there is such dire need of intelligent, helpful service, so many craving a kind word, a little help over a rough spot, and those who have most time to spare are dawdling it away in selfish amusements or in excessive devotion to their own interests.

Making Friends.

Unless we are capable of being true friends ourselves it is impossible to have true friends. It is only selfish to imagine true friends should be ours when we do not make ourselves worthy of their friendship.

Just as the wayside wildflower very often exhales a rarer fragrance than the more beautiful hothouse flower, so, too, very often the little things of life cast more sweetness into it than the greater ones. A pleasant greeting, a few timely words of congratulation or sympathy, a few flowers sent to the sick or distressed, and the desire to make others feel the kindly helpfulness and cheerfulness of one's company, are the little common every-day things which not only gain friends but make one truly loved. A thoughtful, refined mind is never oblivious to the feelings of others, but, on the contrary, is ever solicitous to make them happy. Such a mind is doubly repaid in its own beautiful, priceless possession.

Beautiful characters are acquired, not by life dealing more kindly with them, but in their dealing more kindly with life. There is an old saying: "Life is what we ourselves make it." If we are easily dissatisfied and always on the alert for slights; if we deem kind words valueless, and cultivate hauteur, it is not surprising that happiness should hold itself aloof from us, and that our society be neither sought for nor desired.

In making friends, kind words are worth much and they cost little. They prevent a great deal of that perverseness which censorious usage often produces in otherwise generous minds. Goethe says: "Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together," and Lamartine tells us, "Kindness is virtue itself."

True friendship is born from true character. He or she who is true to self is true to everybody. Those who prove themselves to be always loyal, always true, frank and upright towards us, yet kind,—not afraid to compliment us and not afraid to reprove us for our own good, are what Alcott beautifully terms them: "The leaders of the bosom, being more ourselves than we are, and we complement our affections in theirs."

Love is the synonym of God, and friendship is so closely akin to it that love clothes it in its own beauty. If we were more earnest in exercising the true spirit of religion true friendship would not be such a rare thing, and the world would be made the brighter and truer.

—Julia Teresa Butler.

The Literary Woman and Law.

As the reporter stepped into a well-known lawyer's office yesterday afternoon he met a lady coming out and spoke to her. He really wished to talk to her a moment on some literary work in which she was interested, being a writer of some note, but there was a disturbed and uncomfortable look in her eyes and about the corners of her mouth which decided him to wait until a more auspicious occasion. So he merely bowed and passed on into the office, where he met the lawyer, who also showed signs of perturbation.

"By jove!" exclaimed the attorney with sincere emphasis, "if there is anything more than any other thing that will provoke a man in eighteen places at once it is to have some woman or other tell him what his business is when he knows more about it in a minute than forty women know in a thousand years; and that one who just went out of here is one of them."

Of course, this wild foaming of speech rather excited the reporter's curiosity, and he asked for a few more scattering particulars which he might put together at his leisure.

"Well, she's a literary woman, as you know," said the lawyer, "and as far as literature is concerned she's all right, and I haven't a word to say. But what does she know about the law?"

The reporter shook his head, because if the attorney didn't know he, the reporter, did not.

"That's what I say," continued the lawyer, "and, by jove, she came in here to consult me about a mortgage she had received on a loan of 4,000 and odd dollars that she was frightened about and insisted on my having the mortgage copyrighted so she would be protected by preventing the mortgager from writing any more like it. Now, what do you think of that? Copyrighting a mortgage! Didn't I tell you she was all right in literature, but isn't any earthly good in law? Copyright a mortgage!"

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are a simple and convenient remedy for Bronchial Affections and Coughs. Sold only in boxes.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

The Little Gold-Digger.

By Ada E. Herrick.

It was a beautiful world, a very beautiful world, the child thought. She sat on a fence by the roadside, kicking her bare heels against the second rail. The meadows stretched before, wide and green, crossed by stone walls and zigzag fences; beyond was a wood, where the tall trees nodded and waved all day, and the almshouse before it, with door ajar and a thin column of smoke curling lazily upward from the kitchen chimney. The sky was a deep blue; low over the treetops hung fleecy white clouds, too bright to look at long. A beautiful world, and the child could see where the sky came down to meet it, very far away, of course, beyond those dim purple mountains. It was pleasant to imagine the world walled in by hills and roofed by a beautiful sky.

"It's just like a big house," said the child, "and the valleys are the rooms, some of them very large like this, and some very small, like the place where I used to live. I wonder what the houses are, then, —oh, I know; they're the furniture; only how much nicer furniture some rooms have than others. Now, Squire Burton's room has beautiful furniture," continued the little girl, looking steadfastly at the cupola of a square, white house, whose slated roof was visible over the top of a neighboring knoll. "But our furniture isn't much," turning her eyes toward the house on the edge of the pine wood. The problem that has troubled the poor for ages troubled her small mind that morning. Why should some people have so much more than others? What had they done to deserve it? Mrs. Burton, the young squire's pretty wife, had servants to do her work and to run at her bidding, a beautiful carriage to ride in, and a whole village to do her honor; while poor Aunt Betsy at the almshouse worked from morning until night, washing clothes and scrubbing floors, and all she got for it was a print dress once a year, a little, hot room under the roof, and three meals a day which were never very good. Little Helen, the squire's daughter, never had to substitute a pillow tied about the middle and wrapped in a shawl for a real doll, or to stay away from Sunday school because her shoes were too shabby to wear. No; Helen had dolls in plenty, pink-cheeked beauties, whose golden hair was as fine and silky as her own, and innumerable other toys, which, rumor had it, filled one of the largest rooms in the house and overflowed into the playhouse on the lawn. Helen wore beautiful dresses, silk stockings and soft, fine shoes. It was pretty hard. Priscilla sighed as she recalled a particular dress, white, with a blue silk sash and knots of blue ribbon on the shoulders—she had always coveted that dress.

But no wonder Helen could have pretty things, since her father's land was full of gold. Priscilla had heard them say so at breakfast that very morning.

"Burton's no right to complain," the hard-featured matron had said. "Though he didn't get his father's money, he got the land, and that's full of gold."

The metaphor had taken possession of Priscilla's imaginative little brain. A man who had land full of gold must be a very rich man, indeed. It must be delightful, whenever one wanted money, to go out and dig it up. Then she came to wonder whether the squire ever let poor people dig a little; if his land was full of it, he wouldn't miss a few pieces. Not that Priscilla thought of stealing, for she was scrupulously honest, neither did she intend to beg, but she wanted to earn some money, "for perhaps," she said to herself, "if I could have a white dress with blue ribbons, some lady who hadn't any little girl would want me to come and live with her." Poor little Priscilla had been quick to feel the stigma attached to the dreary place she called home; even her school teacher, she felt sure, would like her better, were it not for the nickname, "Poorhouse Pris," the townsfolk had given her when she first came to the almshouse with her mother years ago. This home charity offered her had seemed tolerable while her mother was there to shield and comfort her, but now that the dear mother was dead, and she was grown, as the matron said, a great girl, she sickened of the dull cleanliness of its drab-painted rooms, of the coarse garments of the paupers, of the garrulity of the old men and women, of the matron's shrill scolding. She had come by degrees to regard the place as a jail, which kept her from the bright, beautiful life other

children enjoyed, and to search her mind for a plan to escape. She knew that she was pretty, for had not old Uncle David told her so time and again, while he stroked her hair and called her his gypsy queen? And had not Mary Quinn whispered to her that her eyes were like the Blessed Virgin's? So who could predict, then, what a white dress and blue ribbons might accomplish, if she could only buy them? Now at last it seemed to her that the chance had really come. The squire hired people to dig potatoes and parsnips; perhaps he would hire her to dig gold.

The little bare feet slid from the rail and scampered away through the tall grass in the direction of the house with the cupola. But as Priscilla came nearer and nearer the house, she stopped running and began to walk. She was a little frightened now, but the thought of turning back never entered her mind, occupied as it was with its vision of dainty muslin and fluttering ribbons. She walked slowly up the flag walk to the piazza steps, on which little Helen sat, playing with her dolls. Her father and mother had gone out driving, Helen said in answer to Priscilla's timid inquiry for the squire. Did the little girl want to see him very much? She might come into the drawing-room to wait, or Helen would take her out in the yard and show her the playhouse.

The two children ran hand in hand across the lawn. Helen exhibited the treasures the little house contained with great politeness. Then she offered Priscilla a small rocking chair, placed a big doll in her arms, and sat down opposite, with the Empress Josephine on her knees. Priscilla looked with adoration into Helen's sweet face, serious with the responsibility of entertaining her father's caller; then dropped her eyes upon the smiling features of the doll she held—such a beautiful doll, resplendent in pink silk and lace, more beautiful than any she had imagined in her wildest dreams. Ah, if she could only have such a doll to love! The maternal instinct stirred within her breast. Her arms tightened around the pink silk waist, and she drew a deep sigh of contentment.

"What's your name?" asked Helen, glad to see her guest's shyness disappear. Up to this moment the conversation had been confined to toys. When the opportunity to make it personal presented itself, Helen was prompt to seize it.

"Priscilla."

"Mine's Helen. I think your name is prettier than mine, 'cause it has such a nice long sound. Where do you live?"

"Over there by the woods."

"I guess I've never been at your house," said Helen slowly, after a long pause, during which she recalled the dreadful stories her brother had told her of people being beaten and starved to death in that house "over there by the woods." Fearful of having offended by her hesitation, she tried to make amends by adding, "It must be a very pretty place to live. I love the woods, don't you?"

"Yes," answered Priscilla. There was another long silence. Roused from the dream of happiness into which she had fallen by this reference to the almshouse, Priscilla realized that the morning was going fast and that her wages for that day at least would be very small, indeed, unless she got to work soon. She wondered if Helen would know about the gold. She decided to ask her.

"Helen," she said, "do you know whether your father wants to hire a digger?"

Helen dropped her doll in her amazement.

"A what?" she asked.

"A digger, to dig gold for him. They said at—my home,"—Priscilla did not like to say "the poorhouse," — "that your father's land is full of gold, and I thought maybe—I didn't know but what he'd like to hire me to dig it. You see, I'm not very rich, and I want to earn some money."

Helen's warm little heart was touched. She had tried not to notice the shabbiness of her companion's clothes, but all the time she had been saying to herself, "Poor little girl; I wonder if she hasn't a nicer dress?"

"I think he'd be real glad," she said impulsively. "I'm sure he would; but you see, he may not come home until very late, and I shouldn't know where to tell you to dig. Perhaps Raynor'll know. He knows everything. That's he, crossing the lawn. I'll ask him."

Raynor justified his sister's confidence in his knowledge by pointing out the exact locality where the gold was to be found.

"You go along through the orchard till you come to the big apple tree by the fence. That's the place. Run along, small digger. I'll give you ten cents an hour. You won't need a basket. If you find the gold, you can come and tell me, and I'll get you something to put it into. You see, gold is scarcer some days than it is others," and the fun-loving boy strolled off, laughing, his hands in his pockets. When he had reached the house, he turned around to call out:

"You may tell Mike to give you a shovel,

Helen. Go out into the orchard with her if you want to, but don't dig yourself."

The shovel was heavy and the apple tree a long way off; but Priscilla was triumphant. She felt herself started on the road to fortune. It is true that Mike, though he handed her a shovel at Helen's command, shook his head disbelievingly, when told what was wanted of it.

"Shure, an' it's niver a bit o' gold as you'll be after findin' under the apple three. It's none so free with his gold was the owld miser, your grandfather, Miss Helen—rest his soul—as to sow it with his grass seed."

But Helen told Priscilla, when they were out of his hearing, that Mike was an ignorant man who could not be expected to know about the buried treasure.

"I wonder if we will find a great deal," she continued, skipping along by the gold digger's side. "I'm most sure if we do, papa will give you more than ten cents. Why he gives me ten cents for just nothing at all, and it's real hard work to dig, I suppose."

"Yes," answered Priscilla gravely. Ten cents an hour had seemed to her at first a very generous sum, but she had begun to wish it were to be fifteen or even twenty, for the shovel was very heavy and the apple tree such a long way off. She was tired already, but when Helen offered to help drag the shovel, she shook her curly head decidedly, having an honest pride which made her scorn to receive help from another in work for which she was to be paid. So she trudged painfully on, and Helen ran along beside her, chattering all the while in her sweet, high voice.

At last the tree was reached, and, after a short rest, during which the two children perched, like two birds, on the topmost rail of the fence, work began. Priscilla dug steadily, but when the dinner bell rang and Helen went back to the house, there was such a very small hole that Priscilla sat down beside it, and, putting her head down on her tired little arms, began to cry. It was really too bad. A whole morning's work and nothing to show for it but this hollow a foot deep, hardly big enough for a rabbit hole. As she sat there, sobbing softly, she heard heavy steps approaching, then a voice with rich Irish accent bidding her not be frightened. The cheerful, kindly tone reassured Priscilla. She raised her tear-stained face and looked with piteous appeal into as blue a pair of eyes as ever sparkled in the head of a son of Erin,—merry, trustworthy eyes that answered the unhappy child's look of entreaty with a mute promise of protection and assistance.

"Sure, an' have ye hurt yerself?" he asked, sitting down beside her and drawing the poor little figure into his arms with a tenderness that was almost maternal. "Tell Mike what's the throuble, mavourneen."

The disheartened little maid clung to the checked blouse of her comforter, wetting it with her tears. Little by little Mike drew from the child her pitiful story, and his merry face sobered as he thought of his young niece, Maggie, safe now in the beautiful home land, whose little feet might perhaps have strayed to this strange country and passed, like Priscilla's, over the threshhold of a poorhouse. He was somthing of a socialist, this great-hearted Irishman, and his mind was bitter against the rich, who allowed little hearts like this to break themselves against the bars of the cage into which the state thrust them in the name of charity.

"It's murther, an' the worst kind of murther," he thought, while he strove to comfort the little waif.

"Hush ye; hush ye," he whispered, and dropped a kiss on Priscilla's hair. He was only a laborer, and the child he kissed was a pauper,—small people, these two in the eyes of the world, and a small action, but an artist would have caught the spirit of the man and painted the glory of the Nazarene on his face.

"An' 'tis the poorhouse ye're wantin' to be leavin'? 'Tis Mike Flynn can help ye, poor little soul that ye are. Ye're lookin' for gold? An' the young man that's no more heart thin his owld grandfather had afore him, sint ye down here to kill yerself diggin' in the heat for nothing at all but his little joke. He was lyin' to ye; he's always up to such tricks, an' he likely thought 'twould be a foine joke to fool a little thing like ye. He's had his joke, an' his grandfather had his, an' the squire, he's been havin' his these twenty years, an' now I'll be after havin' av mine, an' it's the best av the lot, that it is. Ye're lookin' for gold? Hark ye! 'Tis a foine bit av the yellow curse I can put ye in the way av findin'. It's been there in the ground on the other side av the three iver since the owld rascal—dug a good deep hole yonder an' put it in an' kivered it all up nice an' left it there, where it couldn't do nobody any harm. I know it's there, for I helped him bury it, an' 'Mike,' says he to me, 'niver a bit av that money's my son to have.' An' says I, 'Right ye are, sor. 'Twould go like the wind, sor.' An' whin he was dead,

an' they was lookin' high an' low for the owld sinner's strong box, they niver so much as asked, 'Mike, d'ye know where 'tis? I kept mum, an' I'd not be helpin' the squire to't now, save for the likes av ye, for he's none so much better thin his father was. But if ye bring him the box, he'll pay ye well for it, an' ye'll rather have the laugh on Mister Raynor, that ye will. I'll show ye the spot where 'tis hid, an' likely I'll throw out a peck or so av dirt kind av to put ye in heart. I'll set the good to ye over aginst the promise I give the owld man, who niver kept a one himself

The man set the child on her feet, picked up the shovel and fell to work behind the tree. Priscilla, standing stupidly where he had left her, could hardly believe in her good fortune. So there was gold here, after all. Was that clear, metallic sound she heard the ring of it, or was it only the click of the shovel as it struck a stone mingling with the good man's chuckle in such merry music?

At last the old man stopped digging and called to Priscilla. She came slowly and looked into the hole.

"It s there," he whispered, placing the shovel in her hands. "Peck away, now, my bird, an' remember that owld Mike knows niver a thing about it."

Leaning on the shovel, Priscilla watched the bulky figure of her fairy godfather slouch toward the barn. She was too much astounded to dig as yet, but when she saw Helen crossing the orchard, she roused herself from her stupor sufficiently to push the shovel into the ground.

"Has she found anything?" she heard Helen ask eagerly. Mike's answer was scornful:

"A plinty av roots an' pebbles, Miss."

"Why, Priscilla, what a deep hole you've made!" cried Helen, when she had reached the apple tree. "Here, I've brought you a couple of sandwiches and a glass of ice water. Sit down and rest while you eat them."

Priscilla was glad of the food, for she was very hungry. She sat down on the grass to eat, while Helen fluttered around her like a bright little butterfly.

When the last crumb of bread and the last drop of water had disappeared, work began again and continued, with short intervals of rest during the long summer afternoon. Priscilla would hear of no division of labor, so Helen crouched on the grass beside her and scanned eagerly the shovelfuls of earth the little laborer threw one side. Priscilla worked steadily, and, as the hole grew slowly larger, the tired feeling began to go away, and in its place came a nervous excitement that stimulated the overworked muscles to further action. But where was the gold? That not a single piece had been found was certainly discouraging. But the good Irishman had said that she must work to find it. Each time the memory of the kind-faced old man came to her, her little hands clutched the shovel more tightly and pushed it hard into the earth, sometimes striking a stone, sometimes one of the roots of the old tree, which had twisted themselves into a network. So the afternoon wore on. The children were too absorbed to talk much. As the hole grew deeper and deeper, Helen got down on her knees and leaned over it, unmindful of the hard knocks her sunny head received from the clumsily managed shovel.

"I don't see anything bright down there," she said. "Oh, Priscilla," as the shovel struck something hard and recoiled with a sharp, metallic sound, "do you suppose it's the gold?"

Priscilla did not answer; the moment was too critical for words. She bent to her shovel with renewed energy, forgetting the pain of her hands, forgetting her tired arms, forgetting everything save that she was a gold digger, and that the gold was almost dug. Almost dug, did I say? I am wrong. The sun was getting low when the treasure was finally loosened from the earth. It required the combined strength of both children to raise it from the hole. A rusty iron box, very ugly, very heavy, and very dirty! They set it down on the grass and looked at it. Was this the box old Mike had helped to bury, and did it, as he said, contain gold? Priscilla looked at Helen, who was bending in great excitement over the box and pushing away with her fingers the soil which had adhered to the lid.

"Helen!"

The little girl raised a solemn face.

"Oh, Priscilla," she said, in an awed tone, "you don't know what you have found. It's better than gold. Papa will like it better. It's my grandpa's box."

Mr. Burton, rendered decidedly cross and uncomfortable by the heat of the day, was sitting in his library. Perhaps a little of his ill nature was due to the fact that money matters had been troubling him of late. It was hard to find ready money to meet his bills. Land may be a very good sort of property to hold, but it will neither pay debts nor buy clothing, and he thought very bitterly of the eccentric old man who had left it to him, together with the key of his strong box. Where was that box?

The question was a daily one in the Burton household. Everybody had theories about its hiding place, everybody from the heir himself down to the kitchen maid, but nobody had been able to find it. The village folk hinted that the old man had not meant they should, for his hostility to his son and his son's family was no secret.

The memory of his father was not, in consequence, a pleasant one to Richard Burton; in fact, he never thought of him save in connection with the mysterious disappearance of the strong box, which contained so much that was valuable to the son—bank notes, bills and money. Just then through the wide open door came his Helen and a stranger, a little ragged girl, with brown eyes and a mass of curly hair. They were carrying something between them very carefully, something that seemed to them of immense value, for there was a look of importance on their flushed faces. Brown and golden hair tossed in wild confusion. Helen's white dress was almost as soiled as the little stranger's, and her hands!—

But Richard Burton hardly noticed the forlornness of his daughter's appearance; his eyes were riveted on what they were carrying, she and the stranger child. He sprang forward and relieved the trembling arms of their burden, even before he heard Helen's joyful exclamation:

"She found it—Grandpa's box!"

Then the story of the small gold digger came out, and Mrs. Burton was called in to hear how Priscilla had wanted to get away from the poorhouse; how somebody had told her about the squire's gold, and how the boy had hired her to dig at ten cents an hour.

There were tears in Mrs. Burton's eyes when the story was finished. She took the forlorn figure into her arms and kissed the hot cheeks. Then she sent Priscilla away with her own little daughter.

After the children had gone hand in hand out of the room, she turned to her husband.

"Richard," she said, "she has done you a great service, and—she is just the age of our Helen."

There was nothing more said then, but Priscilla wore a white gown with blue ribbons to church the next Sunday, and sat beside Helen in the squire's pew.

An Interesting Report.

The Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company, of Hartford, Conn., has published its forty-seventh annual statement. It is the best that the company ever has made, and not only the officers but the 28,269 policy holders and all who are interested in the welfare of Hartford insurance, may well take pride in its convincing figures.

Owing to very favorable mortality among the insured the losses were much below the expectation. This is another evidence of the strength of the company, demonstrating that its policy holders are above the average in vigor.

Since 1889 the Phoenix Mutual has more than doubled its yearly income and its insurance in force. An old company, resting secure on productive assets, that were many of them secured before the present high prices, it has recently taken on new strength and activity, and its healthy growth and progress are demonstrating the wisdom and energy of its management.

For forty-six years the Phoenix Mutual occupied rented quarters. To-day it owns and has admirable offices in one of the finest business buildings in all New England. The Phoenix Mutual building stands on a choice site on Pearl street, near Main, and is of the latest and most improved construction and outfit throughout. The company has taken there room enough for the conduct of its growing business, and has already rented much of the rest to the Board of Trade, bankers, insurance companies and similar concerns.

The executive officers of the company are: President, Jonathan B. Bunce; vice-president, John M. Holcombe; secretary, Charles H. Lawrence; assistant secretary, William A. Moore; actuary, A. A. Welch; medical director, Dr. W. D. Morgan, and superintendent of agencies, Dr. G. S. Miller. The directors include many of the leading men in affairs in Hartford, and make what is recognized everywhere as a very strong board.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

QUESTION BOX.

"Subscriber" writes: "I have a beautiful painting of the Crucifixion which I greatly admire. The other day a friend told me he would have no use for it, as it is Jansenistic. What did he mean?"

Jansenism is a heresy. Its author, Jansen, was born in 1585, at Accoy, in the Dutch province of Leerdam. This heresy denied the freedom of the will and our power of resisting grace. Its tenets were harsh and cruel. Its views were that even the just cannot always keep God's commandments, that interior grace cannot be resisted, that we are free only from exterior compulsion, and not free from interior necessity, and that Christ did not die for all. This last view it expressed even in art. In ordinary crucifixes the arms of our Lord are extended, as embracing all men in His will for salvation. In Jansenistic crucifixes the arms are thrown forward, or only slightly extended, to signify that Christ did not die for all, but only for the good. The Church condemned this heresy, and it disappeared. Still, its evil influences were widespread, and its spirit endures even to this day, in a tendency to keep from Holy Communion virtuous persons who are restrained by doctrines of rigorism.

"Student" inquires: 1. What is meant by an established church? 2. Have we one in this country? 3. Is not Protestantism recognized by our government? 4. Have Catholics the same rights and privileges as Protestants? 5. Would it not be more desirable and better to have an established church, and so bring about union of church and state?

1. An established church is one recognized by the government in preference to all others, and upheld by the state's sanction. We have an example of this in the Anglican church in England. We refer to this as being well known and understood by the American people. In 1559 Queen Elizabeth and her government established Anglicanism as the official religion of England. This has been ever a cause of contention for the other Protestant sects of England, the Non-Conformists. The Catholic religion had long been the established religion in England, as in other Christian countries, and as it is to-day in many lands. But with the Reformation this was changed.

2. No. The Constitution of the United States accords to every man the free exercise of his religion, freedom of conscience, religious liberty; and makes no choice, no preference. Article I. of the Amendments to the Constitution, adopted in 1791, reads: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof."

3. By our government, no; by men in power, too frequently, yes. But even then it is only by prevarication and by hypocrisy that favors are distributed to one or more of the Protestant sects. Those who favor know they are in opposition to the spirit, if not to the letter of the Constitution. But we must not be surprised if men in politics yield to influence in this as in other matters. There are abuses continually to be fought against, as there are men ever ready to usurp, or to unlawfully use power.

4. Yes, so guaranteed by the Constitution. But Catholics are put in a position to contend more for their rights, and to accept often for less than their rights, while witnessing the grant to some favored Protestant sect of vast and desirable privileges. One reason may be that Catholics have not sufficiently awakened to the value of their position, to their equality before the law with followers of other religions. They still need to learn that what the law accords them is not a favor, but a right, to be demanded and to be held as a right. And since the law places their religion on an equality with other religions, their duty is to stand for the enforcement of the law to the security of their rights.

5. In this country we have no desire for union of church and state. We have no fault to find with the law in our regard. It grants to the Catholic Church full liberty to teach, to pray, to labor for the salvation of souls. As said above, abuses must be met and conquered. But the law is not to be changed, and the Catholics in no way desire an established church in the United States. It is not a question here of theory, of what is best theoretically, but a question of practical living and of practical results. People who live in other lands do not realize our position, and as they study the matter only in the light of their own experience, or on the basis of theory and principle, they think our condition deplorable. We know differently.

"R. M." writes: "Would you kindly inform me as to when the feast of St. Richard occurs? I think my patron is St. Richard of Chichester. Where was he born, when, and was he a martyr?

Butler's "Lives of the Saints" mentions four saints named Richard. Their feasts are marked respectively for February 7, April 3, June 9, August 21. They were all confessors, three being bishops and one a king. No one of them was a martyr.

Richard, an English prince, died at Lucca, in Italy, in 722, while on a pilgrimage to Rome. His feast is that of February 7.

The Richard whose feast is on June 9 was also an Englishman, and the first bishop of Andria, in Apulia. The Richard of August 21 is also mentioned as bishop of Andria, in Apulia. He died towards the close of the twelfth century, and is honored at Andria as patron of that church. Butler in the close of his article concerning this Richard says: "See his life in the Bollemdists on the 9th of June." Does he mean to imply that he of the 9th of June is identical with the one of August 21? There seems to be rather a vague history of the Richard of June 9.

Richard, whose feast is celebrated on April 3, was born in England, four miles from Worcester. "He died in a hospital at Dover, called God's House, on the 3d of April, in the year of our Lord 1253, of his episcopal dignity the ninth, of his age the fifty-sixth."

Richard studied at Oxford, then at Paris. Returning to England, he was made master of arts at Oxford. Later he went to Bologna, in Italy, to study canon law, and was made professor of that science. Again he returned to Oxford, and became chancellor of the university. St. Edmund, archbishop of Canterbury, made him his chancellor. And when St. Edmund was banished into France, Richard went with him. On the death of the archbishop, Richard entered a Dominican monastery in Orleans. Then he was ordained to the priesthood, and went back to England. Boniface, at this time archbishop of Canterbury, again established him as chancellor. In 1245, Richard was consecrated as bishop of Chichester. King Henry III. took this with bad grace, as he had sought the bishopric for an unworthy man, a court favorite. Richard for two years suffered persecution from the king, but finally prevailed over the monarch.

As bishop, his life was all of devotion to his flock. He was of great piety, of exceeding kindness to the poor, and an example of a mortified life. After his death his body was brought to Chichester and buried before an altar which he himself had consecrated in his cathedral to the memory of St. Edmund. On June 16, 1276, his remains were transferred to another place.

"Mother" asks the origin of "churching" for women, and wishes to know if it is obligatory.

Catholic mothers are, to a great extent, accustomed to make their first visit to the church after childbirth, one of thanksgiving to God. They ask the blessing of the priest and of the church. This is in imitation of our Blessed Lady's humility, who herself in no way coming under the law for Jewish women, still humbly complied with the requirements of the law.

This ceremony of the blessing or of the churching of women after childbirth is very ancient in the church. It is spoken of by St. Gregory the Great, who died in the year 604.

This churching is not of obligation.

"Reader" asks: "What should a Catholic think of the 'new religion,' the 'twentieth century religion,' and such like?"

The Catholic can have but one view on such matters. He has the religion of Jesus Christ, who is the same yesterday, to-day and to-morrow. This twentieth century religion, as it is called, claims that a creed, a formula of belief, in fact, belief itself, faith, is worse than nonsense. Dogma and ecclesiasticism are all wrong; great blunders, hindrances to humanity. The teaching and the mission of Christ were not needed, or, if needed in the past, are of no necessity now. We have "progressed" beyond such dependence. Love is sufficient; faith and hope we do not need. And so on, and so on, humbug and fantasy. The wonder is to see Protestants who have a belief in Christ associating with these twentieth century dreamers, and not realizing the peril to their established forms of religion. For Catholics, the course is evident. Were it anything less serious than religion, we could laugh at their weird imaginings, their unreasoned and unreasonable aberrations. But we will let them fight it out, and watch their mad endeavor to run as far as possible from Catholic teachings and Catholic influences. They have discarded faith and hope—a beautiful world they leave us—and still they cling to love, to the Golden Rule, without any belief in the author and sanctioner of the Golden Rule. They are running swiftly, and no doubt will soon catch up with Zola, who has even discarded love, who claims that justice is the power of the future, only justice. And when they've arrived to the side of Zola, and have become his running mates, like Zola, they will lose what they have already nearly abandoned—the idea of God, and "La Terre," which is Zolaesque for dirt and foulness, will be their absorption.

ST. JOSEPH'S SEMINARY, DUNWOODIE, N. Y. (rear view.)

MOST REV. M. A. CORRIGAN, D. D.,
Archbishop of New York.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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VOL. XXXIX. BOSTON, MAY, 1898. No. 5.

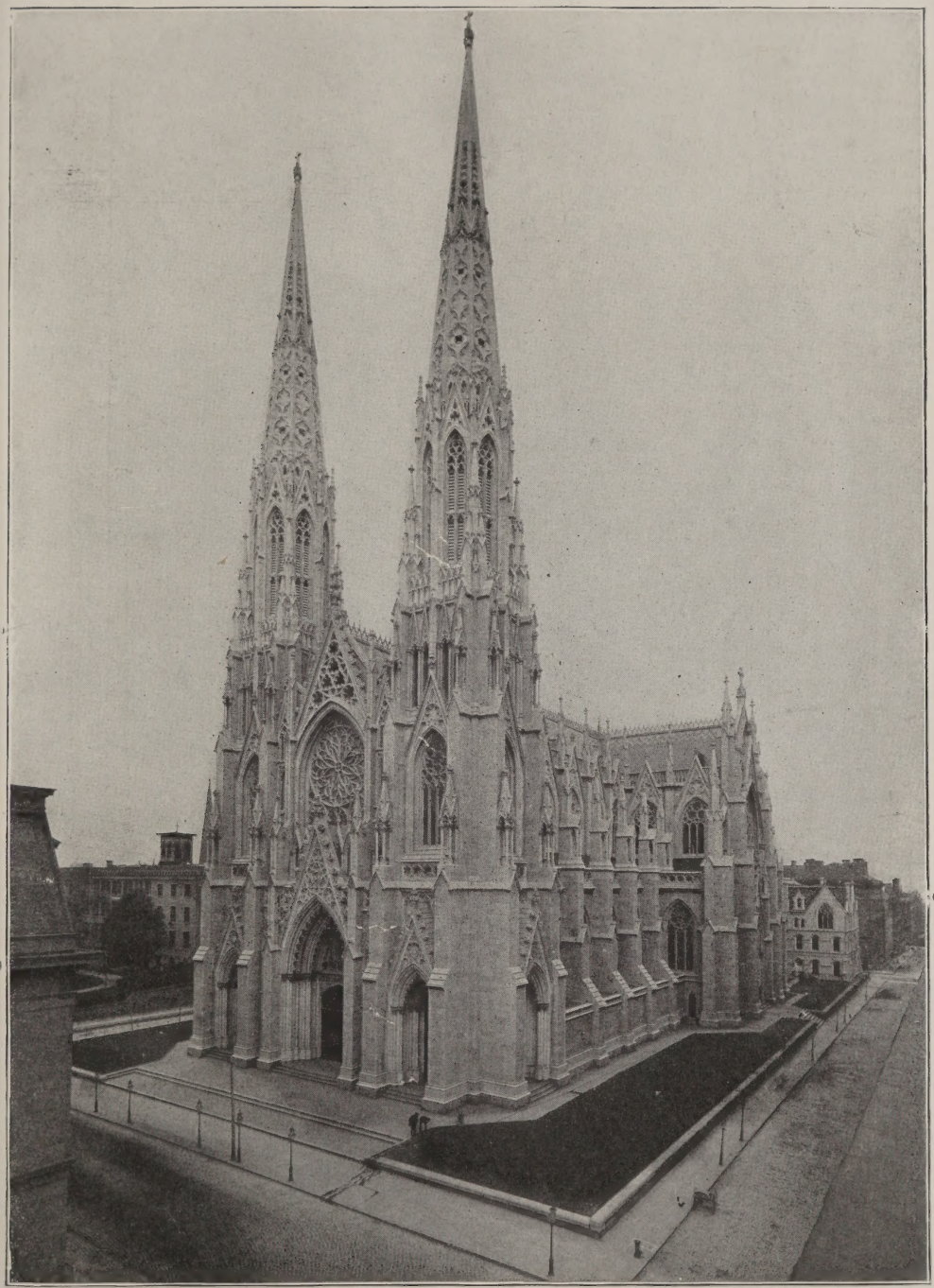
BY REV. DANIEL C. CUNNION.

In the year 1786, on the feast of St. Charles Borromeo, one of the patrons of the Archbishop of New York, the corner-stone of the first Catholic Church in the Empire City was laid. Time has worked marvelous changes since that day in every department of life in the metropolis, but none has been so conspicuous perhaps, as the growth and importance of Catholic interests in the archdiocese which celebrates this month the Silver Jubilee of its well-beloved prelate. Other denominations have experienced ordinary increase, some have been perceptibly weakened, but the grand old Church, counting her victories by the score in the greatest city of the Western Continent, stands to-day serene, vigorous and monumental, looking forward to the twentieth century as an era full of promise for her fuller development and glory. Apart from the special occasion which calls for jubilation, the Church in New York has ample reason to mark these declining years of the century with festive accent. Her history is replete with interesting detail and has not as yet found a satisfactory compiler. She has kept pace with the gigantic growth of the metropolis wherein she rules, and presents in many ways a topic of far-reaching and instructive interest to the social and economic student. She has moulded the various nationalities, which in notable array have settled in her fold, into a homogeneous whole, without violently arresting their racial instincts to the detriment of allegiance and faith. At the same time she has ever kept them in touch with American ideas, and by judicious guidance has prevented them from assuming those peculiar attitudes of national obstinacy, which in other sections of the country have excited the suspicion if not the open hostility of the native-born. With the days her financial status has taken on immense propor-

tions, while her development along educational, social and charitable lines has made her an exceptional diocese. True it is that she has been blessed in her prelates, two of whom providen-

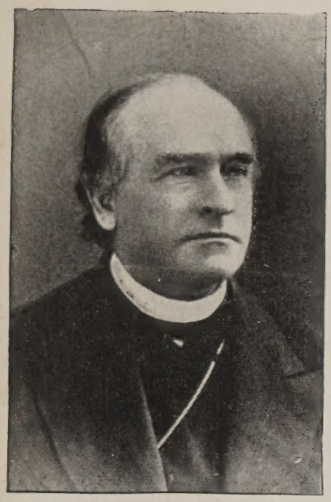
RT. REV. JOHN M. FARLEY, D. D.
Auxiliary Bishop of New York.

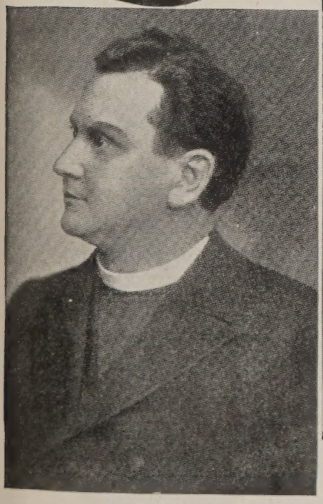
tially ruled long enough to stamp on her upbuilding, lasting and unmistakable signs of their noted characteristics. One gave her sturdiness, energy and pardonable aggressiveness, and by unflinching steadfastness to time-honored and inviolable principle, made her and her faithful respected and admired even by her enemies. The name of John Hughes is indissolubly linked with the greatness and glory of this vast archdiocese. He found it weak, crippled and well-nigh defenceless, but with every weapon known to Church and State, save the financial, he plodded on relentlessly until he left it strong, honored and impregnable. His enduring work was taken up by one whose methods were different, but



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL.

ST. JOSEPH'S SEMINARY, DUNWOODIE, N. Y.





Rt. Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, D. D.
Rochester.

Rt. Rev. P. A. Ludden, D. D.
Syracuse.

Rt. Rev. J. E. Quigley, D. D.
Buffalo, N. Y.

Rt. Rev. Chas. E. McDonnell, D. D.
Brooklyn.

Rt. Rev. James A. McFaul, D. D.
Trenton, N. J.

Rt. Rev. Henry Gabriels, D. D.
Ogdensburg.

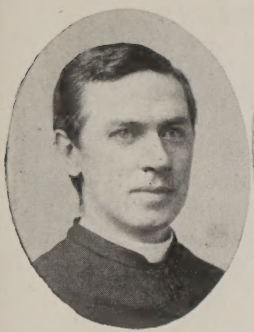
Rt. Rev. Thos, M. A. Burke, D. D.
Albany.

Rt. Rev. Michael W. Wigger, D. D.,
Newark, N. J.

RT. REV. MGR. JOSEPH F. MOONEY, V. G.

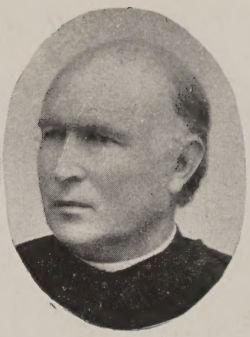
none the less effective. Circumstances and time altered the vantage ground, but did not impede the constructive effort. There was, so to speak, a change of base, but the operations toward healthier conditions and development went on apace under the gentle, though masterful sway of the saintly John McCloskey. One marvels, surveying the scene, although no unusual effort seems visible, at the steady, onward trend of ecclesiastical affairs, under the administration of the first Cardinal of the Western Hemisphere. And yet behind the shifting scenes of this panorama of incoming and domestic population which those years witnessed, there were ever present a firm hand and clear perception, a scholarly direction and administrative tact that are unsurpassed in the chronicle of Catholic regime in this country. The rapid increase of the faithful, necessitating the foundation of churches, schools and institutions of every charitable type, found a zealous custodian on the watch towers of Israel, who before he passed to his reward thought it prudent to ask for a coadjutor, to assist him in his declining years and ease his decrepit shoulders of the mighty burden that rested upon them. When the venerable prelate gave up his soul to God, October 10, 1885, his successor had already secured intimate knowledge of the ramifications of the archdiocese. The twelve years of his actual incumbency have been memorable, and the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of his Episcopate, invites a brief sketch of the outlines of his eventful life.

Most Reverend Michael Augustine Corrigan, D. D., at his birth in Newark, N. J., on August 13th, 1840, was under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Archbishopric of New York. His first years of academic training were spent at St. Mary's College, Wilmington, after which he passed to Mt. St. Mary's, Emmetsburg, graduating thence with high honors in 1859. He had the distinction to be the first student to enter the North American College, Rome, directly from the States; the other "twelve American Apostles," as they are called in College parlance, having been drafted from the College of the Propaganda, to begin the muster roll of the infant institution. Standing out in bold relief as the "*bambino*," the photograph of the original group shows his smiling face among such well-known ecclesiastical figures as Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco, Bishop Northrup of Charleston, Mgr. Seton of New Jersey, Dr. Edward McGlynn and Dr. Reuben Parsons of New York. He was ordained by Cardinal Patrizi on September 19, 1863, and returned a year later to his diocese, having gained the doctor's degree as a fitting finale to his theological course of painstaking

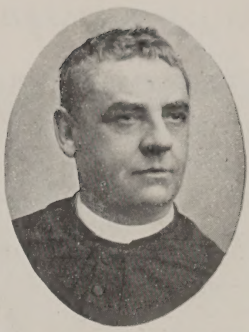


Rev. Chas. H. Colton.
Chancellor and Diocesan Consultor.

Rev. Jas. H. McGean, P. R.
Diocesan Consultor.

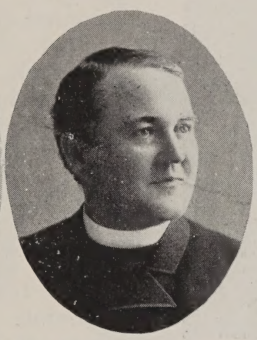


Rev. John Edwards.
Diocesan Consultor.



Very Rev. Albert A. Lings.
Rural Dean.

Very Rev. Edwin M. Sweeny.
Rural Dean.



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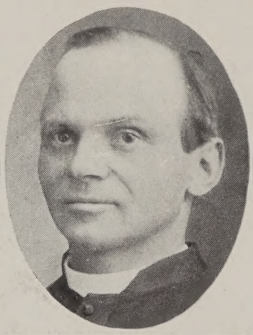
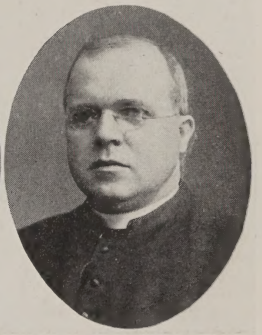
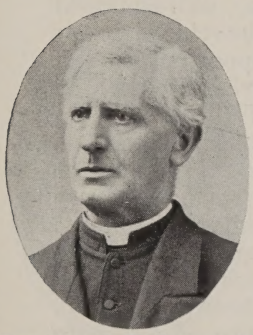


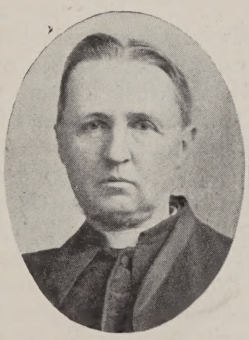
Rev. Remy Lafort, S. T. L.
Theological Censor.



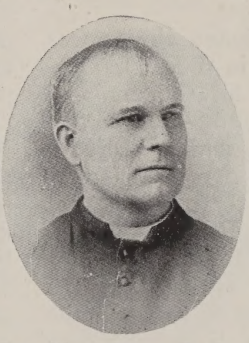
Rev. Thos. Kinkead.
Supervisor of Cath. Charities.



Very Rev. P. N. Puissant, D. D.
Defender of the Marriage Bond.



Rev. P. F. McSweeny, D. D.
Clerical Examiner.



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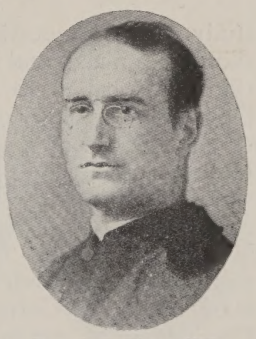

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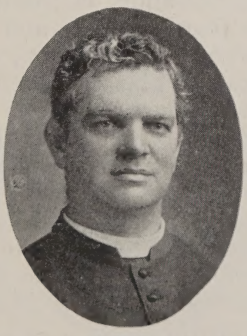
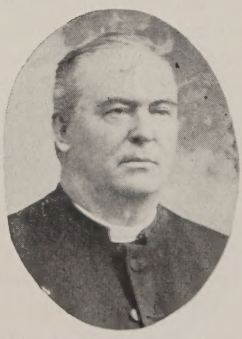
Clerical Examiner.

Rev. F. H. Wall, D. D.
Clerical Examiner.



Rev. D. J. McMahon, D. D.
Clerical Examiner.

Rev. P. Cardella, S. J.
Clerical Examiner.



Rev. C. McCready, D. D.
School Board.

ARCHBISHOP'S RESIDENCE.

study. His unquestioned ability was soon recognized, and in 1864, Dr. Corrigan was called to fill the chair of Dogmatic Theology and Sacred Scripture in the diocesan seminary at Seton Hall, South Orange, over which presided the present veteran Bishop of Rochester, Right Reverend Bernard McQuaid, D. D. On the appointment of that prelate in 1868 to the above See, Dr. Corrigan took up the Presidency of Seton Hall and with able and progressive spirit guided its destinies until 1876, placing both seminary and college on a footing equal to any of its sister diocesan institutions of the country.

When the Most Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley, D. D., was promoted to the Archiepiscopal See of Baltimore, Dr. Corrigan was appointed his successor, by Pius IX., on March 3, and was consecrated Bishop of Newark, May 4, 1873, by Cardinal, then Archbishop, McCloskey. Less than ten years had elapsed from the date of his ordination to the priesthood, when Dr. Corrigan received his first mitre, a fact sufficient in itself as strong testimony of his sterling worth and deserts as an ecclesiastic. Further regard was shown him by the Holy See when he was preconized titular Archbishop of Petra, on September 26, 1880, and appointed coadjutor to the Cardinal Archbishop of New York, with the right of succession. The five intervening years between his appointment and the death of His Eminence, gave ample time to the coadjutor to survey the archdiocese, and when on October 10, 1885, he took possession of his new charge, it was not as a stranger in a strange land, but as a well-equipped official, who grasped the reins of power and knew well his opportunities and possibilities. Seven years, passed in the administration of the diocese of Newark, had marked His Grace as an easy wearer of the purple, for he placed himself in that saving category wherein, as St. Paul advised Timothy, he "Let no man despise his youth." Though youthful in years, the Episcopate seemed to have been his rightful heritage, wherein he proved a shining "example of the faithful in word, in conversation, in charity, in faith, and in that prudence and modesty," that behooveth a bishop, and which well enabled him then, as now, "to rule his own house" without the unsolicited advice of meddling interferers. In practising these virtues of a bishop after the Apostle's heart, one can readily see how His Grace rapidly grew in satisfaction to the public view and became, in due time, one of the foremost in the Hierarchy of the United States.

Rev. M. C. O'Farrell.
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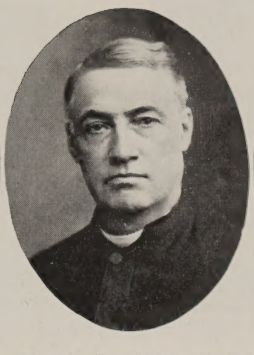

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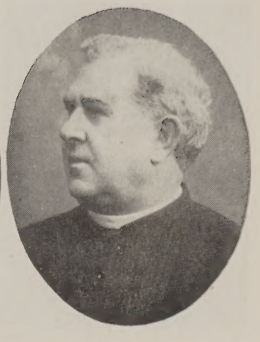
Rev. M. J. Phelan.
School Board.



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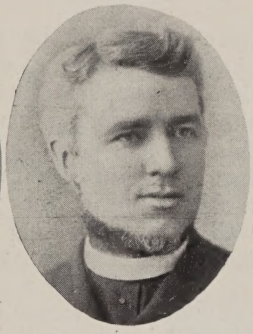
Rev. Chas. R. Corley, P. R.
School Board.



Rev. T. F. Lynch.
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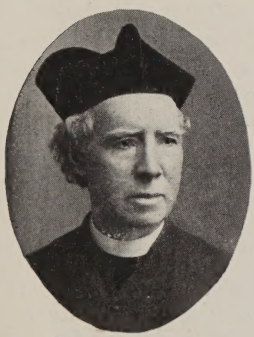
Rev. T. McMillan, C. S. P.
School Board.

Rev. M. Sally.
School Board.



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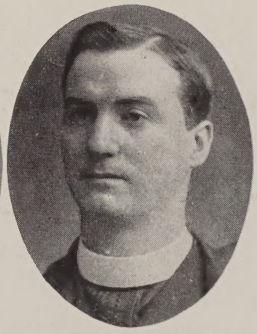
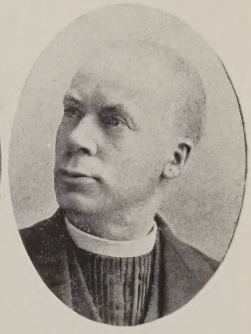
Rev. A. Kessler.
School Board.



Rev. M. O'Grady, O. C. C.
School Board.



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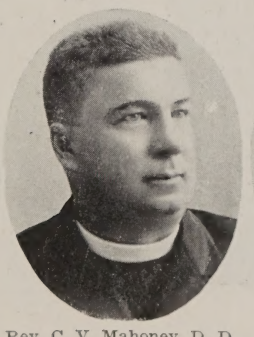
School Board.

Rev. M. Kuhnen.
School Board.



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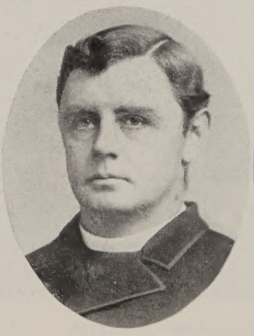
School Board.



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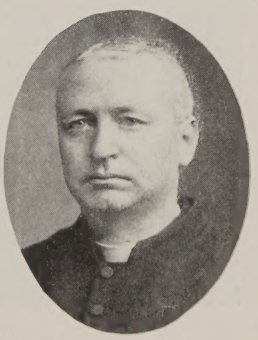

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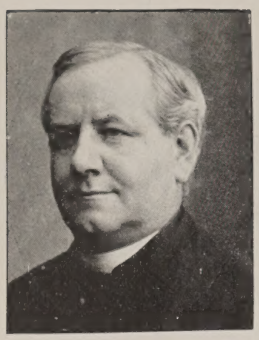

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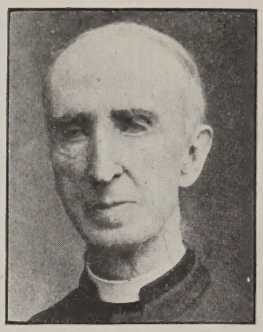
School Board.



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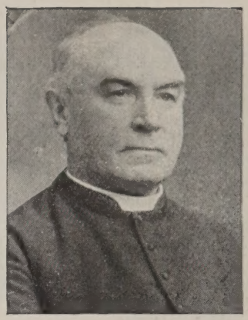
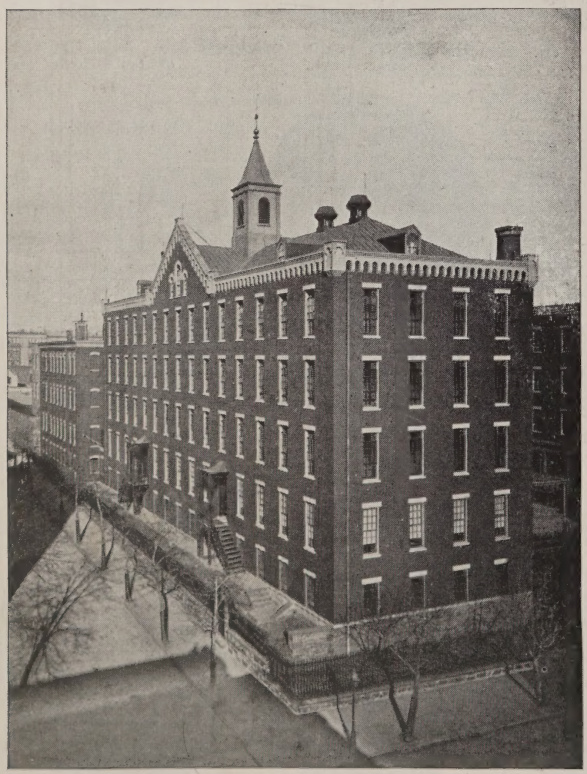
of Clerical Relief Fund.

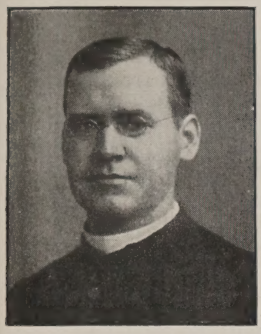


Rev. John F. Kearney, P. R.
Of Board of Trustees
of Clerical Relief Fund.

The Diocese of Newark flourished under the untiring zeal of the young bishop, and it became a matter of common fame that no diocesan report reached the Curia in Rome, and elicited greater praise, than that of Bishop Corrigan. Prudent, firm in clerical decision, affable and progressive, these sterling qualities of his character were surpassed by that mastery of executive detail which always marks the successful administrator. One of the most trying offices of a bishop in this country is to be in constant contact with financial matters. Always looking ahead for the material as well as the spiritual advancement of his charge, he must necessarily become a man of affairs. Diocesan interests so claim his attention that there is danger of sacrificing that nicety of adjustment between the temporal and the spiritual, which allows both to progress in parallel without detriment to either. Bishop Corrigan's piety, zeal and scholarly inclinations were never allowed to suffer by touch with the mundane. On the contrary, they grew more vigorous with his days, and became distinctive when he passed from a minor to a more important office. The traits which enabled him to administer the Diocese of Newark with such enduring credit soon were shown conspicuously, when he succeeded to the Archbishopric of New York. He had, it is fair to say, but to follow out the lines so deeply and so wisely traced by his distinguished

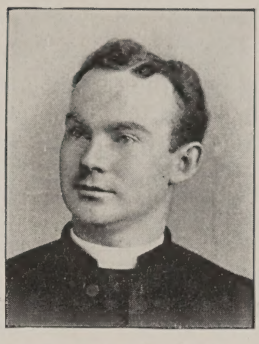


ST. JOSEPH'S ASYLUM.



Rev. Thos. F. Cusack, Director of N. Y. Apostolate for Non-Catholics.

Rev. Wm. J. Gunion. N. Y. Apostolate for Non-Catholics.



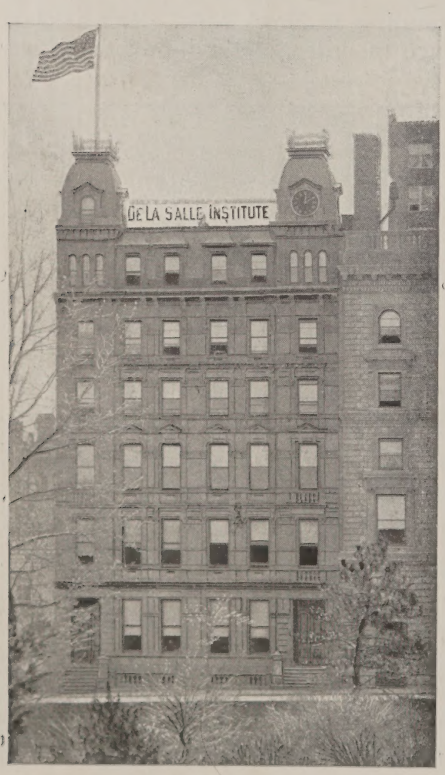
Rev. James E. Goggin. N. Y. Apostolate for Non-Catholics.

Rev. Daniel C. Cunnion. N. Y. Apostolate for Non-Catholics.

predecessors, but that following has been characterized by such soundness of judgment, alert action and shrewd foresight that it has passed beyond the merely imitative, and has taken on a boldness of original design and execution peculiarly its own. Ruling a diocese unsurpassed in this country, and in some respects in the world, for its numbers, variety of peoples, social needs, charities, educational efforts, and financial interests, he has grown from year to year, reaping not only an immense harvest of souls, but also assimilating them into a united flock without undue friction or strained endeavor. Several momentous occasions have proven that possibly there is no diocese in the country, where prelate, priests and people are, as a whole, so fraternally of "one mind and one heart" or so jealous of their diocesan standing as New York. Strict deference to order, method, and detail has

NEW YORK FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

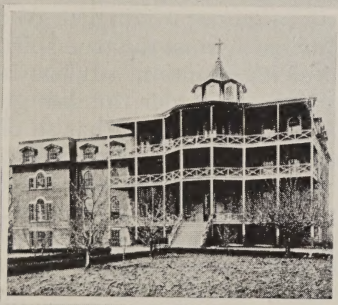
been the secret of the Archbishop's administrative success. At the same time his conservatism, while marked, has not been so decided as to preclude the onward spirit of the times. Though aided by Vicars-General and Consultors of noted ability and fitness, the youngest priest of his archdiocese may still have from him patient hearing of any plan that may seem to point to the betterment of the flock. This affability with both old and young has made his regiment of nearly seven hundred priests a sturdy right arm in all his labors, nor can any prelate say that he has gained more sincere affection and loyal service from those under his immediate jurisdiction. When one considers that there are, besides the diocesan clergy, sixteen male and thirty-seven female religious orders holding place in the archdiocese, each one with a different



interest and care; that there are three hundred and ninety-nine churches, chapels and stations; three hundred and sixty colleges, academies and parochial schools; forty-five homes, almshouses, hospitals and missions, the burden imposed upon His Grace may begin to be weighed.

The devotional life of the parishes in New York, taking practical shape in the union of confraternities, societies and benevolent organizations to suit all ages and classes, is not outside the sphere of his wide observation, nor is his paternal personal interest in them minimized by the tremendous care which the diocesan temporalties must constantly impose on his ready shoulders. Whether it be a Summer School scheme, Young Men's Rally or Working Boys' Club that invites his attention, he is equally as enthusiastic and cordial in his encouragement with these, as when called upon to act as a member in the Charity Organization or on the Advisory Committee for a Charter Day Celebration. It is really marvelous how in this maelstrom of official duty His Grace can find time to devote his notice to so many engagements which come to him as a public character. Yet there is no movement of public import in the great city wherein he is not sought for advice and co-operation. Possibly no man in the distinguished personnel of citizenship in New York, stands higher than he in the estimation of the public mind, irrespective of creed or political faith, yet there is no one who abhors the vulgarity of public display more than this prelate, who has a thousand cares, and who pursues the even tenor of his way with such gentle step and humble demeanor. It may be that because he has shunned the public gaze, some have come to look upon him as a negative character.

The most telling encomium the writer ever heard passed on the Archbishop came from a layman who had



Manhattan College.

St. Francis Xavier's College.

Sacred Heart Academy,
Clason's Point, N. Y.

Convent and Academy of Our Lady of Angels,
Peekskill, N. Y.

Mt. St. Vincent's Academy,
Mt. St. Vincent, N. Y.

Academy of Mt. St. Ursula,
Bedford Park, N. Y.

Academy of the Sacred Heart,
Manhattanville, N. Y.

REV. M. J. LAVELLE.
Rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

sought His Grace on a personal matter, but only after persistent pleading on the part of his clerical adviser. This one, who was a labor agitator, had come to consider the Archbishop in no enviable way, but after their interview, remarked, that he had maligned his benefactor, as many others of his ilk, who knew not whereof they spoke. "I thought I was going to meet a Tartar," he said, "but that man is as gentle as a woman."

During the memorable controversy which took place some years ago, there was no man—a careful observer has said—who though "attacked with a virulence unparalleled in the history of America, bore the whole storm of shameless lying, frenzied abuse, vulgar personalities with a calmness, patience, dignity and self-restraint that made him the most admired man in America. His triumph has been the greater by reason of his resigned submission." It was during this period of hysterical nothings, that he made his famous confession of faith in St. Patrick's Cathedral in presence of the Apostolic Delegate, not as an act of enjoined obedience, but as a public document in the face of purblind detraction and calumny.

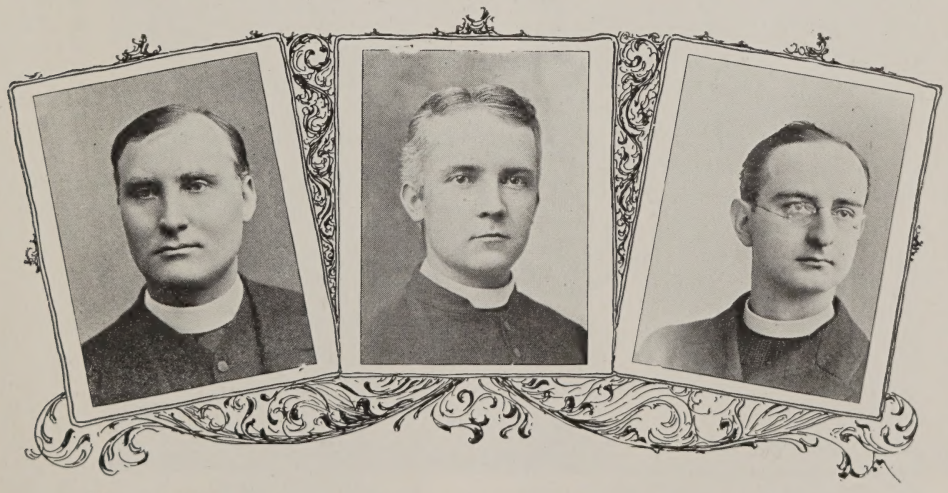
No one who has followed the career of His Grace with even casual glance, could ever say otherwise than that he is a thorough churchman, insistent to a fault in upholding the rights of the Church, a hater of pretense and sham, and weighing all things only in that balance which counts for the rights of God, prior to the ofttimes exaggerated rights of man. He has been accused of racial subserviency, yet none has striven with firmer foot to crush out any trend that seemed to lend to the undue prominence of any nationality, as against the true spirit of the land of its adoption. It has been this hand of iron under the soft glove of gentle forbearance, that has so often surprised his most ardent friends, as well as those who would step beyond their legitimate place and development in the clerical field. That punctilious care which characterized his youth in the fulfilment of daily duty has never been lessened. It accounts now for his almost scrupulous regard for synodal and ritual observances, as well as for all those special functions that go to make up a well-ordered diocese. His seminary life was model in its fidelity to rule, and this admirable trait followed him as a College President, Seminary Director, Bishop and Archbishop. The years have only heightened it, and there was an occasion during his stay in the Eternal City, preparing the *schema* for the last Council of Baltimore, when he was a constant edification to the students, who observed him and others closely, by his patient attention to and close

Rev. Jos. H. McMahon, Ph. D. Rev. Thos. F. Murphy. Rev. Henry T. Newey.

St. Patrick's Cathedral.

study of the daily task allotted the Archbishops by the Sacred Congregation.

Although not an eloquent speaker, His Grace always displays a cultivated mind in his public discourses, and charms by the newness of his thought and the elegance of his diction. His scholarly habits are well known, despite his multiform cares, while in private life his company is charming and blessed with that sweet condescension which immediately conquers, and makes the humblest and youngest of his priests feel that in the prelate's heart reigns the brother's love. A noticeable feature of his administration has been that while he gives full measure to the confidence and trust due the older clergy, he has ever been on the alert to recognize the worth of his younger subjects. It may be that distinction having come to himself when comparatively youthful in years, he holds as harmless "the atrocious crime of being a young man." What-

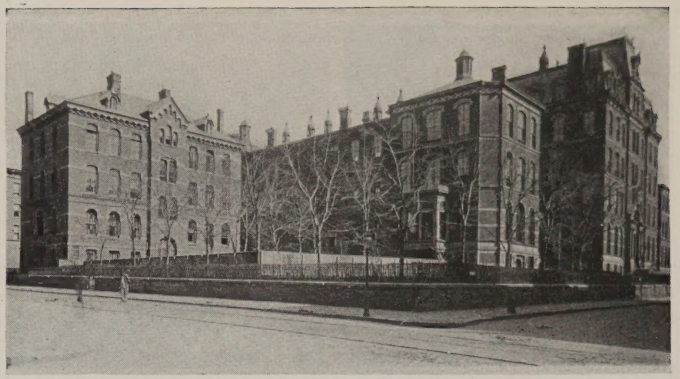


Rev. Patrick Daly. Rev. J. N. Connolly. Rev. Thomas F. Myhan.

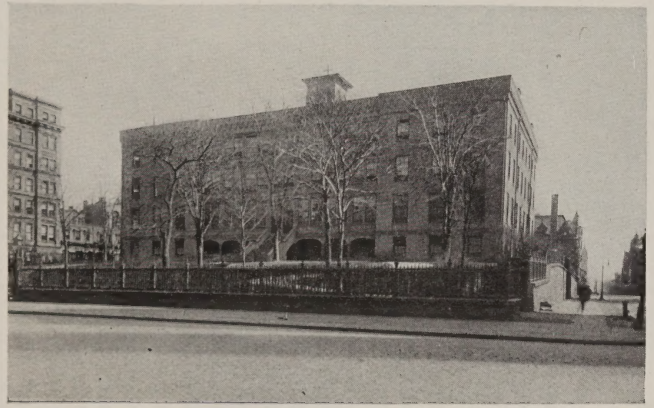
St. Patrick's Cathedral.

ST. AGNES' CONVENT, SPARKILL, N. Y. (View of Playground.)

Boland Trade School.



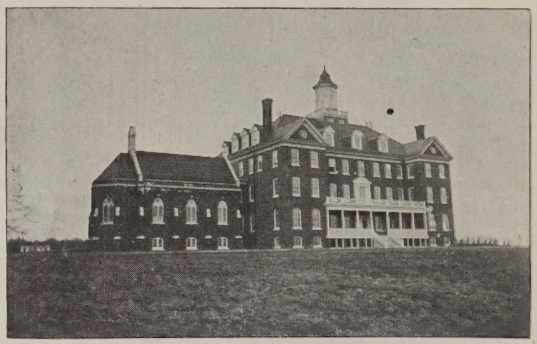
Girls' Orphan Asylum (side view).



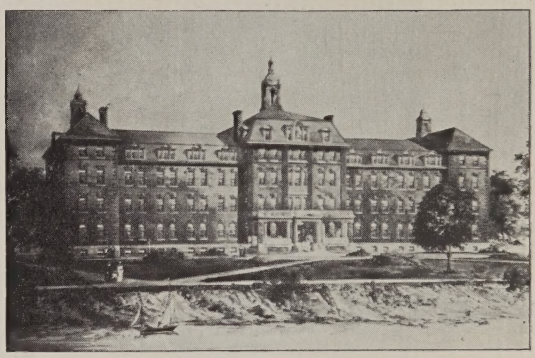
Boys' Orphan Asylum, Fifth Ave.

Girls' Orphan Asylum, Madison Ave.

Memorial Church of St. Joachim and St. Ann.
Mt. Loretto, Staten Island.



St. Joseph's Asylum for Blind Girls.
Mt. Loretto, Staten Island.



St. Elizabeth's House for Girls.
Mt. Loretto, Staten Island.

ever the reason, there is no doubt of his fatherly solicitude and encouragement for those who feel the hotspur of prudent zeal in the early years of the ministry. His private life is a pattern for all, young and old. Simple in tastes, manly in piety, regular in habit, his is a priestly routine that mingles neatly the seminaristic spirit with temporal affairs. If at any time he yields to public show, it is in the grand Cathedral, which has been crowned during his time with lofty spire and equipped with sweet-toned chimes and gorgeous vestments, and where he is unequalled in the exposition of that majestic ritual which, when rightly done, is the charm of Mother Church, and the outward expression of her inward beauty. The sound financial condition of the diocese, the projection of new institutions and their happy completion, give ample evidence of his far-sighted policy and success as an administrator. Commensurate with the growth of the metropolis, he is the first on hand to lay new foundations and to keep his faithful flock well-pastured in newly-settled districts.

East, West, North and South, His Grace is the recognized champion of Catholic education. During his rule the Boland Trade School, the new wing of the Female Orphan Asylum and the Convent of the Perpetual Adoration, all monuments of their kind, have been erected under his personal inspection, while above and beyond all in importance, architectural grandeur and future worth, the new St. Joseph's Seminary at Dunwoodie will stand as his crowning work, testifying forever to his untiring zeal, brilliant enterprise and personal gen-

Peter A. Lalor,
President of the Holy Name Archdiocesan Union.
Jeremiah Fitzpatrick,
President N. Y. District, St. Vincent de Paul Conferences.
Eugene L. Barnard.
1st President of the Holy Name Archdiocesan Union.
John L. O'Brien. District Deputy Cath. Ben. Legion.
Judge Joseph F. Daly. President of the Catholic Club.

6 Rev. Malick A. Cunnion.
National Representative of Cath. Young Men's National Uni
7 William H. Barnes. President of Adv. Council C. M. B. A.
8 Rev. A. P. Doyle.
President of Archdiocesan Union of Temperance Societies.
9 Hon. John J. Delaney. State Deputy K. of C.
10 Thomas Mulry. President of Working Boys' Union.
11 John R. M. Shiel. First Vice-President State Council, C. K. o
12 Thomas F. McAvoy. State Vice-President C. M. B. A.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

erosity. To undertake and bring to completion in such a short time, and with an outlay of very nearly, if not quite, a million dollars, this gigantic undertaking could be the work of no ordinary builder; and the marvel grows, when we consider that in all likelihood not an item of debt will remain upon it before his Jubilee year closes. If no other work remained as an expression of the loyalty of his people to the prudent designs of their venerated Archbishop, this seminary would more than suffice as a testimony of the successful policy of his administration. Here is also evidenced an example of the prelate's large-heartedness, which as Dame Rumor has it, ever seeks to keep from the left hand the knowledge of what his right hand doeth. The gorgeous Chapel, which has alone cost $100,000, is the individual gift of the Archbishop's munificence, and here, in this artistic gem the architects have created "a most worthy, harmonious and devotional crowning point" of this marvelous structure, which to the Archbishop is "the apple of his eye and the jewel of his diocese." If, as His Grace said on the day of the dedication, he was overwhelmed by the profound feeling of heart-felt gratitude that welled up within him, we may hope, that when he reaches the Silver Jubilee day of his Episcopate, both clergy and laity will find suitable way to make him feel again that he is enthroned within their hearts. As a man of God, he will think, no doubt, that "if Paul plants and Apollo waters, it is God alone that giveth the increase," but his devoted people will show, as well, that energy, zeal, gentleness and prudence, such as stand out so strikingly in his character, must ever win their undying gratitude. This great Archdiocese, recognized by the Holy See as the Apostolic Delegate said, not only as the greatest in the United States, but also as one of the foremost in the world, owes much to the great labors of the Eminent Prelates Connolly, Dubois, Hughes and McCloskey. As a precious treasure it has been zealously guarded and made fruitful beyond all

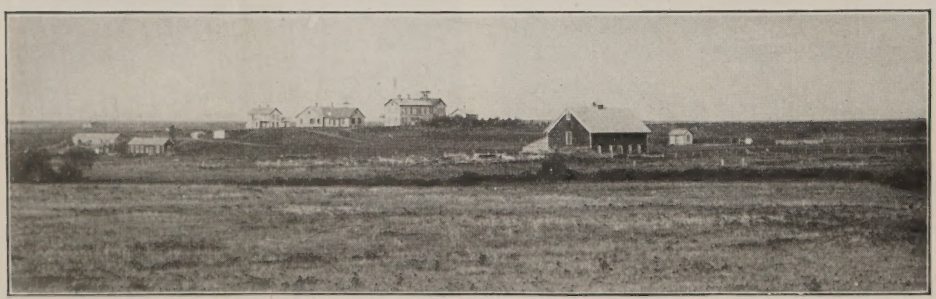
Shirt and Waist Making Room, Female Dept.
Getting out "The Emerald."

The Orchestra.
Kindergarten, Female Department.

NEW YORK CATHOLIC PROTECTORY, WESTCHESTER N. Y.

prophecy by him who now guides its glorious destiny and, *Deo favente*, will open the twentieth century standing at its helm with Cardinalitial title. Both Church and State are enriched by such an illustrious son and broad-minded citizen, and indeed, in these days if ever

"this pompous world has need
Of high inspiring word and God-like deed
Of men who lift themselves above the clay
And yearn to show their fellow-men the way.
Of men whose spotless souls are all aflame
To teach the sweetness of the saving Name;
Whose words and works, though like their Lord assailed,
Prove that the gates of hell have not prevailed."



MEN AND THINGS.

By the Editor, Henry Austin Adams, M. A.

The Great Archdiocese of New York is joyfully preparing for the celebration of the jubilee of its great Archbishop, Doctor Michael Augustine Corrigan.

Under his wise and strong hand the mighty metropolitan see has been magnificently developed and solidified. Its churches, convents, schools, hospitals and various other institutions are to-day so many monuments of the wisdom and zeal of the great prelate. But it is to the splendid pile on the brow of Valentine Hill, the new St. Joseph's Seminary at Dunwoodie, that posterity will turn as the crowning work of Dr. Corrigan.

Matchless for situation and unequal in the world for the completeness and fitness of its appointments, Dunwoodie Seminary shall abide a majestic memorial of the gentle, firm Bishop, whose greatest solicitude was for the young men who are to be the priests of to-morrow.

The faithful everywhere felicitate His Grace upon his jubilee. *Ad multos annos!*

A Lecture was Given a few weeks ago under Catholic auspices, by a Catholic gentleman, for a Catholic object. A number of the reverend clergy graced the occasion by their presence on the stage.

It was a Sunday evening, and the subject of the lecture was religious. Many non-Catholics were present, and so was I. There was the customary concert, which in this case was enjoyable and above the average; and, I am ashamed to add, there was a "literary entertainment" also.

This consisted of a man reciting—his own "poetry."

The fellow said "them kind of folks" and seemed to experience considerable difficulty with his collar.

He was a coarse, vulgar chap who would have failed to get applause at a tavern because his jokes were dreary as the desert, and his nastiness even lacked the point which might have won him a guffaw in a bar-room.

He was recalled by a vociferous *encore!* And he reappeared evidently, elated and surer of his ground.

Forgetting his collar and that ladies were present, the tough abandoned poetry and propriety at once and entertained us with "gags" which would have been tabooed in a Bowery variety show.

The last bit of humor was the filthiest insult I ever heard fall from a man's lips. He retired—and the pastor introduced the lecturer. I was wondering what the Protestants present were thinking of our "Catholic" taste.

On the Other Hand I was so happy as to be invited to address a large audience in Meriden, Connecticut, on the occasion of a late entertainment given in that city by the young men's Catholic Club.

The beautiful opera house was filled by the friends of the Club, including many of their Protestant neighbors.

An elaborate musical program was rendered by a complete orchestra—an out-come of the Club, while a number of young ladies played delightfully on mandolins and guitars. The Club stands in the community as the nucleus and source of every influence making for civilization and true culture. A priest who sits on the stage at an entertainment given by the Meriden Club is not insulted, nor is our holy mother the Church there made to stand sponsor for the disgraceful vulgarities of too many parochial amateur "shows."

Doctor Condé Benoist Pallen has done something in the field of letters so strong and so beautiful that I fear

we shall hear very little about it, having recently been assured by a great publishing house that "the public don't want solid food—verse more particularly." Pallen's genius, moreover, will have to contend against other things. He has not a shred of cant in his whole make-up! He has fixed, very fixed principles; he is in key with the sublime past, and woefully out of key with that screeching of owls—modern criticism.

As if these draw-backs were not enough, Pallen also has the literary misfortune of being a Catholic with no strings to his convictions. He has now published a book — *The New Rubáiyát* — so unspeakably superior to anything in verse that has come under my observation for months, so searching, so up-lifting, so tranquil with the tranquillity born of true belief, that I despair of hearing anything about the book except little, damning praises in weak weeklies, wherein it will be bracketed (under "Books Received") with "*Loretta's Mission* — or How a Young Lady Prevented a Mixed Marriage by Converting the Young Man Who Was Keeping Company with Her"!

Doctor Pallen's "*Rubáiyát*" is a majestic work. How many graduates will receive it as a "*premium*" this coming June?

Our Good Protestant Friends seem to be rapidly splitting and disintegrating and otherwise emasculating themselves to the *reductio ad absurdum*. To Catholics, of course, their migrations and *non-sequiturs* and all-round Pecksniffianism, seem amazing and at times pitiably contemptible; but things have come to such a pass that even the hard-headed non-Catholic secular papers are rubbing their eyes and asking rather embarrassing questions. In point is the following from the New York Sun:

S CHURCH MEMBERSHIP A MERE QUESTION OF TASTE?

The Rev. Dr. Shields, professor in Princeton University, has been confirmed as an Episcopalian by Bishop Potter after having been a Presbyterian from his youth, and he is now in his seventy-fourth year. He was not merely a Presbyterian, but also a Presbyterian minister, who had given formal allegiance to the Westminster Confession of Faith, with its distinctive Calvinism.

Why, then, has Dr. Shields left the church of his fathers, into whose ministry he was ordained so long ago as fifty years? This is his answer in his own words: "I left the Presbyterian Church on personal grounds in order to protect myself from detraction, as well as to protest against a fanatical form of false temperance which seems now to be terrorizing that communion." That is, he left because he had rendered himself liable to Presbyterian discipline by offending against a rule of its General Assembly requiring ministers to abstain from assisting the liquor traffic. Dr. Shields had signed the application for a license to the Princeton Inn to sell liquors, and accordingly he was called for trial before the New Brunswick Presbytery, to which he belonged.

* * * *

That is, Dr. Shields practically tells all Presbyterians that there is nothing of any essential doctrinal consequence, no vital variation in faith, to prevent their going over to the Episcopal Church, if it happens to suit better their personal comfort and convenience. If they prefer the liturgy or the society of the Episcopal Church, he makes that justification enough.

* * * *

Moreover, if a Protestant's Church relationship can be determined properly by considerations of his mere personal comfort and convenience, without regard to any question of belief, what respectable justification is there for the divisions of Protestantism? If they rest on no vital principle, but express bare differences of taste, are they any more than voluntary clubs?

* * * *

In other words, is not the explanation by Dr. Briggs and Dr. Shields of their motives in going over to the Episcopal Church simply another indication of the decay of religious conviction? They have changed their ecclesiastical relations, not because of any change in their religious belief, but simply to get more social comfort. It is as if a Republican should go over to the Democratic party for no other reason than that his personal friends were Democrats and some people objectionable to him were Republicans. Such a man might be an amiable enough person, but he would hardly be accredited with political conviction.

WESTGATE'S PAST.

BY LEILA HARDIN BUGG.

(Concluded.)

Presently from her window Clara saw through the scalding tears, her father going down the walk with a little bundle.

"John, John, surely you will know that it is not I," sobbed the young girl. Her agony as she alternately dramatized her lover's scorn of her faithlessness and her own ruined life without him, was one of those mental phases that sear character and rend the soul, agony beyond the forgiveness that can ever be forgetfulness as well. Clara, lying across the bed, her face downward, her soul in a tumult such as few women who look back at life over its almost completed span, have ever known, was aroused by the sound of her father's returning footsteps in the lower hall; and in a few moments she heard the tinkle of glass and a double tread on the stairs. Then her door was unlocked and Dilsey came in with the prisoner's dinner on a tray, her father keeping grim guard at the door. He might wring his daughter's soul, but he would not starve her body.

"John Westgate ain't a minister in good standing any longer, Clarie," he began. "The deacons held a meeting to-day after service, and they are going to ask the young man to resign. Brother White's just been over to get my consent, and he got it mighty quick, I can tell you."

The old warden advanced a step in the room, resting his well arm against the door. "I gave the young man your truck—it seemed to tickle him mightily, from the way he laughed. I guess love for you ain't agoing to kill John Westgate, not by a long shot, my girl. It's a big lot more apt to be love for old Westgate's money."

It was one of the many psychological twists in human nature that this old man who really loved his daughter, should seem to take delight in torturing her because her lover had offended him.

The long day dragged itself to a close at last. In the middle of the afternoon a short, sudden shower came up, but in an hour after the sun was shining as brightly as ever.

Towards sunset the procession of two again came to Clara's door; the first tray was removed and a second one with her supper was put in its place. "The Sons of Liberty are going to settle Priest Ryan to-night, my girl." Deacon Tidwell was evidently inclined to keep his daughter well informed as to the happenings of the outside world. "I guess this community's had about the last trouble with the Romish priest for a long time to come. I reckon he'll find it convenient to pull up stakes and leave the country for good. He won't get a chance to murder your father again."

Clara was so used to laughing good naturedly at her father's originalities of speech that she wanted to ask him, from force of habit, how many times a man could be murdered.

Again left to herself, she wondered in a vague sort of way what the S. O. L. could be plotting to the hurt of Father Ryan. But with the selfishness of love she was thinking more vividly of herself and John Westgate. What if her father kept her shut up until John had left the country—as he would surely do, now that his church had officially turned against him. If she could only see him for one little half-hour!

"My darling, my beloved, surely you know that you can trust me!"

Clara crouched by the window, watching the sun go down and the stars come out one by one. The moon would not rise until quite late, but she had forgotten the fact, and was wondering why she could not

see it. Wild schemes surged through her brain. She went to the window in the back of the room, hoping to get a word with Dilsey; perhaps she could bribe her to carry a note to John Westgate.

Dilsey was a chocolate-colored damsel, who served the Tidwells as cook and maid of all work.

Very soon the Afro-American came out of the kitchen door, in all the glory of her Sunday best, on her way to prayer meeting, the most popular form of amusement that the colored population of Milton had yet devised.

"Dilsey, oh, Dilsey!" the prisoner called softly.

"Dilsey, I want you to carry a note to Mr. John Westgate for me. I'll give you a dollar if you will."

"Oh, Miss Clarie, honey, I'd like to, I'd like to pow'ful well, but yo' paw'd jes' kill me."

"He won't know anything about it," pleaded the girl. "I'll give you my blue organdie if you will."

The colloquy went on, the bribe steadily increasing until Dilsey, cupidity getting the better of fear, had consented to take the note, when Deacon Tidwell, evidently thinking that he had received his cue, appeared on the scene.

"So my daughter's got down to bribing niggers to carry her notes! 'He won't know anything about it, will he?'—Dilsey, you black nigger, let me catch you carrying notes to anybody—" He left the punishment to her imagination, quite unmindful of the fact that Dilsey, as a free American, need not take any punishment whatever, but could pack her little zinc trunk and find another home.

The deacon withdrew, Dilsey took herself off to prayer meeting, and Clara, left to her thoughts, sank in an agonizing little heap on the floor, shaking with the sobs that sicken the body and scar the soul.

"John, John, if you could only know—if you could only trust me! Your heart is aching wearily this night, and I—oh, why cannot I be with you to comfort you!"

The clatter of heavy boots coming up the stairs attracted her attention, and then a light shone in her brother's room. Hiram was evidently entertaining a number of his friends, six or seven of them, to judge from the noise they were making. They were laughing uproariously, and her brother, who had been absent all day, either did not know of his sister's imprisonment or had forgotten it. The glass was out of the transom over the door connecting the two rooms, and Clara could hear plainly all the young men were saying. She paid little attention at first, until the name of John Westgate and then of Father Ryan startled her out of her bitter reverie.

God in heaven! were those men—boys—her brother among them, actually plotting what might be murder! The Sons of Liberty were going to waylay Father Ryan that night with tar and feathers! Clara trembled as if with a chill and her heart beat convulsively. She gathered from their talk that the S. O. L., a detachment from Milton and a larger corps from Greenville, were to meet at the cross roads at half-past ten o'clock, all wearing masks, and attack the priest a few rods further down the main road. They seemed to know that he had been on a sick call, and that he would return on the night train, due at Cutler's Mill at a quarter past ten, and that he had left his horse at the mill, expecting to ride home to Greenville that night.

One of the men, more venomously lawless than the others, openly advocated a rope.

"Dead men tell no tales, and we don't want to get into any trouble, boys," he said.

"I guess he'll be willing to leave the country fast enough, if we put on the tar thick enough," responded a harsh voice, and the others laughed loudly.

"The way of the transgressor is

tarred." Clara recognized with shame and indignation the tones of her brother. What had got into Hiram? He was usually a good boy.

Then they fell to discussing their disguises.

"There ain't any use in making holes in good sheets," said one.

"We can wrap them around us and tie them in the middle. The blanked masks ought to be enough."

"We can't be too careful. We don't want no blanked sheriff comin' after us," said another.

"Every one ought to carry a good revolver. Suppose the little game-cock shows fight. It would put us all in a blanked bad hole for one of our men to get hurt. That would be proof that would cook his goose fast enough, and he might turn state's evidence to save his own skin."

"We ain't any of us hankering for the inside of the penitentiary. We've got to keep this thing mighty quiet. My folks think I've gone out to Little Zion to prayer meeting. A new sort of prayer meeting it will be before we get finished."

The planning went on until the girl wondered whether she was crazy or dreaming—the whole thing a ghastly hallucination. Then the light went out and the men filed noisily down the stairs. Clara flew to the door and with the strength born of desperation, tried to break open the lock. Already the ghost of the murdered priest was before her eyes, her own brother to stain his hands with the mark of Cain. She felt sure the night would end in murder. It was sickening, awful! She must, must do something. John could stop them or warn the priest!

The transom!

A high, old-fashioned bureau stood against the door in Clara's room, and in Hiram's there was a heavy table. Quickly climbing to the top of the bureau Clara put her head through the opening. It did not seem very far to the table, and she was tall. Fortunately, as she thought to herself, she was also very slender. Clara stepped down quietly into her own room, got her hat and jacket, for the night was chilly despite the balmy day, and tossed them through the transom. Then twisting her skirts tightly around her long limbs, climbed through the opening easily enough. The feat was not nearly so difficult as it had seemed from the other side.

"And now to carry this ghastly tale to John!"

She turned the knob of the door, and was in spasms of terror at its creaking; but her father, poring over the Christian Advocate in the sitting room below, and her mother, dozing in her rocking chair, had not heard, or not heeded, the sound. The escaping prisoner stole softly down the stairs, each step giving that ominous creak so familiar to everyone who has ever attempted to go up or down a stairway in perilous secrecy. She crept out of the kitchen door, and once safely out of the house went speeding down the path to the back gate, out into the alley, through dark streets and across vacant lots, in the direction of Deacon Westgate's. It was the first time in all her young life that Clara Tidwell had been even so far as her father's gate alone at night, and at every corner she imagined some ogre ready to grab her. The awful sensation of hearing some one just at her heels, ready to seize her if for one moment she relaxed her mad pace, sent a swiftness to her feet that dared not know fatigue.

As she turned into an alley leading past George Smith's barn she saw the glimmer of a light from the stable, and as she neared the building a squad of men, each with something white dangling in his arms, came out of the stable door on horseback.

"Hurry up, you darned Son of Liberty," called a voice, which Clara recognized as her brother Hiram's.

"Merciful Father, don't let them see

me," she prayed, crouching down in a ditch. But the men turned in the opposite direction, and were soon out of the alley, going at a swift trot.

"Oh, if John will only not be too late!"

A light was shining faintly through John Westgate's window—a welcome sign that he was at home.

"Where else could he be, poor John!" sighed the girl.

Continuing her run, she was at last, breathless and panting, in the shadow of her lover's home. She picked up a pebble, and, aiming carefully, hurled it at John's window. It hit the side of the house some ten feet away from the window, but the sound was too faint to attract any one's attention. A second attempt was more successful, and in a moment the window was raised and John thrust his head out, calling in no gentle tone, "Who's there, what's that?"

"It is I, John—don't make any noise. I—"

"What, Clara! Good heavens—"

"Hush! don't make so much noise. I have something to tell you. Oh, John! father made me leave this morning, and he took my ring—pulled it off my finger—and my presents, and I've been locked up all day. Just got out through the transom in Hiram's room," explained the girl in quick whispers, running towards her lover. It was characteristically feminine to give John the words he was hungering to hear, even before explaining the terrible errand on which she came.

The young man clasped her in his arms. What mattered disgrace, ruin, what mattered anything so long as he had Clara. He was very young, and he was very much in love.

"My darling, my own little girl! I have been thinking such mean things about you! Forgive me, sweet!"

"John! how could you?"

"I didn't really—why, sweetheart, what is it—don't cry!"

The girl was sobbing on his shoulder. The run, the terror and the tragedy hanging over the night, had broken down her strong young nerves.

Controlling herself, Clara hurriedly told her story.

Westgate's face looked white and pinched in the moonlight, and as the girl proceeded his eyes were black with passion.

"The cowardly brutes," he said between his teeth.

It was the time for action—if action would only not be too late! They went to the stable, and Westgate quickly saddled his horse. "Now, Clara, you know every moment is precious; besides, I have no side saddle, so the only thing is to take you behind me," said John.

He mounted his horse. Clara sprang up behind him, clasped her arms tightly around his waist to keep from falling off, and they sped on their way at a quick pace. This mode of locomotion, whilst not common, can nevertheless still be seen in some of the backwoods districts of our country. It is known colloquially as "riding behind."

Clara Tidwell had often seen in the streets of Milton two persons on one horse.

"Clara, are you sure you can get in? Might not the door be locked?" inquired John anxiously, as they hurried along the silent streets.

"Oh, yes, quite sure. Dilsey has gone to prayer meeting, and she never gets in before eleven o'clock. She always puts the kitchen key under a brick by the pump."

At the back gate the girl slipped down easily from the horse and ran towards the house. Westgate waited to see her enter the door. Then he struck out at a furious gallop, and was soon speeding down the lonely road leading to Cutler's Mill. The shower had left the dirt road soft enough to deaden somewhat the

sound of the horse's flying hoofs, but not so muddy as to impede their swiftness.

It was getting very late. John could tell that by the position of the moon; still, the men from Greenville would have a long ride before them, and he tried to assure himself that he would be in time to warn the poor man, perhaps even then rushing towards his death!

And should he be too late for a warning, and in time only for a fight —a fight that would certainly prove desperate and probably fatal—well, he had tried to do his duty. Clara would know! If his life was to close just where he had hoped to begin its real work, why, the will of God be done. And Clara, his brave Clara—would she live to forget him? At this point he braced up and resolved to make a determined resistance. The girl had made him stop for his revolver. Few men in the backwoods of Arkansas, even ministers, but have their Winchesters, or their deadly rifles.

As Westgate drew near to the fateful cross roads, the very air seemed surcharged with the spirit of coming doom. His heart beat rapidly, a shiver went through his broad shoulders, and shook him as if in a chill. The conviction that he was nearing his death took possession of him. Two men to forty—to forty desperate beings who would not hesitate to silence in death the accusing tongue that might bring them to the tribunal of outraged law. A frog croaked, and a scared rabbit darted across his path.

Too late!

At the cross roads he saw the marks of many hoofs, their position indicating that the two detachments had met there and stopped, the one side wheeling their horses to face the other squad, parleying, quite likely, over some point in dispute, or perhaps to wait the nearer approach of their victim. Westgate put spurs to his horse and shot down the main road. Scarcely a dozen rods further on the tracks turned into the woods, and the bushes and undergrowth were trampled and twisted and broken. He remembered that there was a little clearing a few yards in the woods—an old deer-lick—and divined at once that the mob was there. He dashed through the crackling underbrush, dodging the branches of the trees, expecting every moment to hear a bullet whizzing through the air. It might whizz through his head, and then his night's work would have been in vain!

At the deer-lick John found the mob. Forty men shrouded in white, their faces concealed in black masks, were gathered in the space where hitherto only the soft-eyed fawns had been lured to their death. A score or more sat on their horses, forming a guard around a squad that had dismounted, and had taken the priest in charge. Their horses were hitched a few feet away, and among them was the horse the priest had ridden, distinguishable by the knapsack still swung beneath the pommel of the saddle.

To Westgate the men seemed like so many masked and shrouded demons, gathered around a witches' cauldron. They were so intent on their work that only a brief word or a muttered oath came from their lips. They had pinioned the arms of their victim and were furiously tearing off his clothes. The priest looked unnaturally pale in the moonlight, and he shivered slightly as the cutting night wind struck sharply upon the bared flesh, but he appeared perfectly calm. So little did the mob expect interruption that Westgate was almost upon them before they realized his approach.

"Stop!" he cried, and the word of command rang out sharp, decisive, sudden.

With revolver pointed and cocked, his horse fleckled with foam and

panting from the furious race, he came upon them like some avenging Michael. In a second forty revolvers were leveled at the young minister.

"Kill me if you will, but you'll hang for it," cried Westgate. "The name of every man here is known. Kill me if you want the sheriff to end your cowardly lives with a rope. Kill me, Wesley Brown, and Jack Skaggs, and Nick Nickerson, and Tom Green, and George—"

The list was suspended abruptly, for a wild scramble had left no listeners. The men were tearing off sheets, and those afoot were running for their horses.

"The devil who betrayed us will pay for this night's work," hissed the man apparently in command of the mob, bringing out a horrible oath. A string of oaths answered him from throats hoarse with baffled rage. Westgate was quick to see that they imagined the officers of the law in hot pursuit, and he followed up his advantage.

"You think to escape, do you?" he called. "Perhaps you have very good horses—maybe the morning will tell a different tale!"

It had not occurred to any one of them as the wildest possibility that Westgate alone had braved them

Unnerved as he was by the encounter, the grim humor of the situation could not quite escape the young man. He reflected with tender satisfaction that he had not mentioned the name of Hiram Tidwell.

More than one Son of Liberty meant to kill Westgate for his part in the night's work, but he also meant to do it in secret, when the officers of the law were not at his heels. The men went tearing through the woods, holding their hands to their faces to keep on their protecting masks and to avoid the bushes. Sheets were left in ghostly piles—with a can of tar and a bag of feathers. The priest, his hands still pinioned behind him, had fallen on his knees, and in his eyes there was such a look of angelic, yet heroic absorption, as if face to face with God, that Westgate involuntarily uncovered his head.

In a moment Father Ryan arose to his feet: "My deliverer, what can I say to you!" he cried, the tears gushing from his eyes.

"Say you are not hurt, Father," answered the young man. "I am only sorry I could not get here in time to give you warning."

Westgate cut the cords which bound the priest, sick with indignation at sight of the bleeding and bruised hands and arms. Father Ryan's overcoat was found hanging on a bush, and not far away was his hat. The faithful horse, restless and frightened during the attack, was now waiting patiently for his master, pity looking out of his beautiful, speaking eyes. The young man insisted on going all the way to Greenville with the priest and seeing him safe under his own roof. Near to exhaustion, his horse jaded and lame, John Westgate made his way to his uncle's barnyard just as the reddening dawn of another day broke over Picket Hill.

All this was fifteen years ago.

Early in the day which had already begun, John and Clara were privately married, her mother, Mrs. Westgate, and Dilsey being the only witnesses, and on the night train they left for St. Louis.

By the time that the Sons of Liberty had learned that Westgate, single-handed, had put them to flight, he was altogether beyond reach of their revenge.

The young couple had some lean years together while John was preparing for the bar; but certain great personages, at a word from Father Ryan, had interested themselves in the friendless lawyer, and soon he had all the work he could do.

And now they both realize gratefully that the events which ended John Westgate's career in Milton were the stepping stones to his real success.

THE MEN AND PRINCIPLES OF 1798.

A MEMORY FOR ALL TIME AND A LESSON NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN.

BY REV. GEO. W. PEPPER.

Let us ask what was the Rebellion of 1798? What were its causes and who were its organizers? The history of any land is the history of its great men and its revolutions. Revolutions are the great facts of history. They may fail for a time, but justice is immortal. The creed of the United Irishmen ought to be written with pencils of light—it was characterized by simplicity, liberality, toleration, Christianity and grandeur. They championed the nationality of Ireland, that their country was designed by God not to be a slave, but to be independent and prosperous. What was the nationality which these heroic confessors and martyrs died for? Was it the lackadaisical mumblings of drawing-room damsels, or was it the burning hope that unsheathed the sword of Wallace, that pointed the shaft of Tell, that fired the muse of Moore and Davis, that nerved the souls of Bruce and John Brown? They loved their country, their whole country, they loved the North, with its busy industries; the West, with its wild scenery; the Middle, with its rich and fertile fields; the South, with its soft and verdant valleys; the gushing sunlight breaking over the steep hills of Down and Armagh, and Tipperary, and Wicklow with its sylvan splendors. They loved the scenery of their native land! I have thought that the Irish carried in their remembrances the memories which would remain forever green. It is a great truth, as has been well said, that the inhabitants of mountainous lands are fondly attached to the beauty of their native hills and glens, and the more barren and craggy and inaccessible their mountains, the more unconquerable is their love for these rugged features of Nature. A Laplander could not be induced to exchange his own dreary wastes for the most luxuriant spot in the Universe. And we have all heard of instances in which Swiss soldiers, having their remembrances of home awakened in them by some wild native melody, have deserted the army in which they enlisted and returned to the loved precipices over which they had clambered in all the buoyancy of their native mirth! So it is with the Irishman, he is wedded "for better for worse, for richer for poorer" to his own loved isle of the ocean!

They were Republicans. It was a cardinal and fundamental article of their creed that if the Americans were justified in throwing off the monarchial yoke, so were the Irish; the contagion of the French revolution had spread to Ulster. Yes, this was the belief of the United Irishmen; their ambition was to establish a government based on that principle, grand as the heavens stretched over our heads, that all men are created free and equal! For this object they called upon the flower of Ireland's chivalry, the very bulwark of their country's honor! They called upon the holy ministers of Religion to identify themselves with these immortal principles! They called upon the nobility itself to surrender its blasphemous titles of honor and to surrender its usurped authority to the people. Lord Edward Fitzgerald set them an illustrious example in the French convention by renouncing the title of Lord and demanding to be called Citizen Fitzgerald. They advocated Liberty, civil and religious.

For the persecuted and plundered Catholics they declared emphatically that there could be no righteousness in any government which proscribed a man because he believed a little more or a little less than the Established Church. They made war, unceasing and determined, upon the bigotry which prevented three millions of people from the enjoyment of the honors and emoluments of the State. The Protestant founders of this splendid organization loved their Catholic fellow-countrymen, whose esteem they valued more than a crown, whose friendship for them was a well of affection in the soul. They sacrificed wealth and life. Together they suffered, together they died, and together they appeared before God, and doubtless in this Centennial year their souls are not far apart! Who were the founders of the United Irish Society? A thousand memories rush to our brains and hearts as we recall their glorious names!

There was Theobald Wolfe Tone, raised up by heaven for the accomplishment of a just purpose. Endowed with energy, determination and sagacity, he was qualified for the mighty task which he essayed to perform. Blessed be his name! He succeeded in securing two expeditions from France and one from Holland, both frustrated by the weather. Well did Lalor Shiel exclaim in the British Commons that England might not have the assistance of the winds and waves when the next expedition sailed from France. We know his fate. Some years ago I visited the grave of his widow in Georgetown, near Washington, in company with a patriotic daughter, now in heaven. It was with difficulty I found it. I asked a gentleman if he could point it out to me. He did so. My daughter exclaimed: "Father, that is the British ambassador!"

There was Thomas Addis Emmet, a great lawyer. Eminent for his learning, taste and accomplishments. Strangers meeting him on the street paused and looked at the high, tower-like forehead, a countenance unruffled by a single wrinkle, his step elastic as the heath he had trod upon, his magnificent voice sounding across the space clear and full as a trumpet. He was of a distinguished family, consecrated his life to his country, was imprisoned for her sake, and was banished on condition that he would emigrate to the United States. He came here, was received like Lafayette, hailed and worshiped as one of Freedom's champions. Twenty-four hours after he arrived Congress passed a law making him a citizen. In one year he became Attorney General of New York.

There was William Orr, the intrepid, bold and true! Distinguished by his love of freedom, by the manliness of his character and by his noble death upon the scaffold. His heart was as gentle as a woman's, and his strength of purpose as irrepressible as a giant's might! He would play with a child and wrestle with a demon. He was the first martyr of the Rebellion of '98. His trial was one of the most disgraceful acts of the cruel English Government. When the day of his execution arrived the whole population of Carrickfergus deserted the town. When he mounted the scaffold his handsome face was illuminated. He delivered a speech worthy of Robert Emmet. It was suppressed by the Government. The Reverend James Godkin, a Congregational clergyman, afterwards found a copy. In this manly vindication he said, "If to have loved my country, to have known its wrongs, to have felt the injuries of the persecuted Catholics, to have united with them to redress these wrongs—if this be treason, then I am a traitor. I leave five orphan children, may they love their country as I have, and die for it if necessary." Charles James Fox, at a great banquet in London, gave the toast, "To the memory of Orr, basely

murdered—may the Irish Cabinet find the same fate!"

There was the noble and generous-hearted Monroe. About him there is an epic grandeur. He was a wealthy linen manufacturer, who sacrificed all for his country. A more liberal benefactor never lived. In his battle with General Nugent he displayed great generalship, and his troops were very enthusiastic. The enemy disappeared before his irresistible advance like a field of ripe grain before a storm. The brave pikemen charged to the mouth of the enemy's guns. His clarion voice was heard above the thunder of battle, crying out, "Charge, my boys, for the honor of Down." He afterwards fought and lost the battle of Ballinahinch. He was betrayed and sentenced to be executed in Lisburn. His conduct on the scaffold was grandly heroic. The linen merchants of the town, who were his old friends in happier days, stood by him in his last hours. Monroe's head, with the usual English barbarity, was stuck on a pike and placed before the Market House. A few days afterwards one of his sisters was passing the place, and gazing for a moment at her beloved brother's head, she exclaimed, "Ah, Harry, you will be revenged for all, yet!"

There was Henry Joy McCracken, manufacturer, gentleman, scholar, general of the Ulster United Irishmen. He commanded them at the battle of Antrim, where he formed his men into three divisions. His words rang out on the clear air like a bugle blast on the eve of battle: "Men of Ulster, the hour has come for you to strike the first blow for Ireland and Liberty. Victory is certain. Musketeers, let every bullet find its mark! Pikemen, stand firm in the shock of battle, and let your trusty blades, forged for you by true and brave men, be a wall of steel, upon which, if our foeman rush, they rush to death! Follow me, my trusty fellows, wherever I may lead you, and let our war cry be, 'Remember Orr!'" A speech that would have done honor to Napoleon! He was captured and hanged in Lisburn, opposite his own house, being accompanied to the scaffold by his friends.

And what of the men of Wexford? Never did the blood of patriotism run higher than in the uprising of this historic county. Not a man in the county was found base enough to desert his colors. I open the various histories, Gordon's, Maxwell's, Field's Confederates of 1798, published by Harper—I mean Henry M. Field, editor of the New York Evangelist, even the libelous Froude, all Protestants, I see everything to admire and nothing to condemn in the actions of the leaders of Wexford. I see the spirit of Republicanism uniting the Protestant and Catholic, and annihilating for the time all religious distinctions, and banishing to the execrations of the benevolent all prejudices.

I see the Protestant chiefs, Harvey, Colclagh and Grogan, clasping the hands of the priest captains, Murphy and Roache and Kearns, their souls kindled with the love of Liberty. These captains, who led their troops to war, were men of position, magistrates and landlords, who had everything to lose and nothing to gain by becoming associated with the Rebellion. The priestly leaders and men of Wexford have been grossly slandered by the enemies of Ireland, but the head and front of the offense was that Wexford killed more red-coats than any other county in Ireland. I embrace them, Protestant as I am, and press them to my heart as brothers in a sacred war. It was, as Lord John Russell said, "A conspiracy of gentlemen." Though men of wealth were the prominent leaders in the North and South, they were no more honored than the humble weaver of Belfast, James Hope, or Farmer Armstrong of Lisburn. He was sentenced to die, but was besieged by persons in high authority, who said that if he told the names of his fellow-conspirators,

his life would be spared. His wife, with tears in her eyes, besought him to give the information. His answer to her pleadings is worthy to be written in letters of gold: "My life," he said, "is only one, God will watch over my wife and children. Were I to become informer, torrents of blood would be shed, numbers of wives would be made widows, and hundreds of children left fatherless! In after days many persons may brand me as a rebel, but no one will dare to say I was a traitor!"

This tribute to the foremost leaders of '98 would be incomplete if it made no mention of the brave women of the period, of the mothers who surrendered their sons, of the sisters who bade God speed to their brothers, of the devoted wives, who, like the ancient Spartan matron, inspired their husbands with the parting words, "Dear art thou, my husband, dear are my children, but my country is dearer than all." They hailed the war with enthusiasm. What emotions, what sacred and tender thought must sweep through our souls as we read of their melting sorrows and their unselfish services: Time would fail to speak of Miss Shears, the patriotic sister of the two eminent brothers, John and Henry Shears, hanged on the same scaffold. At the banquet in her father's mansion she gave the toast, "May there never be wanting a Shears to clip the wings of a tyrant." Miss Shears was a lady of exalted rank and of great personal beauty. I might refer to Miss Byrne, the heroic sister of General Miles Byrne; she was always standing by the side of her gallant brother, cheering, encouraging and comforting the wounded. There in Down was Miss Bryson, educated in all the refinements of the schools, upon whom a fond father had lavished parental care and affection. He instilled into her youthful mind lessons of patriotism. He was a United Irishman, and fought with the insurgents for Ireland and Liberty. Eliza Bryson, clad in green silk and with a white feather in her hat, and mounted on a fine horse, rode in front, waving a green flag, and like Henry of Navarre, she exclaimed, "Follow this!" It is said that when the cartridges gave out she rushed into a Presbyterian church, and, gathering all of Watts' hymns together, she made them into cartridges, saying, "Boys, give them Watts!"

Ulster could boast of one of the most patriotic and renowned of her daughters, who played a prominent part in the Rebellion of '98. I allude to the famous heroine, Betsy Gray, who, with a spirit like that of the ancient martyrs, dared to stand forth in defiance of suffering and death for Erin's freedom. Though a hundred years have elapsed since then, her name is still spoken of in Down with love and admiration. In all that brilliant roll of heroic men and noble women, there is none deserving of more honor than this gifted and beautiful girl! See her in the midst of that crowd of pikemen at the battle of Ballynahinch—in the presence of that military array of British troops. The hum of the multitude is drowned by the savage cries of "Down with the Rebels!" Who is it, clad in green and mounted on a magnificent steed, who waves her trusty blade, crying out, "I am prepared as well as the rest of you! Here is a weapon which never betrayed me! I will show you how to wield it! Remember Orr, and follow me!" It was beautifully carved and hilted with silver. She rode in advance of her brother George and her lover, Willie Boal. According to previous arrangements, she was to conceal herself, and when they came up, to rejoin them, and march to Hillsborough. They were violently attacked by the yeomen and when her brother and lover were being hacked to pieces, she leaped from her hiding-place and fearlessly grasped the swords of the two butchers. It was in vain, the heroic girl was murdered! A

British soldier, who had a tender heart, upon seeing the body of Betsy Gray, exclaimed, "By heavens, I never saw a fairer face, and the soldier who slew her was a murderer." The next day a kind-hearted farmer, Mr. James Armstrong, after wiping away the blood from her face and composing the dishevelled hair, buried her with her brother and lover in the same grave. The sword which she carried is now in the possession of David Lindsay of Portrush. Orators have stood forth as her champion, and poets have immortalized her name in patriotic verse,

"If through Kellinchy's woods and vales,
You searched a summer day,
The loveliest maiden to be found
Was bonny Betsy Gray."

The same story of heroic devotion may be told of thousands, who are not known among the mighty leaders of the Rebellion of 1798. There is Captain Francis McKinley, who dedicated his youth and radiant manhood to the redemption of his native land. Like every Irishman of honor, he took the oath and fought most gallantly for his country. I love his memory; I love any man who dies for liberty. In my boyhood days I, with hundreds, would visit this patriot's grave. He was tall and handsome, with so much frankness and vivacity in his nature that everybody loved him. Two of his uncles years before were suspected by the Government, and had emigrated to the United States. From one of them the President is descended. The lofty deeds of his patriotic Irish relative can never make him blush. The blood which flows in his veins will never prove false to its original fountain. Captain McKinley was arrested and hanged. The hero was buried in Derry Keigan, where for years his admirers paid pilgrimages. It is such men that kings fear, men who make life illustrious and death divine.

There was a man—a Presbyterian minister—whose name was written in every heart in Down, the county from which I came, a man never referred to without drawing tears from the eyes. That man was the Rev. William Porter, one of the Presbyterian ministers hanged by the British Government in 1798. His wife and children entered the splendid hall of Lord Londonderry, afterwards Lord Castlereagh, and on her kness, and in the presence of her little ones, besought him to spare their father's life, but amid the cries of the despairing children, and the wailing of the wife, the dread announcement was made that Porter should have no mercy. The children of the minister left Ireland forever; they had no home in their native land, but they found one here. They all rose to distinction. One of them was United States Senator from Louisiana. So perished the Clergymen Warwick, Stevelly and others. "Vengeance is mine" saith the Lord. Castlereagh, who rendered this murderous service to England, perished by his own hand, and the Rev. Robert Black, who was employed to corrupt the Presbyterian ministers by offering a royal bounty, committed suicide.

In the words of a noble clergyman of that denomination, Rev. John McCullough, I will answer in six words what Ireland needs, "Unite, unite, unite, agitate, agitate, agitate." The labor is great, but Ireland is worth the struggle. Her mountains are sublime, her valleys teem with Arcadian beauty, her magnificent rivers, large enough to turn the machinery of the globe, her streams clear and musical, her ninety harbors, among them beautiful Galway, Dublin, Belfast, wooing the commerce of the world, her hills are ever green, her sons hospitable, brave and moral, and her daughters faithful, modest, and pure as their island snowdrops, or the lilies that grow in the vale. Have courage then Old Land, the dawn of a new life is breaking upon thee! Courage, Old Land, the land for which Grattan pleaded and Emmet

died! Courage! for the whole earth heaves with the throes of a new nativity, and the magi of the nations, in the words of one of our gifted sons, shall again worship at the shrine of Republican Commonwealths. Courage, Old Land, for despite the atrocities that have rent thy white bosom, thy redeemed and emancipated people will erect on Erin's green sod (Oh, God, send it in my time) the monument to Emmet, stately, beautiful, and his revered name will be more honored than ever.

Ye Irish Nationalists in these commemoration days, write upon your banners, temperance, unity and perseverance! Bear them proudly. Let them wave over true and stern hearts. Never despair, never falter, unless Bunker Hill is a fiction and Gettysburg a dream, victory must light upon your banners.

Proud are we of the accession to our ranks of the Liberals to-day in England. What but the justice of the Irish cause and a holy and irrepressible love of righteousness could have induced these eminent men not only to retire from the aristocratic associations into which they were born, where they were honored and beloved, to forego brilliant prospects and to link their futures with the despised and persecuted Irish, representing a cause everywhere spoken against. I hail their companionship with unspeakable delight. Down must come the frenzied bigotry of the English classes against the Irish rights. Down must come the prejudices that have so long interposed their dark and baleful atmosphere between the two countries. Down must come the House of Lords that for centuries has listened in vain to the trumpet peals arising from the grave of starved millions, who have heard Ireland's wrongs proclaimed by Burke and Fox. If human genius could have redeemed Ireland, if human eloquence could have persuaded, the House of Lords would have paid heed to the people's woes. But Ireland must rely on herself! In union there is safety! In disunion there is disaster! In union there is vigor. In disunion there is imbecility! In union there is victory. In disunion there is defeat!

I call upon the Irish millions to consult history, to remember the days when Hugh O'Neil, the splendid Earl of Tyrone, fought the legions of Elizabeth. I call upon them to remember the days of '98, when the United Irishmen, for a time, smote the foundations of British tyranny to the earth, when in Wexford alone ten thousand British soldiers were killed. I call upon them to remember the immortal Washington, and pray fervently that the good God may raise up an Irish Washington. I call upon them to remember the young Irelanders of '48—that splendid crop of Republicans. Imitate their glorious example. Plant upon your banners their motto, "Educate that you may be free!"

In speaking of the Irish uprising of 1798, it is well and proper to notice the current objections to granting Ireland's demands. England has answered Ireland by three great lies, the first is that Ireland is too small for self-government, that there are too many people for the soil to support. These objectors forget that the grandeur of a nation is not measured by its size; that Greece, Switzerland, Holland, Denmark and Belgium, that have made themselves illustrious, are much smaller in area than Ireland. I deny that Ireland is over-crowded, the number of inhabitants to the square mile in France is 180, Italy 225, Belgium, 221, Flanders 718, England and Wales 442, Ireland 161.

The most monstrous of all the fictions is the religious one, that if Ireland ever gets Home Rule, it will prove to be Rome rule. I might appeal to history that the Catholics have ever been the friends of civil and re-

ligious liberty. In the Irish Parliament of 1649, exclusively Catholic, this law was passed—Resolved, that no man shall be persecuted in this Kingdom for his religion." I might appeal to the Scottish Covenanters, when driven from the Highlands of Scotland, because they would not accept the Prelacy of the Church of England, they fled to Ireland where they received a shelter and a home, or to the eighty families of Bristol, who were compelled to flee because of their being Non-Conformists, and for whom, when they arrived in Dublin, the Catholics rented eighty houses; I might appeal to Daniel O'Connell, who before the emancipation of his own creed, drew up a petition in behalf of the English Dissenters, a petition signed by forty-nine thousand Irish Catholics. When he entered Parliament he presented this petition, and in two weeks had the pleasure of witnessing the repeal of the "Corporation and Test Acts." Every Non-Conformist was grateful. The Unitarians were delighted, and make honorable mention in resolutions of O'Connell's liberality and zeal in their behalf.

What are the facts to-day? Take Dublin, a Catholic city with a population of 43,000 Protestants, and 220,000 Catholics, yet the eighteen per cent. of Protestants hold offices paying more than forty-seven per cent. From the corporation in the city of Cork, where the Protestants are less than fifteen per cent of the inhabitants, they receive seventy-five per cent. of the salaries; it is the same in Waterford, Drogheda and Wexford. Look at Protestant Ulster. In the city of Belfast, where there are 75,000 Catholics and 202,000 Protestants, not a seat in the corporation is held by a Catholic, and while they contribute more than a quarter of the population, they receive less than seven per cent. of the salaries. In the Catholic cities of the South, Protestants are frequently elected Lord Mayors and Aldermen; in the Protestant North such liberality is unknown.

We are frequently told that Ulster is the most intelligent and wealthy part of Ireland. It is not true. The census shows that fifty-eight per cent. of the population of Leinster, to fifty-three per cent. of Ulster can read; the income tax of Leinster is $65,000,000, Ulster $50,000,000. Thus two more fictions are disposed of.

The second lie is that the Irish drink more whiskey than any other nation. It is false, scandalously false; the census stamps it as a slander, a thumping English lie. I confess that they have drunk more than was necessary. Now for the figures: In 1896 the population of Ireland was 4,548,000; of England, 30,731,000, and Scotland, 4,187,000. In that year there were 2,795,520 gallons consumed in Ireland; in England, 24,846,000 gallons, and in Scotland, 3,416,000. Consumption per meal in Ireland was less than half a gallon, while in England and Scotland it was more than three quarters of a gallon. Travel through all parts of Ireland and you will see the growth of temperance everywhere; since the days when Father Mathew performed a moral miracle, drunkenness has been on the decline.

If the memory of an Emmet can never perish in an Irish heart; if a race famed for its profound religious convictions, famed for its desperate gallantry upon a hundred battlefields, and famed for its unconquered love of freedom; if a cause defended by the splendid genius of Swift and advocated by the mighty eloquence of Grattan; if the soldiers who have commanded the armies of Russia, Spain, Austria and England; if orators who have shed immortal lustre upon the Irish name are worthy of admiration—then be inspired by their examples, and you shall witness a splendid change in the home of your fathers.

SAD DAYS IN THE NATION'S HISTORY.

BY MATHEW HALE.

Columbia, "joyful mother of the bravest of the brave," thou hast had thy days of dolor, too!

Not the misery and desolation of defeat, nor the shame of feeling the heel of a conqueror, have caused the sorrows of the land of the union of states, but a tender sympathy with bereavement, and a sense of personal loss in the passing of the heroes who have made the name of America illustrious, have caused the gloom of mourning to cast its shadow from the shores of one great ocean to another great ocean's shores.

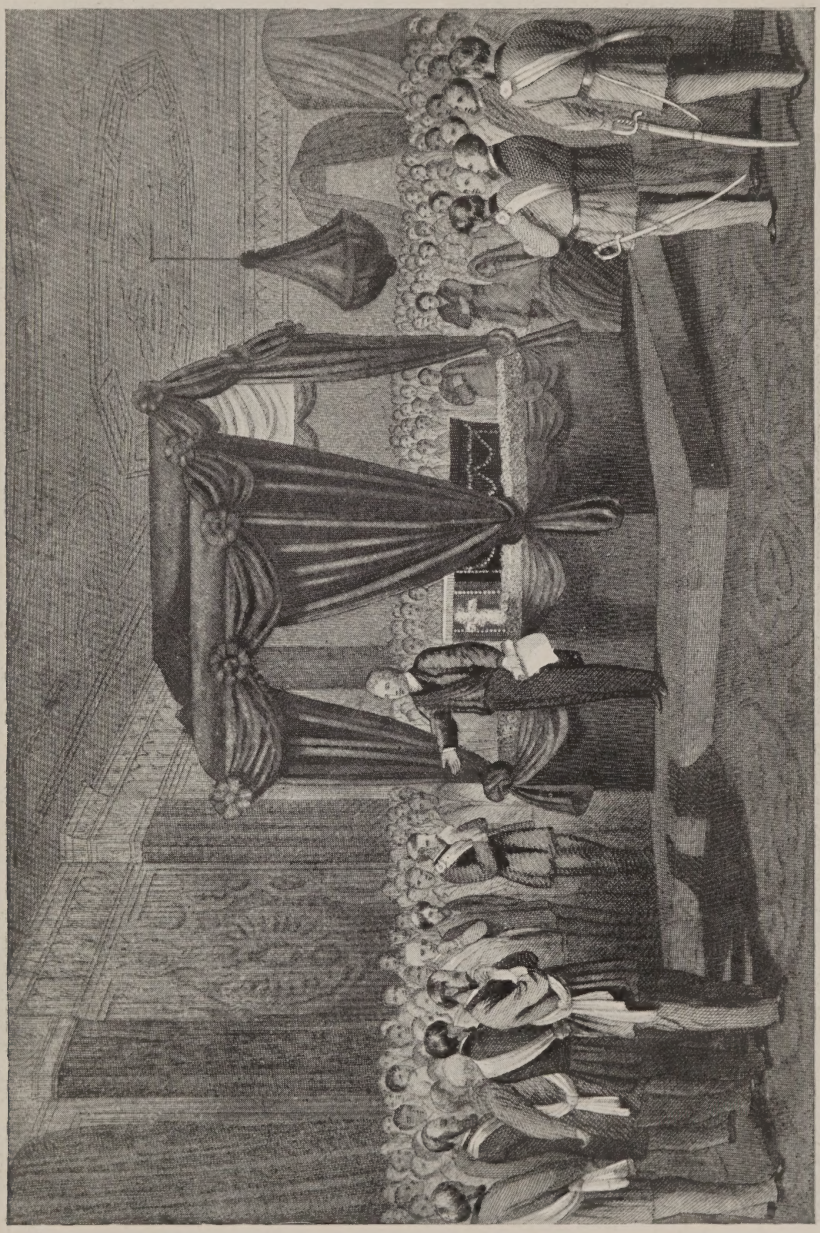
One great man was vouchsafed a brief hour of triumph; for a little time he felt the glow of success, for one evening he felt that he might enjoy an hour of honestly earned relaxation—then death came. Hardly had the folds of the union flag greeted the air of Sumter, from which it had been banished, than the man, to whose exertions, more than to those of any other, its triumph was due, was called to lay down the life which had been of such transcendant benefit to his country.

On the night of April 14th, 1865, in Ford's Theatre, Washington, Abraham Lincoln was shot, and a few hours later died. The body lay in the Green room of the White House till noon of the 19th of the month, when it was carried to the rotunda of the Capitol and there laid in state. There the people, the objects of the affection of this Colossus among men, came to pay their tearful tributes. The stupor into which the country had been thrown was just giving way to poignant grief, and so before his bier passed wailing thousands. They knew that a nation, united, had been led again to union by this homely, plain-faced giant, who had borne the weight of the conflict on his own shoulders, had sustained the heat and burden of the day and had been slain ere he could enter into the glory of his reward. He had fought so well, struggled so bravely, borne up so nobly when the darkest hours were upon the nation, that a new regret was added to the burden borne by the people who mourned him. All that they could do they did. They could show their respect for his ashes, though it could in no way interest the dead. So they made it a time of mourning and paid to him funeral honors no monarch had ever known.

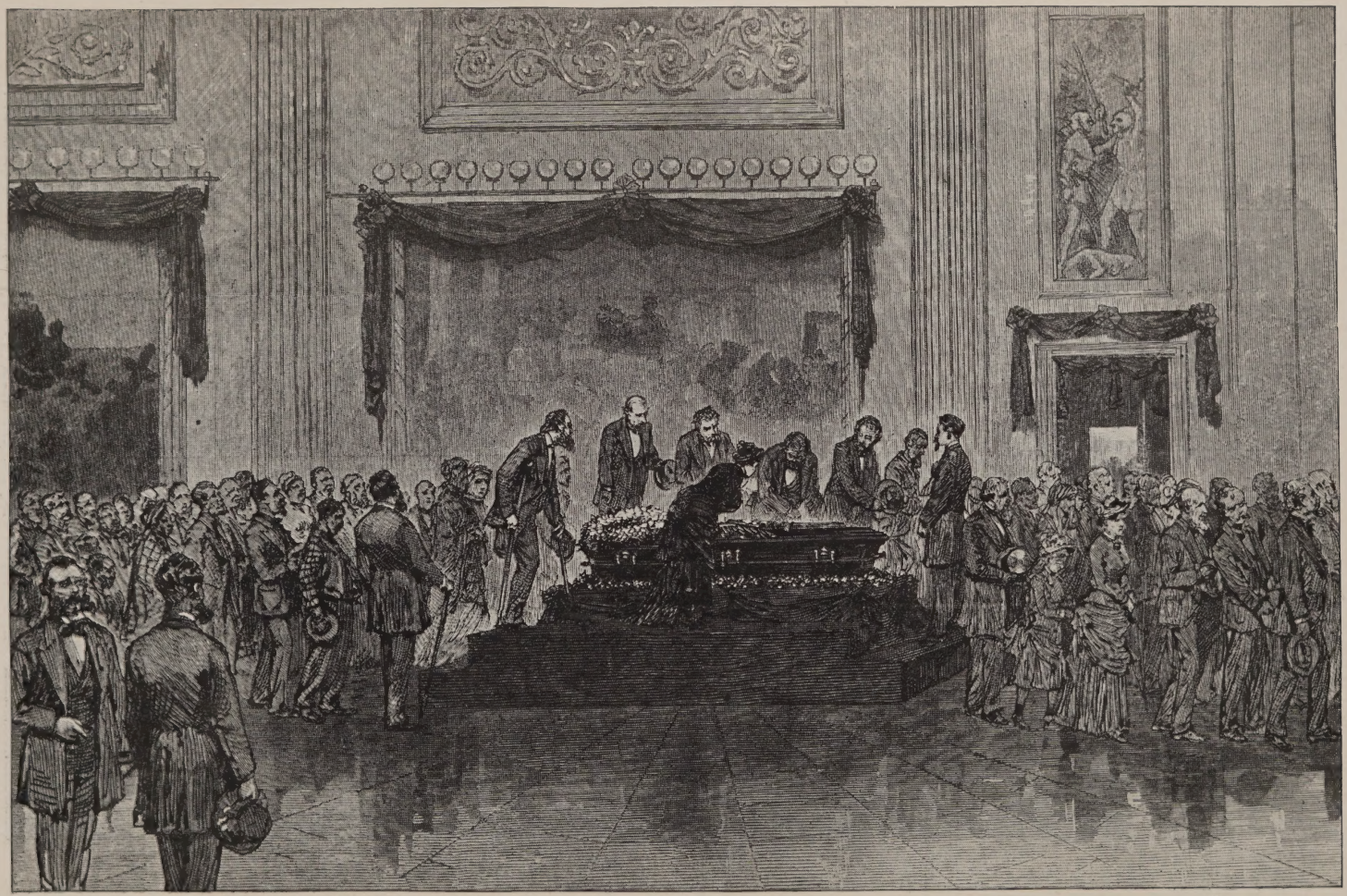
On April 21, the train, with tolling bells, conveyed the dead leader to his old home in Illinois, along the same route over which he had come to Washington. At Baltimore, in the cities of Pennsylvania, the metropolis, Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Chicago, everywhere the funeral car passed, it went between lines of weeping people, till at last it reached the long home of the honored dead, but never yet have the American people ceased to mourn for the death, so untimely and tragic, of Abraham Lincoln.

Years later another leader, a President, was struck by an assassin. The administration of James A. Garfield had just been organized, he was starting on a trip through New York and New England, intending to spend a day at Williams College, his alma mater, when a half-crazed, notoriety seeker, shot him in the back, two days before the national holiday. The nation ceased its jubilation and entered upon a long term of pitying suspense. The wounded man was cared for by the most skilful physicians, he had the most patient nurses, and was in the loving care of a tender, devoted wife, but all that could be done was to ease his pain and prolong his life from July

2 to September 19, when, for the second time, America lost her President by the hand of an assassin, and that in one generation. Again were dirges played, and again began a mournful journey of a funeral car, through cities and across states, till in his own state the citizens received the ashes of the dead leader and gave them the honors of a military and civic pageant which have been rarely equalled. Dying as he did, President Garfield took his



FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT THE PRESIDENTIAL MANSION.



PRESIDENT GARFIELD LYING IN STATE AT THE CAPITOL.

Last Honors to General Grant.

place in the same temple, though in a much lower niche, than the rail-splitter of Illinois.

On the 16th of June there came to Mount McGregor a stocky, square-shouldered, short-bearded man. This man had borne the highest of earthly honors, he had had great responsibility thrust upon him; he had risen from the obscurity of a country store, and that not over-successful, to the command of legions which Caesar might have envied, and now, with his throat in the clutch of relentless dis-

ease—cancer—face to face with death, he sat down to finish the literary work which should keep him from the grave of a bankrupt, and leave for his dependents the wherewith to live.

When the rumblings of the coming storm were plainly heard, when the flag was hauled down from Fort Sumter, Ulysses S. Grant was an humble private citizen of Galena, Ill. He told his neighbors and cronies how the war should be conducted, what would have to be done before the end would come, and counsels which Napoleon might have given his eyes to have received were heard with but half tolerant incredulity by the loafers in a country store. Grant enlisted into the service of the State, in the humblest capacity, and a career as wonderful as history records was begun. Saying little, thinking much, acting quickly, never hurrying and never yielding, he went from one triumph to another. Detractors came and went and left him, the meteor, to his own orbit. From Belmont to Fort Donaldson, from Shiloh to Vicksburg, from Chattanooga to Appomattox, he remained the same simple, self-contained soldier. Personally calm and gentle, tender-hearted, disliking blood and dreading the need of carnage, he had, under the press of military necessity, the tenacity of a bull dog and the relentless ferocity of a tiger. After Lincoln, Grant was the national idol; he was the second in that mighty group which gathered around the towering form of the President, and as such the nation honored him. Twice elected to the presidency, and a third time a close contestant for the nomination, he may have caused some to sorrow, but none to regret the honors paid him. The burdens of the nation's chieftainship laid down he made a tour of the world memorable by the attentions heaped upon him by the notabilities of the outside world. European and Asiatic alike greeted him and welcomed him. On his return home disaster came, then bankruptcy, and the man who had placed the name of the Illinois leather dealer beside those of Alexander, Belesarius, Julius Caesar and Bonaparte, was forced to take up his pen to provide for the wants of his family, at an age when most men have ceased to labor and only wait the final summons. He discovered that the hand that had wielded the sword so well, could describe the strokes with the pen in a charming, modest narrative, which made him more admirers. And so, when disease fastened upon him he came to Mount McGregor to die. He did die there, five weeks after his coming. And not Vicksburg nor Appomattox did him more honor than his last grim fight with the specter of want. With a pad of paper on his knee, unable to articulate, racked with pain, death nearer with every breath, he wrote the closing chapters of his memoirs, and no literary student has been keen enough to tell which pages were written with death looking over his shoulder and which were written in comparative health.

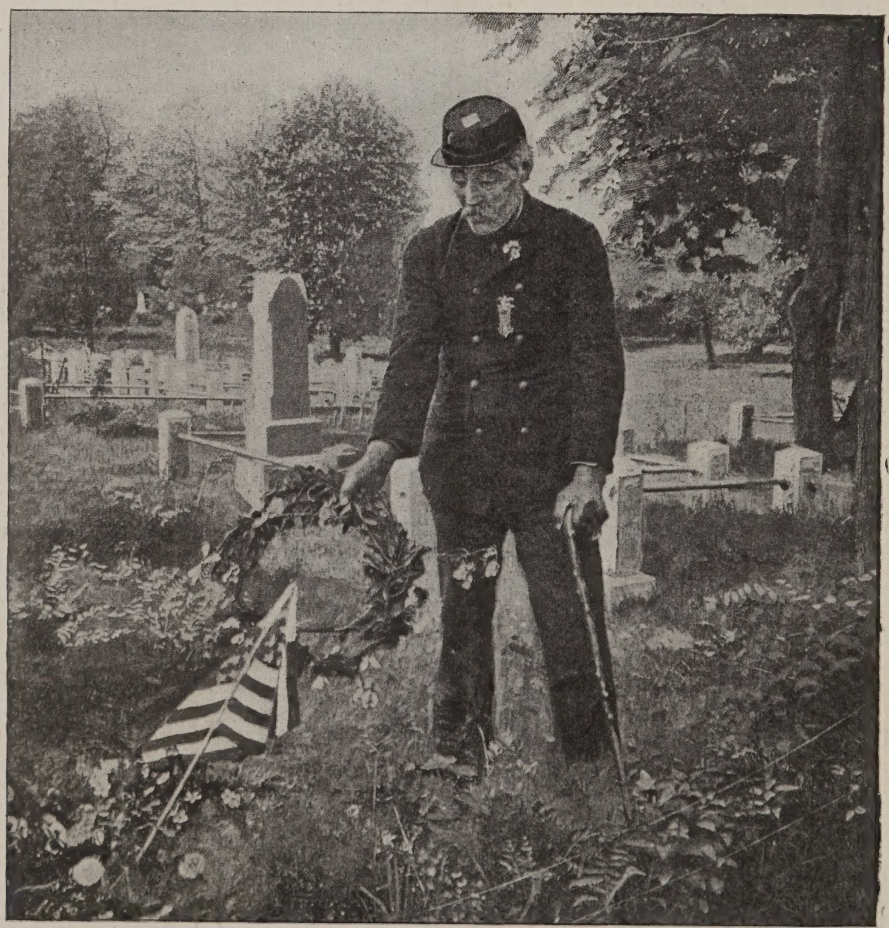
In New York City, where his latest home had been, he was buried August 8, 1885, and the pageant was as imposing as military majesty and mourning trappings could make it. Again the nation mourned a great man gone. Throughout the wide borders of the land the sorrow was deep and sincere. It was not like the pain felt at Lincoln's death, for Grant had received such reward as a generous and grateful people could give, but it was a proud and deep sorrow, like that of a grown-up son for a beloved father, and all the elements of pathos were increased by the attendance and participation of the very men who had fought him and whom he had fought hardest.

On the night of Feb. 15, 1898, the battleship Maine lay in Havana harbor. The men were mostly asleep in their hammocks, the watch was keeping vigil on the decks; here and there an officer was preparing to take his rest, the captain was writing to his wife, the chaplain, Fr. John Chidwick, was saying his office, when a mine was

BURIAL OF THE SAILORS OF THE MAINE.

exploded underneath her keel, the keel plates were driven to the deck and hundreds of men were torn to pieces, or hurled, naked and mangled, into the foul waters of the harbor or crushed neath bent and wrenched steel deck beams. A few days passed, and nineteen of the 266 lost men were gathered, here and there, and the alien city gave them burial.

Havana turned out to honor the dead laid in alien soil, beneath an alien sky. Ecclesiastical, civil and military dignitaries gave pomp and circumstance to the ceremonies, and the representatives of foreign government lent the countenance of their presence. These dead men, for the most part the humblest citizens of our republic, will never know the grief their people felt at their tragic end, and not yet do we know all of our sorrow. Many may be added to the numbers that sleep in Colon cemetery ere the tale be told, but though the martial spirit of a patient people may be roused, and war's red records show deeds of heroism equal to any yet written, the mourning of a nation for her humble dead will go on till time, the universal healer, shall lay its balm-laden hand upon the hearts of all who love liberty, humanity, the stars and stripes and the land of the free and the home of the brave.



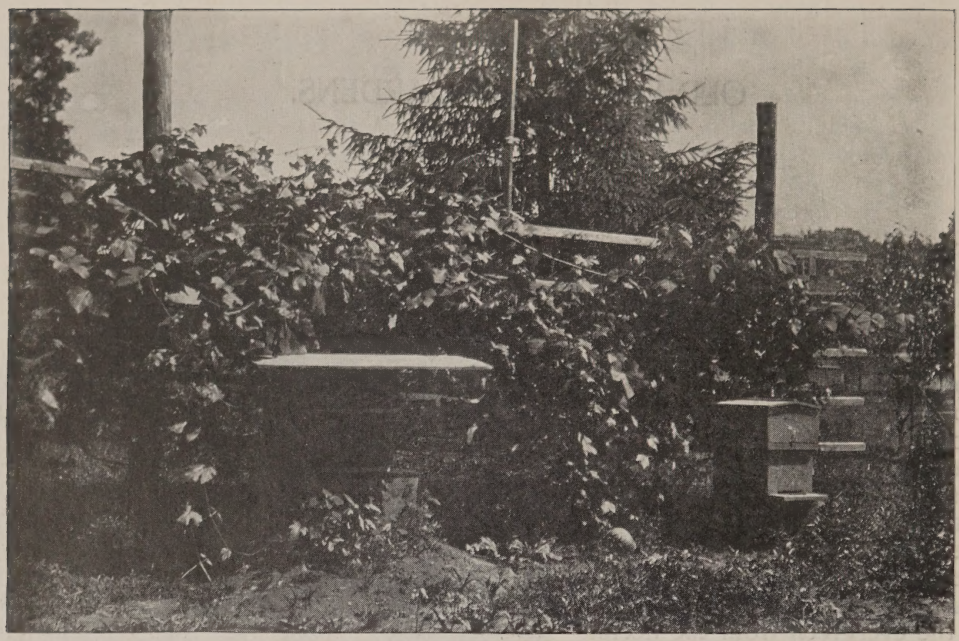
OLD-FASHIONED GARDENS.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

Our memories of the quaint, old-fashioned gardens of our childhood are of sweet-smelling herbs and roses and daffodils; of hardy, free-growing perennials still in honored positions; and of peonies and hollyhocks and foxgloves not yet relegated to the semi-obscurity of backgrounds and corners. There are stiff, inclosing hedges which are uncompromising in their attitude to the outer world; and in the charming interiors are prim, geometrical outlines of box which separate the annuals from the perennials, the evergreen from the deciduous, the sweet-smelling from the merely rich of bloom. There are rows of mint, and squares of rosemary and circles of lavender, and perhaps crescents and oblongs and dots of balm and sweet marjoram and thyme. Beds of pink-flowering daphne and of columbine and Canterbury bell are inclosed by borders of white daisies and creeping phlox and Solomon's seal, and these in turn by the inevitable guard of box. June pinks peep shyly over their walls at the Sweet Williams across the path, and stately hollyhocks observe and bend down with tingling cheeks to whisper to the lilies, whose fair, white faces scarcely change.

Rustic arbors hold an honored position in these gardens, and the wistarias and honeysuckles and trumpet vines which clamber over them seem to riot in their own luxuriousness. Every point of vantage is taken possession of by eager, swaying tendrils, until the arbors are seeming mounds of flowers and foliage, about which butterflies and humming birds dart, and into which robins and sparrows penetrate and nest. In the shade, four o'clocks

AT THE GATE.



A Garden Corner, Clemens Estate, Peacedale.

bloom and mass themselves into thick, yielding carpets, and perhaps near the entrance is a clump of tiger lilies or a compact, gorgeous bed of peonies. It is in these arbors that the children study their lessons out of school hours, and give their tea parties; and, later, where the young men of the neighborhood whisper sweet things to the maidens of the house.

In conspicuous corners are great clumps of lilacs, or "laylocks," whose fragrance permeates the morning air and diffuses itself over the entire vicinity; and among the flower beds proper are the cherished "love apples," not thought edible, but which were later proscribed to the vegetable garden under the rechristened name of tomatoes. Pear trees encroach the flowers on one side, or perhaps separate them from the vegetables; while along the hedges are trellises upon which grapes ripen in questioning defiance of the frost.

But most prominent and distinguished of all are the roses, the acknowledged queens of old-fashioned gardens. They held first place in the hearts of our mothers and grandmothers, who trained them over the windows and angles of their comfortable gambrel-roofed houses.

These old gardens are rich in plants that increase in beauty from year to year. There are no ribbon or carpet beds of coleus and other bright-hued, short-lived plants. Such frail things, when had, were kept by our grandmothers as window plants. The garden was not for a day or month, but for permanence; and the ground was laid out and prepared with almost as much care as was given to planning the house itself. In congenial soil the lilies and hollyhocks spread out into strong clumps, the roses bloomed and rebloomed, the masses of peonies became rounded hillocks of immense white and red flowers, and the climbers rioted up and away until there were no more heights for them to conquer. Spring was ushered in with myriads of snowdrops and violets, with yellow daffodils and rare blue scillas, and then followed in quick succession by lilies of the valley, lilacs, daphnes, roses, poppies, columbines, pinks,

lilies, hollyhocks, foxgloves, larkspurs, primroses; and only when the snows of late November shut down over the face of the garden would the season close with a last bright bunch of heartsease. And all of them, from the snowdrops to the heartsease, are impressed upon our memories as the most beautiful of their kind. Who ever saw roses like those our grandmothers raised? Or bushes like those which covered the garden hedges, or clambered over the eaves of the house and up the gambrel roof to the very base of the great colonial chimney? Not you or I, certainly; or, for that matter, any one who has a regard for the truth.

Occasionally we come across one of these old gardens of our grandmothers, quaint and unchanged; lifted bodily, as it were, from the past, and brought to us across the vicissitudes of a changing age. We catch glimpses of it through the narrow embrasures of frowning hedges, and whiff its aromatic odors with a strange sensation of being away from ourselves and in another world. It is invested with a silence appropriately its own, and we almost feel like raising our hats as we tiptoe past. To hear a child's voice in such a place would be almost as much of a shock as to see the sedate, spectacled owner come through the embrasure on a bicycle.

Such gardens are rare, of course, for the spirit of innovation is strong, and only on the unfashionable streets of the old, old towns have their barriers remained intact against the investment of outside progression.

But everywhere are reminders of them, old gardens whose hedges have given way to modern low walls; and chain fences and geometrical figures of box which have yielded their out-of-date herbs and "four o' clocks" and "evening beauties" to the flaunting, high-colored novelties of the seed catalogues. Hollyhocks, self-seeded from the old stock, may still linger along the back hedges, and quaint patterns of box and perhaps a bed of peonies and Canterbury bells be allowed to remain by sufferance in their old positions; but the chances are that the old arbor has given place to a tennis court, and the generous bed of herbs to the gorgeous set colors of carpet and ribbon-bed patterns. It is as though the eyes of our grandmothers were questioning us from under the brims of modern millinery.

These evolving old-fashioned gardens are familiar to the villagers and country folk of New England and the South.

But the real old-fashioned garden, unchanged even to the isolating of its peony bed and aromatic borders, and with the selfsame rustic arbor in which our grandmother received the cavaliers who came a-courting, appear to us at rare intervals through the embrasures of hedges; not more than a half-dozen times in a life's length, perhaps; and only in the older portions of the old, old towns. But they are always the same quaint and protesting recluses, whether we find them in Salem or Bristol or Baltimore or Savannah or New Orleans, and differing only in characteristics with the condition of climate and people; the hedges of New England changing to the high stone walls and narrow wickets of Spanish St. Augustine, and the "lay-locks" and comfreys and snowberries of the one to the myrtles and oleanders and hibiscus of the other. It matters not in which of the old towns we are, or in front of what manner of old fashioned garden, the reverential curiosity is the same. Many a time have I walked along St. George's Street, of the Ancient City, watching for the possible opening of a wicket in the grim wall which towered four or five feet above my head, and feeling amply rewarded if I caught a glimpse of the old Spanish garden within. And the

same feeling has been with me when negotiating for entrance into an old garden at Pensacola or Tallahassee or in some of the Middle Atlantic States. It is not beauty or artistic arrangement that influences us but rather reverence for that which has been created and deemed good by our ancestors.

In rural communities there was an odd custom of isolating the garden from the house, and surrounding it with a high stone wall. Why it was so is not apparent, for the small inclosure was difficult for the farmer to work with a team; and, besides, was not easy of access for the women of the household. At my old home the "garden," so called, was at considerable distance from the house, with a wide lawn, or "yard," and one field to cross. No one seemed to know its origin, save that it could be traced back a hundred years or more to a great-grandfather. It had never been worked, even in the memory of the oldest member of the family, a more convenient garden having been made directly behind the house. But to us children, the few square rods of neglected, bush-grown, wall-inclosed land, whereon we had never seen a flower or vegetable grown, was always the "garden."

At more pretentious places there was often a rose garden thus isolated and perhaps surrounded by a hedge in addition to the wall. Even now, half-wild descendants of some of the rose roots may be found in old, neglected gardens.

Joining these inclosures, and separated from them by hedges, were usually the flower garden proper, made up mostly of hardy shrubs and herbaceous plants, and the kitchen garden, wherein may still be found occasional evidence of ancient rhubarb and "sparrergrass" beds.

Few of these isolated gardens are worked now. They are too small for the modern farmer's idea of space. He dislikes wall angles and dividing fences, and feels that he cannot turn his plow to the sharp angles of the small inclosures. But for some reason he does not tear the old walls down, as he does other useless divisions on his farm; so they remain, choked with shrubs and weeds, pathetic reminders of a past which is obscured by distance.

Most of our early gardens were from English models, even to the time of planting and varieties of seeds. Then as the climate and its conditions became better known, slight changes were made in the plants and planting to meet the new knowledge; but for the most part the manner of working and the modeling remained the same. We can easily imagine our neighbor's garden to be the counterpart of Shakespeare's at Stratford, where in early spring appeared "the yellow and gray crocus, primroses, anemones, violets, yellow daffodils,—

That come before the swallow dares.
And takes the winds of March with beauty,

the daisy, sweetbrier and the blossoms of the almond and peach"; and later, the wall and stock, gilliflower, lily, rosemary, peony, columbine, lavender and French marigold, the musk roses and monkshood, and so on to the poppies of September, the hollyhocks and late roses of October and November; and, in warm situations, the periwinkles of December.

The earliest lists of English plants date from the tenth or eleventh century, but the poetry of flowers does not begin until three or four hundred years later. The earliest poetical references to flowers are very simple, and perhaps the lily was the first flower to be used in a poetic way—"lylie whyt"—and the daisy the first to create a real poetic enthusiasm.

From this, Shakespeare had a well developed garden to draw on for similes and poetic symbols; but if we may infer so much from Lord Bacon's

essay on gardens, the popular style of gardening was "childish," stiff and formal rather than free and natural.

This was over three hunded years ago; and yet the stiff and formal style prevailed for two hundred years more, and is still seen in our old-fashioned gardens. If Shakespeare could join us in a ramble among our grandmother's prim, box-inclosed figures he would doubtless be the more familiar and self-possessed.

Lord Bacon and Shakespeare, however, were in advance of their time, for they represent in their treatment of gardens and flowers the two healthy phases of English gardening. Bacon would have a royal garden consisting of a green or lawn, side grounds for shade and fruit, laid with alleys and shady paths, but with no cropped and shaped hedges—"they are for children." The main garden should be open to the sun, but he does not minutely describe what he put in it, for his thoughts seem given to the wild garden of heath. "For the heath, which is a third part of our plot, I wish it to be framed as near as may be to a natural wilderness. I would have no trees in it, but some thickets, made only of sweetbrier and honeysuckle, with wild vine among them, and the ground set with violets, strawberries and primroses, for these are sweet and proper in the shade. I like also little heaps, in the nature of mole hills, such as are in the wild heaths, to be set with wild thyme, some with pinks, some with germander, some with periwinkle, some with cowslips, some with daisies, some with red roses, some with lilies of the valley, some with red sweet williams, some with bear's foot, etc., part of which heaps to be standards of little bushes pricked upon their top and part without."

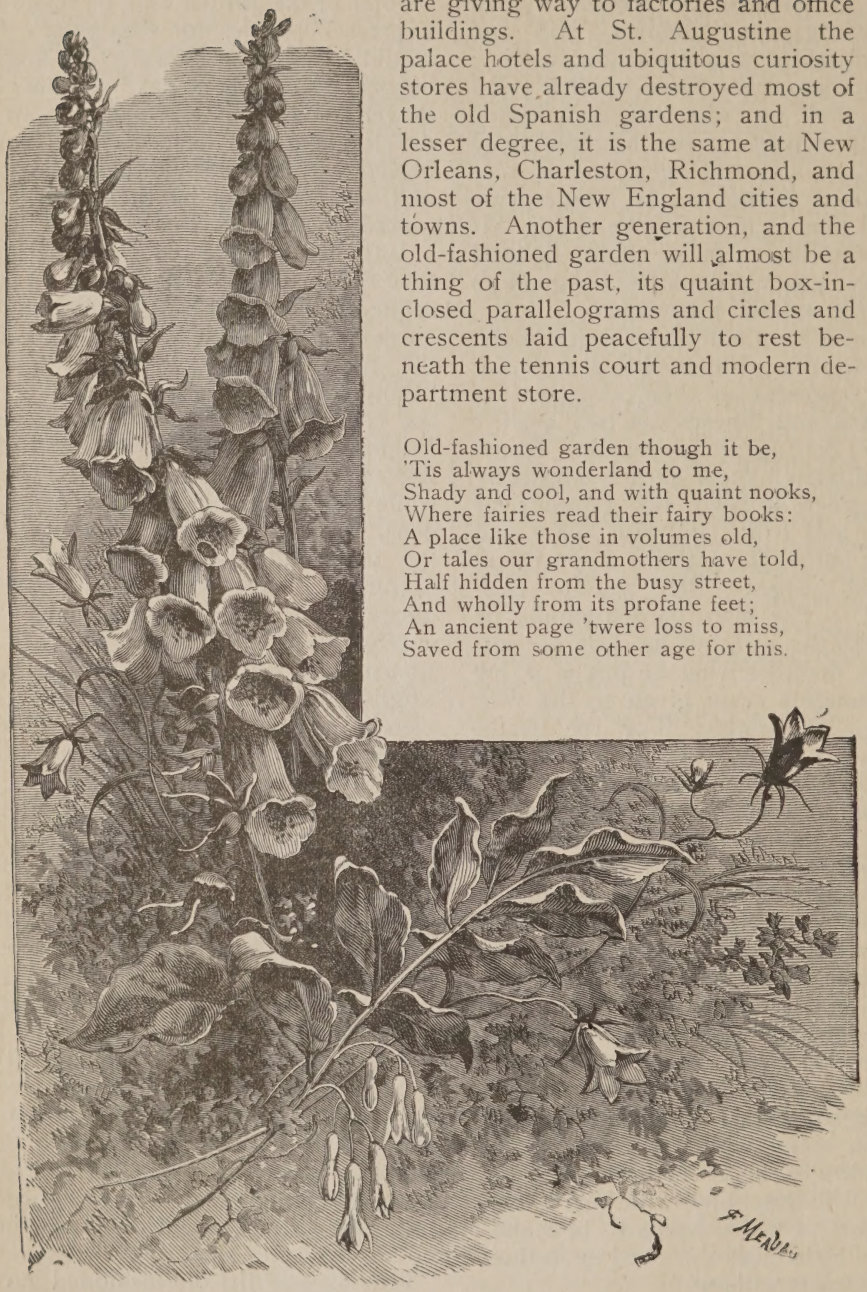
This is a man's garden. Shakespeare shows us a garden for women. He places his flowers in the hands of women and connects even their fondness for them with the meaning that the blooms of the garden may be made to express—"pansies for thoughts." "I would I had some flowers that might become your time of day." "The cut flower trade," it is affirmed, "is but a development of those feelings connected with flowers and the uses made of them presented by the women of Shakespeare.

Intimately connected with the history of the English garden, and consequently with our own old-fashioned gardens, is the violet. It appears in the first English list of plants as "Banwyrt," or bone herb. Not until the fifteenth century does it appear on English plant lists as "Wyolet"—little flower. A great change had meanwhile taken place in the idea of gardens, not a little of which was due to the poets and to the employment of flowers as expressing poetic sentiments. The fact that the daisy is purely English and Saxon, and that it appears (as Daegesege) on the earliest English lists, shows that our fathers, even in the earliest times, had a feeling for any flowers that expressed a sentiment in their minds.

These glimpses of an early tendency toward flower gardens are interesting as the first crude efforts to form the collections which later developed into herb gardens, heath gardens, rock gardens, wild gardens, rose gardens, villa gardens, and the like; the planning and arranging of which was naturally at first stiff and formal.

It was not until within the past fifty years, perhaps in the last twenty-five, that this stiff formality began to disappear. But the change has been so complete and radical, that the garden of our grandmother is as far removed from that of the present day as is the minuet from the modern two-step.

Year by year the old-fashioned gardens are yielding to the march of progress. Old towns are taking on new blocks and widening ancient streets, cities are absorbing their suburbs, and gambrel-roofed landmarks



are giving way to factories and office buildings. At St. Augustine the palace hotels and ubiquitous curiosity stores have already destroyed most of the old Spanish gardens; and in a lesser degree, it is the same at New Orleans, Charleston, Richmond, and most of the New England cities and towns. Another generation, and the old-fashioned garden will almost be a thing of the past, its quaint box-inclosed parallelograms and circles and crescents laid peacefully to rest beneath the tennis court and modern department store.

Old-fashioned garden though it be,
'Tis always wonderland to me,
Shady and cool, and with quaint nooks,
Where fairies read their fairy books:
A place like those in volumes old,
Or tales our grandmothers have told,
Half hidden from the busy street,
And wholly from its profane feet;
An ancient page 'twere loss to miss,
Saved from some other age for this.

WESTCHESTER.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, M. A.

CHAPTER XXV.

With the coming on of serious upheavals in the country, my crony, Caleb Wilberforce, whose calling of attorney-at-law and notary required his much attendance on his clients in the city, forsook his cottage on the borders of the Grange, and lived (to my great loss) in hired lodgings in New York.

There, since the town, never one-half rebellious, fell early into British hands, our peaceful man of letters remained in the enjoyment of his scholastic tastes, with but a very rare excursion of a Sunday to Waverly to see his friends there.

As opportunity, however, offered, I corresponded with this worthy soul, being quite loath to be deprived of the improving and diverting quality of the discourses of a gentleman of such singular parts.

By the sure hands of an express who bore dispatches to the neighboring General, good Caleb did contrive to forward me a letter some two or three short days before the incidents related in the previous chapter.

Therein he had advised me that, having leisure, and honored with a pass under the very hand and seal of General Clinton, he did propose to spend the coming Sunday night beneath my roof, for that he much desired my judgment and advisement upon some trifles out of Anacreon, which he had done into English, and thought not wholly lacking in merit—as well as that he might pay his compliments to Miss Broadbent upon her anniversary and present to her some sables of uncommon softness, the which he had received out of the North, and ordered Master Outerbridge, the furrier in the Broadway, to make up.

So in due course journeyed the gentle scholar forth into the country. He learned from Bray, at whose change house he stopped to hear the news, of our being carried off, and Bray hath told me that, upon hearing this, the worthy man burst into simple tears, and turning his jaded beast without a single word, made his way back as fast as possible to town.

Within the four and twenty hours next following, that man of learning proved he had qualities more to be looked for in one less studious and more given to practical affairs.

From the commander of the British he first obtained promise of aid more easy to be made than executed; yet had the good man the greatest comfort upon beholding no less than three tried and determined officers set forth, empowered and ordered to undertake the rescue of his friends.

Not to put all his eggs into one basket, Caleb, having now so auspiciously got this train set in motion, set forth for Morrisania, in which great mansion he found the Tory mother of the rebellious Morris, and (though this was not for some time known), Morris himself, hiding in the security of maternal love. To this all-powerful young man did Wilberforce appeal, and I did learn that, what with his connivance and John Jay's request, our case was earlier brought to that poor show of justice which mitigated much of our impending ruin.

Then, having set his legal, formal influences to bear upon our straits, who that had known the man could have believed what it remains to tell? He found his way under grotesque disguise, and making use of countersigns, passwords and shibboleths

(heaven alone knoweth how come by), in momentary danger of discovery and death—he, the impractical and visionary student, found his resistless way to the immediate neighborhood of the accursed mines where his beloved friends lay buried.

Brought hither by the unerring instincts of his devotion to us the altogether childlike man, finding scant chance of getting any sort of correspondence with us, remained content in lodgings in a quiet house hard by. Nor was the passive and pathetic comfort felt by him in simply being near us in our grief, without results, as more particularly shall be declared in the next chapter to that which followeth.

CHAPTER XXVI.

No sooner were the Colonel and Major Weston come within the British lines, than the latter, throwing off all traces of his assumed and hated character of an American officer, noisily congratulated himself upon being once more among his friends.

The rumor of the flight and of the safe arrival ran quickly through the camp and presently the heroes of the hour were summoned to the tent of the commanding officer.

"Well, lads, did ye succeed in getting at the maps and correspondence?"

The Colonel tossed the roll upon the table for reply, and an examination satisfied all of the officers there present that Major Weston's estimate had been correct. The various charts and maps were of inestimable value, being indeed, no less than the official copies of surveys made of all breast-works, forts, approaches, batteries and passable high-ways of the whole region centering in New York.

The other papers were found little less valuable.

Considerable correspondence of sundry persons high in official life; welcome confession of grave and deep dissensions among the rebels; all sorts of treasonable offers made by the unsuspected; lists of men purchasable at such and such and such a price; admissions of the weakness and the lack of discipline among the Continentalists; statistics, commissary's tables, rosters and muster-rolls innumerable.

"Why, man, when General Clinton gets a peep at these he will brevet you colonel on the spot."

But Weston's mind was following the fortunes of the trembling girl whom, with the heart and soul of him he loved, though he deceived.

Partaking of some hastily prepared refreshment, he had a whispered conference with the Commander, and was seen shortly, followed by twenty men, to take the road, the horse of every man at a full gallop.

Finding his gravest fears increased by the discovery of the dead priest's body and the departure of the rest, he promptly settled in his mind his course of action.

By a detour avoiding the necessity of passing by Bray's tavern, he led his sturdy body of dragoons back to the turn-pike about a quarter of a mile above that hostlery.

A scout determined that they whom they now sought had left the inn sometime before, and, as the Major calculated that they would be now some two leagues off, he took a road which runneth after a general parallel to the turn-pike, determining to pass the Sergeant's party unobserved and to confront them ere they might take alarm.

It chanced, however, that Sergeant Darlington, fearing some possible attempt at rescue, fell with a couple of picked men behind his company and lagged, it might have been a full mile, back of them.

At the same time, in his anxiety to ascertain the whereabouts of his beloved one, Weston spurred on his horse well in advance of his superbly

mounted men, and had allowed three quarters of a mile to separate them.

Turning into a little lane connecting the main road with the more southerly and better-travelled turn-pike, Weston, after a minute's ride, found himself suddenly upon the latter.

He checked his horse in order to make sure that the expected enemy was not in sight, when instantly his practiced ear gave warning that certainly one horseman, and mayhap two, were coming toward him. Retreating to the cover of the blind lane, he waited eagerly. Thrilled with delight at once more finding that his deadly foe was in his power, he suffered Darlington to come abreast of him, not three yards off, then fired. The Sergeant wheeling, fired with incredible velocity into the bushes whence the flame had leaped. Again the tongue of fire hissed from the cover, and this time Sergeant Darlington yelling: "The red-coats, boys! Ahead! ahead!" reeled from his horse, while his two men, plunging their spurs into their frightened horses, dashed onward to alarm their friends.

Pushing the under-brush aside Weston rode out into the open highway.

The Sergeant's ball had shattered his right hand; but with his left Weston not only managed his mettled horse, but brandished his dragoon's sabre.

"For God's sake, Vic," cries out the prostrate Sergeant; "don't hack a dying devil with that bloody cleaver!"

Weston at this drops his uplifted arm, and swinging from his seat, kneels by the wounded man.

"Matt, have I killed you, then?"

"Your first ball would have been enough, and you put two in the same lung, d——n you!"

We be, indeed, both fearfully and wonderfully made.

With a revulsion of inexplicable feeling—a flood of horror, or remorse—a kindling of the long extinguished fires of conscience—God only knoweth what, or why,—Weston, as if arriving happily beside the bedside of his bosom's friend, and not upon the butchered body of his victim, flung himself down beside the groaning Sergeant.

"Matt," then he cries; "I have looked forward to this hour for many years, but by the God of Mercy, I would undo this murderous deed! Are you much hurt?"

The Sergeant, who had turned upon his face and lay there breathing hoarsely in the dust, grunted some indistinguishable curse.

But Weston's sudden paroxysm of remorse and pity was not to be denied.

"Matt! Matt!"

"Go to the devil! with you! Can't you at least allow a man to die in peace?"

"You shall not die! My men are coming up and——"

The wounded trooper, with an exhausting effort, raised himself then upon his elbow, grinning with cynical disdain.

"Your men! Your men! Ye mean a pack of red-coat vermin to whom you've sold yourself! Better than fall into their hands, let me end this! Gad, how the fever hisses in my brittle brain!"

So saying he fell quite faint, but failing not to draw a pistol from his belt, the which he would have instantly discharged into his temple, had not a swift, determined blow from Weston's hand knocked the exploding weapon out of his feeble grasp.

Noting his growing weakness, Weston once more addressed the writhing, prostrate giant in tones of almost supplicating pity.

"Matt, you have forever shattered this worthless hand of mine. And I have killed you. Three years ago you stole by base seduction the love of Margaret Lam——"

"Hush!"

"Nay, Darlington, this is no hour for either of us to dodge plain truth. Margaret Lambert had loved me and me only."

"And you were coolly winging this turtle-dove, old Broadbent's girl,—confess, you did not love Mag Lambert."

"I chose to think I did at that time."

"You chose to think! Egad! I chose to let your thinking go too far. While you—a traitor from the womb, a truckling, under-handed, lying——." He paused for breath, and Weston says, "Go on! And God have mercy on us both!"

"I say, while you, a liar, libertine and spy from choice were courting Madeleine Broadbent somewhere in Europe, I was at home and free, by gad, to do my best to put you in your true light before Mag Lambert."

"You mean that you deceived a helpless girl."

"And meant to marry her and would have done so, had you not turned up at the time and filled her head with fancying that she loved you. You wanted somebody to play with, a girl toy, against the coming home of Broadbent's filly. So you took her, my flesh and blood, about to be the mother of my child. You got her to renounce me that in every breath was true to her, and then when she could not conceal her delicate condition longer, you cried her shame, and flung her from you like a filthy thing!"

As the eloquent wrath of the great dying bully poured forth (stinging and sputtering with oaths and epithets wholly to be excluded) upon the now contrite and penitent imagination of the young officer, he crouched closer and closer to the wounded man.

His torrent of denunciation being spent, Darlington seemed to soften with the hush and strange humility discovered by his foe.

"I have been selfish, mean, conceited and a traitor, Matt, but as I hope for pardon I am not what you think. Will you not take my hand and say that you forgive me?"

The trooper raised his hand, but spoke not.

After a silence which must indeed have been full for them both of agonizing thoughts, Darlington murmured: "The day that Maggie bore my child and drowned it, and fled from home, a poor half-crazy out-cast on the world, I swore that I would track you to as vile a death. I could have killed you twenty times; but I was not content with less than leading you a miserable and haunted life, hounding you, dogging you, making the world revile and curse you—then I would kill, or have you killed in shame and infamy."

"God knows how well you have succeeded, Matt."

"And I am sorry for it all—with all my heart. Life is all short and bitter and torn awry enough, that we need not take oaths to make it worse for any man. Forgive me!"

Weston, completely overcome by this, and suffering excruciatingly himself in his crushed hand, decided at all costs, not to desert the Sergeant.

The body of dragoons having been startled by the pistol shots, had moved ahead at a much greater speed, and would have come upon the two some minutes since, but, being ignorant of the blind lane, or path, connecting the two roads, had ridden on a mile or two beyond the point and now were baffled and confused by failing to come up with their lost comrade.

Weston had rightly fancied that this was the case, and he rejoiced (so contradictory be human passions and emotions) that by this losing of their way, the British horsemen, would not discover Darlington and make him prisoner.

The Sergeant by this time was well-

nigh senseless, his scarcely heard "Go, Vic, for my boys will be on you in a jiffy," were his last words.

Still Weston tarried, and not until he heard the angry voices of the returning troopers did he stand up.

The next moment, upon his powerful horse, he was lost in the dense underbrush.

Upon a hastily contrived rude litter the four or five young men of Darlington's command bore the unconscious officer to their main body.

That night, toward day break, came the cavalcade into a village on the safe side of the Connecticut frontier, and there a surgeon said that Darlington would ride and curse for twenty years to come for all that these two pin holes in his lungs could hinder.

And we shall see him yet ere this sad tale be told, but never more as the sworn enemy of Victor Weston. Men's hearts be miracles.

CHAPTER XXVII.

We had now lain in the foul prison mines at Simsbury in the Colony of Connecticut above three months, when as I was pacing in much dejection about the court-yard where we were suffered to take the air, word was brought to me that I was instantly required by the chief goaler to appear before him.

Repairing to the miserable outhouse which served that officer for parlor, I learned that Miss Broadbent, who had been separated from us and kept with other three or four unfortunate females apart, was much concerned to see me, being extremely ill.

I had not been allowed to see my child and the occasional reports which some less obdurate turn-key did bring me served to excite my greatest apprehensions for her welfare.

"If all be true I hear," says the chief goaler, "it were best, sir, that you do see your pretty wench forthwith, and then contrive for her removal hence. This is no place for her."

"Contrive for her removal, sir?" cry I; "pray you, how might I in the bowels of the earth, where I have neither speech nor correspondence with the world, contrive for the release of this most unfortunate young lady? And yet, if my poor child be ill, I would engage all that I have on earth, could you connive at her escape, or bring her medical advice and care."

The keeper laughed as one who knew that "all I had on earth" was not at all like to be a great temptation.

"Spare your estates, sir. You may have need, moreover, of the clothes you wear, so spare them, too. I shall arrange for the removal of the lady to a convenient house close to the prison, where she shall find a motherly good soul to care for her as well as such assistance from a doctor as she may require."

"And, take a father's blessing for your goodness, sir. And, being good, be merciful—show me my child! If for a moment only, let me behold her—it may be for the last time, oh! good sir! For there appeareth nothing to excite the hopes that this most foully unjust and unmerited incarceration shall come to an end."

After deliberating for a moment, says the not altogether hardened man, "All right. I'll fetch the girl in here, if she is strong enough to walk so far. If not, you must content yourself with seeing her across the court as she is carried out."

"I could not! You are a father, I have been informed—could you, sir, bear the sight?"

"Well, let us see, let us see." So saying he withdrew. I waited, filled with distracting fears, the long imprisonment having so undermined my powers that I was quite incapable of rational and Christian calm.

The dragging minutes might have counted ten, when from a little door

which gave upon an inner court where were the women, I heard my daughter singing in chilling and unnatural tones a snatch of song. The horrid mockery of mirth had scarcely ceased when I did hear her scream, and groan, and chatter out some incoherent sentences.

Then was the door pushed open violently, and the exquisite flower that God had given to me and my lost Mary, stood before me. But oh! how changed! Attired in a much soiled, ill-fitting dressing-gown of faded pink, her hair dishevelled falling down her back, her sunken cheeks ashey but for two livid spots, which went and came, her great sweet eyes restless and full of a suspicious cunning that pierced my heart!

Such was the vision I beheld transfixed.

On sight of me, the old look came again, and with a cry of pain, the child sprang to me, and clinging to my neck strove to dispose me in such wise as that she might be back of me, protected, safe.

A paroxysm shook her as she was going to speak, and in that moment I became aware of her unspeakably sad state.

She saw that I had learned her secret, for pulling my head down close to her feverish lips she said, "You will not scorn me, sir,—pray, pray do not! God willed that it should be. Now, father, take me hence—at once! at once!"

The light was gone again and in its place that terrible sly look which spake of broken reason.

Placing her tenderly upon a rough deal form, I rushed into the court-yard and loudly called.

The goaler came, and I shall not forget the boundless goodness of the uncouth man, who did procure a small light wagon filled with clean straw, in which my little girl was laid.

From the small grated window of the goaler's office, I saw the little band withdraw, and when the heavy gates were closed and I could see the creaking wagon wheels no more, I rushed into the sinuous tunnels of my prison house and threw myself more dead than living upon the wretched litter which was my bed.

That night the tin bowl filled with coarse porridge which was provided for my evening meal, was brought to me by the chief goaler.

Rousing me, not unkindly, the fellow urged that I try to eat, adding as delicately as he found how: "I bring good news, sir, of your poor, poor daughter. She was delivered of two sons at half-past five, and Doctor Middleton declares all three shall come on finely." That night I spent among lost souls in hell.

That Providence which, while it seemeth to be dealing blows is (in unseen, therefore, profounder, ways) contriving blessings, guided the improvised, rude ambulance in which my child was carried into a quiet lane, and to a certain house kept by the best of women.

Her mother heart opened to take the nameless, miserable girl into its warm protection; and when the hour of peril had been passed, Mistress Matilda Griswold (such was the good soul's name) knocked at the door of her one other lodger, a silent little gentleman who read all day and night and at his meals.

"Come in!" says then the lodger, speaking as if from an immense and muffled distance—which was the case, as at that moment he was at Lemnos in high debate with a great dialectician there. This I have from himself, in his particular account of that day's incidents!

Would he upon the following day speak to the strange young mother and undertake a mission which much weighed on her mind?

Of course he would—and did.

Thus was the worth-while shown of a single, negative devotion.

Three months and more had Caleb Wilberforce (at much pecuniary loss and inconvenience) lodged here under the assumed name and ill-fit character of Master Peter Wright, apothecary.

And now the hour of his reward in usefulness was come.

He little liked the coming of a stranger to the house, and when he learned the delicate occasion that had brought her, his bachelor embarrassment became so great he determined to give warning to his good landlady that he would not require his lodgings after that day week.

However, he consented to do what he could for the afflicted lady, and so did he wait on her on the following day.

His joy on finding who the lady was quite overcame the natural shock of finding his beloved young friend in that so piteous a situation.

He was allowed to spend only ten minutes with her, but ere the watchful Mistress Griswold ordered him away, he had received in incoherent (sometimes delirious) words, Madeline's burning prayer that at whatever pains, he take a little packet which she gave him, to Major Weston of New York, now held a prisoner by Colonel Saunderson somewhere near Rye.

Caleb perceiving that she did not know him, would have endeavored to make his true name known, as well as to express his own conviction that Major Weston was (would that he were!)—no prisoner. But much to the good fellow's conscientious annoyance (and to the patient's good) came Mistress Griswold, who would have nothing but his immediate going.

"Sir," whispers my child, as Caleb bends to say adieu, "sir, bid him to come for his son's sake."

Within an hour the scholar was abroad and diligently prosecuting his commission.

My heart was daily cheered by news of Madeline's improvement, and I was even growing used to hear them speak of her two children.

I think it was three weeks to the day, after my daughter's trial, that I was summoned from my cell at noon, and was rejoiced to find myself with Doctor Mowberly and Tom Mackenzie, with whom I had not been allowed to have one moment's intercourse.

The long confinement, insufficient food, and chafing sorrows, had wrought a quite incredible, pathetic change in the old parson. Mackenzie's youth and sunny temperament had stood him in good stead, and he remained not noticeably changed, unless the color in his face had become paler. Our greetings and embraces over, our keeper did advise us that, on a requisition that day received, we were to be turned over to a detachment of American dragoons, and taken to New Haven for trial and possibly for deportation from the country.

Our joy was infinite. Toward two o'clock all things had been made ready, and we were led between absurdly vigilant and numerous guards to the abode of Mistress Matilda Griswold, where (I had learned with gratitude) my daughter was to become a part of our own company.

I shall not try to picture my first meeting her—nor my first taking up the children in my arms.

Would that I had the power, as I have earnestly the wish to show the character of Tom Mackenzie on that day. The poetry, the soul, the deep, ineffable, sweet chivalry of that true knight shone forth in wordless dignity and tenderness toward my poor, stricken lamb. She passed from the short interview which he had craved, at once, as if upon wings of light, to the impregnable, serene, sure heights of his own calm hope—and there I shall forever fancy her.

We thought it best not to advise the clergyman (already wandering in mind and sorely troubled) of Madeline's motherhood; the more so, as an arriving courier had brought the news that through the offices of Mr. Jay, a pardon had been granted to the Tory clergymen on the condition that they flee the country.

Accordingly, the venerable man made haste to join his son, and, taking ship for England, remained there till his death, never (I have been told) regaining his sound reason after the shores of his beloved America faded away from sight. To his most worthy son, I am determined to commit these pages, to be by him brought to the light of day when he shall deem times ripe. He doth reside in Devonshire, in England.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The rumor of Major Weston's treason spread with reluctant sloth from man to man among his fellow officers of the American army, with whom the handsome and gallant young man had been a favorite.

At Weston Hurst the doting aunt and mother were plunged into unutterable grief, nor would they yield a real heart's credence to the revolting news until the circumstantial matter of the maps and papers, already most effectually used by the invading British, made further doubt impossible. The pious women thereupon went into mourning, and Weston Hurst bore every outward token of the deepest grief.

When there could be no longer any room for question, the sorrowing authorities proclaimed that Major Victor Weston was a traitor, and that all persons were in conscience bound to give all information they might have, which could lead to the arrest and condign punishment of the so faithless miscreant.

But where was this so infamous a wretch?

It now behooveth us to follow the broken, hunted man. Having withdrawn, as we have seen, upon the coming up of Darlington's few followers, Weston did not rejoin his own dragoons although he heard them boisterously searching for him through the woods.

Stopping to wrap a strip of linen torn from his shirt about his lacerated hand, he forced his horse, regardless of the road, straight through the forest toward the north. Aware that keeping such a course would bring him to a road three miles away, he urged the animal through all impediments and through the many intervening streams and rocky dells with which the country is cut up, and came at last to the well-beaten high-road which he sought.

Turning into this road by the right hand, he forced his horse into almost a run, and did not check the noble beast until he reached a small white cottage embowered in shrubs and trees, in a secluded spot some miles from the next settlement.

A palsied, withered crone answered his summons.

"A drop of spirits, if you have them, mother—and what o'clock is it?"

"Is it yourself, now, Master Victor? And wherefore come ye, being that Maggie hath turned strumpet and disgraced us all?"

"She never came to any harm by me, good Mrs. Lambert."

"Aye, that did she not indeed; but by that ne'er-do-well, that foul, blood-thirsty man, Matt Darlington. I warned the wench—so be the blame from me."

"I came to beg you to allow me, mother, to bring Matt here. He has been wounded—probably will die."

"Then let him die in any gutter that will offer. Here he shall not come."

"You wrong him, Mother Lambert

—indeed you do. He loved the girl, and he was true to her. It was my fault that they were never married."

"Your fault! Never shall I be brought to think you brought the girl to trouble.

"Nay—nay. Let me explain it, Mother."

He overcame her prejudices slowly, and ended not till he had made the dimmed mind see his culpable complicity in her child's tragedy — and wrung her none too cordial consent to having Darlington brought there upon the morrow. Then he made off.

Meanwhile, as hath been intimated, the wounded, but not dying, Sergeant was being carried forward by his men toward the Connecticut frontier, the which they reached and crossed at four, or thereabouts, the following morning.

Closer and closer to their advancing body came Major Weston, and while the surgeon made examination of the wounds, he managed unobserved to steal into the house—a mere rude shed, with only two apartments divided by a rough board wall.

The surgeon ordering all of the Sergeant's followers to leave the house, and the necessity for them to be conveying their four other prisoners as soon as possible, gave Weston presently his opportunity. He heard the heavy breathing of the trooper close to the board partition, and placing his own lips to a wide crack he ventured to pronounce the Sergeant's name.

Darlington started.

"Hush! do not speak, Matt! It is I, Vic Weston."

"Are you mad, Weston, as well as double-faced?"

"I have come here to save your life —to begin mine!"

"Mine isn't worth the saving. And as for trying to begin your own, why man, I wouldn't give a rusty farthing for it, if it does not end within ten minutes, if they find you here."

"And yet I have begun a new life now. Let the end come, whenever God sees fit."

"Wh-ew!" whistles the Sergeant, "I never was a great hand at this conversion business."

"Never mind, Matt. Will you come with me? Here you will not see day-break, for more than seventy dragoons are on your track. They will be here by five."

"How say you? That, I confess, I think bad news. But how the devil can I go with you or anybody else? Egad! I feel as if that surgeon with his cold steel had torn a tunnel through me hunting for your bullets."

"Not now, not now. But let me meet the men and turn them back. A word from me will do it."

"By all means, Vic."

"But on condition that you will go with me to a safe place, where we can both grow strong. Will you? I need your help."

"Anything, anything, to keep the red-coats back; but don't spring any more of these confounded mysteries and riddles on me, man. I got no schooling to amount to much, remember."

"You shall learn yet to trust me, Darlington."

"Begin with something easier, Vic, than that, else I——"

But Weston bounded to the door, listened a moment, and then the Sergeant heard him pounding furiously away upon his horse. The body of dragoons was coming.

The wounded giant heard the thundering grow, suddenly cease, then gradually get fainter in the distance. "Weston is a strange man," grunts he.

Two or three days thereafter Weston returned, and calling himself one of the Sergeant's men, was presently admitted to that impatient patient.

That afternoon a wagon, seemingly filled with hay, and driven by a spectacled, grey-bearded farmer, made its

way slowly by unfrequented roads to the remote, almost unknown abode of Mistress Lambert.

Beneath the hay lay the enormous carcass of Sergeant Darlington, whose oaths did tally with the joltings of the vehicle upon the rough spring road; the farmer, once or twice removing spectacles and beard, discovered the unwrinkled, bronze complexion of a handsome youth.

They found the aged widow ready to take the load, and board the farmer for a month or two.

CHAPTER XXIX.

We had not gone half way upon our journey to New Haven, when word did overtake us, to the effect that (thanks to the unwearying efforts of Jay and Morris), we were that night at a small town to be examined.

My daughter, who was traveling in an uncomfortable carriage, albeit that she had the measureless assistance of good Dame Griswold, who would not hear of any hired nurses being employed, heard this last news with joy.

"I could not live through one more day of this," she sighed as we, Mackenzie and myself, lifted her from her litter into the tavern parlor.

There were awaiting us the judges or commissioners that were there not to enquire into our guilt, but to pronounce a sentence, as merciful, 'tis true, as treason might well look for.

I found the three commissioners—all gentlemen—not in the least unwilling to stretch the facts I laid before them to their utmost—short of a just (and, as I thought, a logical) conclusion.

This they did seem to think were to exceed the limit of their several commissions.

They were, apparently, empowered to pronounce sentence—and this they would do, let the forthcoming evidence be what it might.

I swore, Mackenzie swore, that we knew nothing of the treasonable acts of Major Weston.

"What were your daughter Madeleine's relations to Major Weston?"

"I refuse to say."

"You prejudice your case by such refusal."

"I see not how. Any relations existing between my child and any gentleman whatever, are utterly impertinent to this our issue."

"As you please, sir; but, as I understand your daughter is also in this house, I shall be forced to question her, if you refuse."

I hesitated. Then silently withdrew to fetch my daughter. With one of her two infants at her breast, I helped her forth into the other room.

The three commissioners looked with confusion at each other, and their chief, taking me aside, begged me to spare my child and them the terrible embarrassment and pain.

It was indeed a most heart-rending picture, that of an emaciated, frail young girl holding her tiny child, and looking with insane indifference from face to face.

But it must be. I knew but little more than these commissioners themselves; that little I would never tell them, come what would.

"Are you Miss Broadbent?"

Madeleine seemed not quite to understand, and looked at me.

"They would know, darling, if you are my child."

Her eyes shone brightly and then filled with tears.

"Of course I am his child—his only child. How foolish to ask that."

"You have known Major Victor Weston for some time?"

The girl shook violently, and glanced inquiringly from face to face. Mackenzie smiled as her eyes met his own.

"Always!" she saith then.

"Have you not known of his intention to desert his cause, and by trea-

sonable means to assist the British?"

My daughter, thoroughly alarmed, looked nervously behind her, in a way lately occasioning me the gravest fears.

She shook her head, but would not say a word.

"What were your true relations with that gentleman, Miss Broadbent?"

My child looked down and hushed the waking baby.

I felt the blood of all the Broadbents leap to my heart and cheek. Mackenzie getting himself between me and the chief commissioners, said:

"Is this material, gentlemen?"

"It is! It is essential, sir, that we do know the true relation of Mr. Broadbent's family to Major Weston's treason; for, if there was so much as indirect connivance at it, I fear, I would not see my way to the mild sentence which it is my profoundest hope may be pronounced."

"The gentleman is right," suddenly says my child.

All looked at her. Her child was hushed now, and she looked calmer.

"What do you know of Major Weston's having procured and hidden some valuable maps and papers?"

"He hid them."

"For what purpose?"

"I do not know."

"You swear to that, Miss Broadbent?"

"I do."

"Your frequent meetings in the Abbey—for what were they?"

"I loved him!" saith she, after a long pause.

Mackenzie glowed at this, and it was I who feared he would do violence.

"Pardon me, madam. I meant not to allude to personal and delicate affairs. Did you not meet the gentleman and others in order to conceal, look over, and dispose of papers?"

"I went there once to hide them. But never to look over them. The last time that we went it was to burn them."

"To burn them?"

"Aye, sir, to destroy them."

"Why—since they had been so carefully concealed?"

"Because they were dangerous."

The judges warmed at this.

"Dangerous!"

"Yes, sir, I said it. Dangerous to the good cause of liberty, and dangerous to us."

"You, Mr. Broadbent," turning to me, "were also at the Abbey over a year ago as was your friend there." Incredulous contempt was in his voice.

"Never!"

"Think, sir again. Were you not seen by Sergeant Darlington about to leave the grounds, and were not lights and noises noticed about the Abbey that very evening?"

"True! But, as this gentleman will bear me out, we were not in the house, nor did we know what was transpiring there."

"Were you not there, Miss Broadbent?"

Mackenzie squeezed my hand as we looked at her.

"I was."

"And why?"

"Because he begged me to be there."

"Who?"

"Major Weston."

"Had he not maps and papers with him?"

"He had."

"To burn?"

"To hide."

"You knew it?"

"Yes, and begged——" she stopped.

"Begged what?"

No answer.

"Begged what, please, madam?"

Again no answer.

"What else took place?"

No answer.

"Who else was there?"

But not a word more would the brave girl say.

"You may withdraw, then, madam. This will suffice."

After a conference of two hours, during the which Mackenzie and myself were plied with questions—all that had bearing on my child getting from us no answer—I was invited to express concisely for formal reference, my reasons for withholding from the Rebellion my practical support. I did so very much as followeth:—

"I have upon so many previous occasions stated my views, that I do not appreciate the need for further ventilation of opinions which I can never hope either of the contending parties to approve. I hold the individual, not the race, to be the unit of political and social life. Hence, toward that form of government wherein the individual shall find the widest scope, the freest action and the greatest growth, I would move men.

"I think no limitation to the individual lawful, save those imposed by the existence and contiguity of other individuals.

"Therefore all laws and other government be evils to that extent to which they be not actually necessary to those three ends. I hold the land to be the property of the community, and private use (not ownership) alone permissible, and that again only so long as the community is paid full rental. I hold no other tax than this of a rent-tax lawful or necessary, or found expedient. I hold the universal brotherhood of men by the sole virtue of their manhood's rights which flow from God, their common and their just Creator."

Here I was curtly interrupted by my youngest judge.

"Why, then, do you adhere to royal puppets, and tyrant Parliaments?"

"Because, young sir, if you will pardon my so addressing you, I fail to see that the proposed new government will be much better. Intoxicated by a show of freedom, men have not noticed that the laborious work of reconstruction lies yet before them. Already I can see conflicting parties, wide dissension, gross corruptions, human slavery, commercial oppression, and—far in the dim future—ruin! We may not live to see it, sir, but time will show that your detested Parliament in Westminster shall peacefully, and of its own volition, work miracles toward man's emancipation greater than yours."

So saying Mackenzie and myself withdrew, while the commissioners determined on our fate. We learned it soon. Banishment and confiscation of all our property in realty.

We had expected it. We were too worn and downcast when it came to feel the blow.

A quarter of a century almost hath intervened, and I have seen that everything I did predict hath taken place. It is an easier matter to tear down thrones than to give to but one solitary individual his natural rights.

CHAPTER XXX.

So powerful was the kind intercession of our good friends, that the commissioners informed us that on our own recognizance we might proceed unguarded and at our leisure, upon the sole condition that we depart the country within three months.

We lay at the small town where we then were the better half of the ensuing month, to the intent that Madeleine's returning strength might be restored completely.

Then, with safe-conducts issued by both the British and American authorities, we started forth upon our last sad journey to the Grange, where we were to collect our movable effects and

papers before forever taking our departure from our native land.

During those weeks had honest Caleb Wilberforce with that blind, dogged love so native to his character, striven not very wisely or effectually to execute his much loved Madeleine's commission.

Haunted by memories of her pale face, and torturing his simple soul with wild conjectures (having to do with the miraculous appearance of two little boys) Wilberforce went from camp to camp of both the hostile forces, looking in vain for Major Victor Weston.

At last, not having found a trace of that now infamous young soldier's whereabouts, the gentleman of letters made his way back, and had no difficulty in tracing us to our then resting place.

Glad as a child to be once more with us, he summoned courage on the second day to visit Madeleine in her apartment.

What there transpired I never learned in detail; but, much to our amazement, the quiet man set forth once more that very afternoon in company with a young lad that had mysteriously that day arrived and found a way to see my child.

The two, as if no longer having to ask their way nor to inquire for him they sought, proceeded swiftly Westward, and by the middle of the following day had come by roads circuitous and lonely, to the abode of Mrs. Janet Lambert.

The two inmates of that old lady's abode were walking in a little orchard in the rear screened from the road by overgrown gooseberry bushes.

Before them, ambling and disconcerted came now the learned man—with an effect more startling, one may with safety say, than ever his great learning did have before.

With much embarrassment he made his business known and took his leave, joining us late that evening where we did lie at Greenwich.

I subsequently got from Caleb all of those passages betwixt the Sergeant and the Major which I have heretofore recounted—they having told him of them.

"Dearest of ladies, my mission hath been blessed in all and singular its purports and intents. To-morrow, at that spot where we shall take the less frequented road, the which doth fork from the turnpike hard by the great oak in the upper forest, you shall behold good Major Victor Weston, who hath instructed me to say that he doth very well indeed."

Thus Madeleine was comforted that night. Thank God!

On the next day we took up our slow journey with much the lightest heart that we had known for many months, and blessed with one of those superb, clear, winter days so tonic to the mind.

Far off among the woods, while Darlington did sleep, Weston made ready to escape to the appointed meeting, intending to return before his bullying new-found companion should wake and be made anxious. Telling their old and doting hostess of his plans, Weston made off upon their only horse, filled with exulting and profound emotions, excited by the thought of once more holding in his arms his life's one joy—and of beholding for the first time his two sons.

He had been gone a quarter of an hour when Mistress Lambert, shaking the snoring Sergeant, cried in his half-closed ears that a large party of dragoons had just gone by asking for Major Weston."

"And where is he, in God's name, Mother?"

"He did ride forth a scant half hour ago."

"Ride forth! The fiend is in the lad! To where did he ride forth alone and in broad day?"

"To the great oak by where the roads fork yonder."

"And of these damned dragoons—who were they?"

"How should I know?"

"Their coats—their uniforms?"

"Red as they say the foul fiend's own is."

"Thank all the stars for that! But I must reach the boy before they do, though they be redders, for Elliott tells me that his flop back to the cause is half suspected, and so the Britishers may make it hot for him, if they should catch him."

Darlington's wrath on realizing that he had no horse lasted not long; but calculating that the crow could fly to the appointed place by a much shorter route than that one on the road must take, he plunged into the woods which, being pine, were free from the embarrassment of underbrush.

It was a race for possibly a life, and certainly for Weston's honor.

Toward that accursed tree, now long since blasted and charred by lightning, how many different hearts were wending at that moment—filled with what different emotions, and hopes and fears!

Our cavalcade moved slowly, and the day wore on.

A turn—the sharpest in the road—hid from our view the place where the oak stood and the ways parted.

As we approached this turn, Caleb compelled his pony to approach close to the carriage side. I rode myself upon the other side. My child had spoke no word for full two hours, more than the words of an old lullaby crooned to the sleeping boys.

Mackenzie "sonneting," as he declared, rode in the rear, dejected and quite mute.

We neared the turn.

We reached it——!

There, hanging from a branch of the great oak, directly in the middle of the road, swayed to and fro the body of a man!

With a wild scream the driver checked his team, and tried to bring around the carriage ere my child could see. It was too late!

We all had seen. Darkness rolled thick across my soul, but not before I had beheld the thing.

Swollen of face, his tongue bit nearly off, there hung the corpse of Major Victor Weston.

A placard on his breast displayed the words: A TRAITOR TO ALL MEN AND TRUE TO NONE!

Steadying myself against the wheeling carriage, I gazed into my daughter's face. It had come. From the eye that met my look the light of sanity had fled forever.

Hideously laughing out some ribald words, she raised one of her boys up to the window, and shrieked to him: "See! baby, see! Papa has come at last!"

Even while we were gazing at that added horror, there was a call, a movement mid the bushes, and Darlington, with starting eyes and foaming lips, burst into the road. Too late!

Heedless of Tom Mackenzie's levelled gun, and fierce command to halt, the Sergeant bounded forward, and leaping in the air, with one terrific stroke severed the hempen rope and Weston fell.

But unaware, of course, of the man's purpose and of his reconciliation to the traitor, Mackenzie fired, and Darlington lay dead beside his friend.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Little indeed remaineth to be told. We fled to France, where in a village near the Pyrrenees we lived in peace until the coming on of the beginnings of the French troubles turned our sad thoughts toward our beloved home where by that time peace happily had been restored.

Through the unbounded goodness of Doctor Franklin, then Minister to France (whose own son was in need of similar concessions, having opposed the independence of the Colonies), we were allowed to find our way back to America and to Westchester. John Jay then managed to procure from Congress so much of a reduction of my sentence as that I was allowed (though without citizenship) a life lease of my house of Waverly.

Here then have I lived out in quiet thought and study the last years of my life, with Madeleine and Wilberforce and Tom Mackenzie and the two boys.

Madeleine's madness settled into a mute and hopeless melancholia, from which naught could elicit any ray of light, save Tom Mackenzie's songs. These about twilight she did use to sing — unearthly, infinitely sweet, though if I chanced to pass her the next moment in the hall, she would not know me, but follow me with her great eyes till I was gone, and then run chattering and talking to herself up-stairs.

The lads were growing. But ere I had to choose either the sending them away or putting their poor mother into some retreat—she passed into the everlasting rest and peace, whither may I soon come, if it please God.

One day a letter from an unknown family solicitor in England came enclosing with a word of explanation a marriage record duly certified and signed, which had upon his death been found among the papers of Doctor Robert Mowberly, sometime rector of Pelham, Westchester.

This instrument set forth that Victor Edward Weston and Madeleine Broadbent had been duly and canonically joined in holy wedlock by Doctor Mowberly in the Mansion house known as the Abbey, Pelham, upon the evening of the ninth November, 1775.

* * * * *

Wilberforce much desireth that I append a sonnet written by Mackenzie the day my daughter died, the which I gladly do, giving this caution, to wit: that should the gentle reader think its philosophy something too pessimistic and sad-colored, he must not think such was the true and usual temper of that best of men.

LIFE.

Take heart, disconsolate! We are about to die!
Is not our past, starvation, and our future, doubt?
Life is to be too late:—to learn to do without!
To pant past harmonies sublime for one lost chord;
To be cut off from home by floods too deep to ford;
To stretch out eager hands none seize; not hear when hailed!
To strain to catch the light that never was —or failed!
To find (in time to lose) one, all-in-all— then die!
Die? Tide of cool pity rising to heart, lips, eyes,
Merging their pains in plenitude by drowning want.
'Neath that first face to face with Fact lurks no surprise,
No mocking echoes there man's shudd'ring heart strings haunt.

ST. HUBERT AND HYDROPHOBIA.

REV. H. B. ALLAEYS.

During last September, in Ostend, Belgium, a remarkable case of hydrophobia treated by the Pasteur method proved fatal. The treatment seemed successful at first, but the disease broke out anew and ended in a terrible death. Some years ago Henry Moons of Antwerp, a painter, likewise sought protection against rabies at the Pasteur Institute, Paris. He was a well man for three years, but in May, 1889, he became enraged and expired in dire torments. Dr. Pasteur was undoubtedly a medical genius, he was no less a fervent Catholic, and a prominent practitioner. Though his system cured many, he never pronounced it infallible.

For over a thousand years St. Hubert stands out as a glorious and never failing patron saint against hydrophobia. He was Bishop of Liege, Belgium, where he had transferred the remains of his martyred predecessor, St. Lambert. The miracles wrought at this shrine, as the historian Rohibacher states, drew so many people, that the humble hamlet grew to be a large city. Bishop Hubert died in 727 and was buried at Liege, but in 825 his body was raised and taken to the village of Andagium, in the Forest of Ardennes, which covers the north-west of Luxembourg. There idolatry had found a hiding place, but was stamped out by his apostolic zeal. Andagium itself was soon to be called St. Hubert, the center of a famous pilgrimage. During his life the holy bishop cured many rabid people (as reported in the "Manual of the Pilgrim to St. Hubert"), and, therefore, he has been adopted as the patron saint of the hunters. After his death his sacred relics were endowed with the same heavenly power. Since the year 825 innumerable cases of rabies, a common affliction in those regions, have been cured by the ceremony known as the Incision of Saint Hubert. *

The Benedictine Fathers made a careful examination of the saint's remains, and found them preserved, and robed in full episcopals. A century had not altered the lifelike countenance. The pious monks reinclosed the remains in a silver shrine, but kept

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*Traditions about St. Hubert explain the origin of the devotion and the rites in honor of the Saint. Those rites were duly approved by the Ecclesiastical authorities, and nominally by Pope Victor II. in 1055. The chronicles of the twelfth century relate that when St. Hubert was consecrated Bishop in Rome by Pope Sergius I., while he was saying Mass in St. Peter's, the Prince of the Apostles appeared to him in person and handed him a golden key as a symbol of the power he had received, and was henceforth to exercise.

Hubert after returning to his See, then established in the city of Maastricht, began curing people of rabies. A frightful number of rabid dogs, wolves and bears were terrorizing his flock, and were looked upon as the instruments of Divine Justice to chastise the semi-savage population for the murder of the two Bishops Lambert and Theodore. In the year 719 Bishop Hubert was preaching in Villers when suddenly a hydrophobic man ran among the people scattering the frightened congregation. The Bishop left alone ordered the rabies to leave the man, and instantly the maniac was cured and himself called the people back. St. Hubert finished his sermon, and promised his people that as a reward from heaven for their piety and submission, the privilege of curing hydrophobia should reside among them, as long as they and their children should persevere in the faith.

the stole, which yet may be seen. It is of white silk, interwoven with gold, and narrower and longer than the shape in present use.

From the year 825 down to the present day whenever a person hurt by a mad dog, or other animal, applies at St. Hubert for relief, the priest in charge severs a minute particle of that identical stole, makes a small incision in the patient's forehead, incloses the fragment, and ties around the head a black kerchief, not to be removed during a novena of prayers and fasting. As soon as the ceremony of the Incision has been completed in the chapel called the treasury, the pilgrim is enjoined to observe some pious practices and follow certain prescriptions, and is allowed to return home.

The generous protection of St. Hubert extends to the animals as well. When threatened with rage, they are branded on the wound or on the forehead with the Key of St. Hubert. This is an iron seal blessed in honor of St. Hubert, and sent on application to the priests in charge. The animal is to be locked up for nine days, and meanwhile the owner has to say certain prayers as prescribed. Numerous facts and witnesses, especially the chronicles of Orval Abbey, attest the efficacy of this practice.

Another observance not less marvelous is the Respite, which might be called a delay of or security against rage, for a period of at least forty days. The Incision is performed only on those bitten by some animal without doubt enraged. In doubtful cases not the Incision but the Respite is granted. Should the animal afterwards prove to be really rabid the patient must apply for the Incision. The Respite is also given to patients at a distance, who might go mad before reaching the shrine, or is even granted for ninety-nine years, if the pilgrimage be deemed impossible.

The results of those religious observances are not imaginary nor problematic, but established by a successful and public experience.

Hydrophobia has been called by some a mere fright, a reflex action of the imagination, which action is averted, they say as soon as the imagination is set at rest by the soothing influence of some pious ceremonies. No, rabies is something more than hysteria. Babes escape it by the application of the Respite till they make their first communion; then they must receive the Incision if possible.

Such ordinances have no doubt been laid down by the Church authorities with reliance on the intercession of St. Hubert, who for centuries has ratified them by his protection. After persons had become raving hydrophobics the Respite has cured some, and has rendered others quite inoffensive, granting them lucid intervals to confess and receive the last sacraments and meet a peaceful death. Examples that happened as late as 1870 and 1877 are testified to by the local authorities.

The late Cardinal Deschamps wrote in 1864, among nearly two thousand persons, who in the past decade being threatened with rabies, had recourse to St. Hubert, only ten died of the scourge; but in the ten cases their own relatives testified that they had neglected the prescriptions of the novena." On the contrary, in France, where the devotion to St. Hubert is less widely spread, during the year 1874 four hundred and forty-eight persons (that is nearly one-half of the suspected cases), died of hydrophobia inoculated by rabid animals. (Journal des Sciences Medicales, 1874, vol. 58, p. 491.

In an ancient document, a chronicle of St. Hubert's sanctuary and of the religious attending it, written in Latin by one of them about the year 1106, the author testifies to having witnessed the following fact: Two young men from the Hesbaie district were bitten by a rabid dog, but neglected

the traditional pilgrimage. Other people hurt by the same animal underwent the Incision of St. Hubert and remained cured, but the two young men became rabid. Taken to St. Hubert too late, they expired, sad victims of their unbelief. A similar occurrence in recent years, happened at Brussels and was witnessed and attested by Rev. Oertssens, rector of St. Josseten-oode, who died lately. In 1812 at Bar-le-duc, France, thirty-three people were hurt by a rabid wolf. Three of them were treated and cured at St. Hubert. The other thirty died of rabies. Imagine such results of imagination! Victor Raulx of Vilotte (Department of the Meuse, France), was one of the three fortunate faithful, and in 1841 he made the pilgrimage of thanksgiving to St. Hubert, and signed the statement of his cure and the above facts as shown by the records of the treasury of St. Hubert's church.

Day after day crowds of people threatened with rabies flock to St. Hubert's Sanctuary from all over Belgium, the North of France, and neighboring countries. Several cures have come under the writer's observation. As soon as any one falls in danger of the disease the neighbors escort him to St. Hubert; if he is poor all contribute towards defraying expenses and his cure is a foregone conclusion. The saying, that if a miracle happen every day it would create no more sensation, is there realized indeed.

Not infrequently afflicted pilgrims not of the faith seek the shrine to receive favors at the hands of St. Hubert's religious servants. It has been told that the son of the heresiarch Calvin having been bitten by a rabid dog was sent by his father to St. Hubert and was cured in soul as in body. He became a Catholic and remained faithful to the Church his father had sought to destroy. An interesting case in our own day is that of Seaux-Dammien, Rouselare, Flanders, who had fallen away from the faith. He was bitten by a dog that was declared mad by all the physicians, and in dread of rabies he decided to make a pilgrimage to St. Hubert. He followed all the prescriptions faithfully and came home a well man. The following excerpt from a letter lately received from M. Seaux Dammien tells of his cure and his gratitude to God for the favor granted him.

"After assisting the following morning at Holy Mass I was introduced in the church vestry, where I showed the written testimony of my father confessor that I had gone to my duty shortly before. The Reverend Dean in officiating dress said some prayers over me, then opened the skin of the forehead with a needle, inserted a particle of St. Hubert's stole, covered it over with court plaster, and said some more prayers, of which I shall never forget the final "In the name of the great St. Hubert, Apostle of the Ardennes, I grant you Respite for your lifetime." Before leaving I registered on a book of records that had been opened in the year 1600. 'Strange to say,' said the venerable dean, 'among the hundreds of registered names I fail to find any person by the name of Hubert.' I came home a well man. All fear had left me and my family. My son born three months afterwards was called Hubert, so that the patronage of the great saint who had saved the father might always protect the son.

"Now, dear Father Allaeys I fulfil once more a duty of gratitude to St. Hubert in publishing my cure. If in your country anyone is ever hurt by a rabid animal I bid him welcome to my home in Rouselare. English and German are spoken in my family, and we will give him a taste of Flemish hospitality. I or one of my sons will escort him to St. Hubert, where he will find a sure cure and solace untold through God's grace."

History, it seems, does not record

any case of hydrophobia that was ever cured by science after it had reached the raging stage. In 1877, according to a reliable Belgian review, the Rev. Dean of St. Hubert's church, received a despatch from England asking for a relic of the saint or for some pious object belonging to him, also the Respite for a Dominican monk. His request was complied with, and no sooner was the sick priest blessed with the relic than he recovered his bodily health and quietude of mind. He crossed the English channel and received the Incision at the shrine, and hastened back to publish in England the works of God's servant.

Christ performed miracles, and promised His Church the gift of miracles. The Catholic Church, witnessing miracles through all the ages is truly the Church of Christ.

THE COUNTERSIGN.

BY MARY BEALE BRAINERD.

You ask me, boys, to tell a tale
For Decoration Day;
I'll tell you something true, my lads,
That happened far away.
'Twas in Virginia's war-lashed heart,
Near Richmond's pretty heights,
The night before the "Seven Pines"—
One of our biggest fights.
As picket-guard I was detailed,
The nearest to the city,
And calm the night fell o'er the wood,
The world seemed soft with pity.
While up and down I paced my length,
The darkness closer grew,
No echo broke the solemn hush,
As fell the tearful dew.
The spider's web, in lace work wrought,
Hung white upon the trees;
All nature seemed at peace, when lo!
Swift creeping on his knees
I saw a man. I raised my gun—
"Oh! don't shoot," said he, crying
"You are a friend, and I'm one, too,
From Libby Prison flying."
"I don't believe you; quick," I said,
"The countersign! now fast—
Or by the stars that o'er us shine
This minute is your last!"
"The countersign? I know it not.
Oh! comrade, wait— I say."
I raised my gun and then I said:
"Three minutes' time to pray.
Unless you give the countersign
No further shall you go:
Although you were my brother dear
I'd shoot you as my foe."
"If you could see my wasted form,
Could you but know my need,
You'd never raise your gun at me,—
No rebel I indeed!"
Then, down he drop'd, all pale with grief,
And, kneeling on the moss,
With shaking hands and eyes upraised
He signed him with the cross.
He made the sign, a cross, I say,—
To God all glory be!
I did not have to shoot the man
At all my lads, you see.
"Why that's the countersign," I said.
"A cross you've made my friend!"
With canteen full I ran to him
And offered it to lend.
And oh! my boys, could you have seen
That face so white and thin
You'd feel how very glad I was
I did not fire at him.
A prisoner he'd been, you see,
In Libby Prison wasting
Two years and more, but had escaped
And to our camp was hasting.
Alive and well I saw him last
A month or two ago;
For friends we've been these thirty years,
Good friends through weal and woe.
Now, often as we sit at ease
And tell of war's alarm,
This story comes to life again
Our friendly hearts to warm.
And then we always make the sign,
And bow the heads, now white,
And bless our Father that the cross
Was countersign that night:
And bless our Father that, when He
Shall call us to His shrine,
Our care-worn hands can make the cross
For us,—the countersign!

THE COLORS OF CO. A.

BY WINTHROP PACKARD.

The Post Commander was no longer a young man. His hair and moustache were gray, and his face was wrinkled about the kindly eyes and the firm mouth. But his figure was erect and military, and his voice was strong and full yet as in youth. It was a busy day in the hall of Post 94. The "boys" were all there in full uniform, gray boys they were now, and few as strong-looking as the Post Commander. They had already done duty at an outpost, and were back now preparing for the chief service of Memorial Day, the march to the cemetery, the decoration of graves of fallen comrades with flowers, and the brief impressive service in the open air on the brow of the hill.

Post 94 has two flags which it always carries on such occasions. One was a gift to the Post since the war and is a beauty, the other, tattered and worn with service, is the battle-flag of Company A, to which company most members of the Post belonged. You may be sure they are very proud of that flag, and the honors they earned for it during the war. They have a touching and impressive ceremonial connected with it on Memorial Day, too. During the march to the cemetery the other flag flutters proudly in the breeze, but the color-bearer of the old flag of Company A, who has been color-bearer since one day in '63, of which I shall tell you, holds its folds bound fast to the staff with a silver cord. At the cemetery, after the customary service and the placing of flowers and miniature flags in remembrance of each comrade, the bugler of the company steps to the brow of the hill and blows the reveille. Then the standard bearer looses the folds of the old flag and waves it three times over each fallen comrade, and in the return to the Post hall, this flag waves grandly in the van.

On the afternoon of which I write I was in the Post hall, privileged as a newspaper man to see all that goes on, and was standing at the Commander's side as the standard bearer took the tattered flag from its case and prepared for the march. As the colors blossomed into the dull light of the room the Commander's eyes glistened, and then a shade of sadness came over his face.

"I never look at those colors," he said, "but I think of the last time we saw John Shankland. John was color-bearer for Company A all through the war until the attack on Port Hudson, down near New Orleans. Company A was in that, and saw some hot fighting. We lost Shankland in one of the final charges. Twice the Confederates drove our boys back from the very top of the breastworks, and the last time they made a hot sortie. In some way Shankland, colors and all, became mixed in this melee, and as the boys were driven back I saw him and a tall Confederate fighting desperately for the flag right on the breastwork. Then I saw Faulkner, who has been color-bearer ever since, dart back to Shankland's rescue. But before he could reach him both Shankland and the Confederate fell as if shot by a single ball. Faulkner rushed up in time to snatch the falling colors and beat a hasty retreat to our lines, closely followed by the enemy, whom we had hard work to drive back to their intrenchments. Shankland we never saw again. The day after, when the battle had gone our way, we looked in

vain for his body in the place where he fell. I have no doubt he was killed outright, but we never knew more about it. We were boys together, he and I, enlisted at the same time, and agreed to stand by one another through everything. I have prospered since the war, and would ask nothing better than to share with Jack if he were alive."

An hour after this, from a good observation point, I watched the procession approach on its way to the cemetery. It was very warm for the season, and the road was dusty, but it was an inspiriting sight. The band played the finest of martial music. The colors swayed proudly in the still air. The veterans themselves were fewer by one or two than the year before, perhaps not so straight nor so firm of tread, yet the sight of their swaying lines of blue thrilled one with inexpressible pride and love, and brought tears of honest patriotism to every eye.

Behind the marching column came a wagon load of flowers which the school children had gathered for the Post, and then came a barge load of the same children, who were to help distribute them. Behind this again was a long line of carriages filled with sightseers and people who attended the procession. The sidewalk, too, was crowded with people.

It is a mile and a half from Redcroft Centre to the cemetery, and each year the veterans are a bit weary, and of a hot day very thirsty before the march brings them to it. Hence the custom of Grandfather Ashley, who always has a big pailful of lemonade for their refreshment when they reach his house. My point of observation was on a rise of ground just beyond this where I could look down on the whole scene, and hence I saw just what happened. The procession reached the usual place. Grandfather Ashley appeared with his welcoming smile and the lemonade, and the Post Commander gave the order to halt. Then the old gentleman passed down the line with his pail, and not until it was emptied and the veterans refreshed, was the march resumed. Then, drawn up in line, the whole company saluted the gray-haired old man, whose face gleamed with honest pride at this.

"Right face. Forward march!" came the order, and the company started forward once more. Meanwhile, watching a familiar scene, but with an eye for detail, I had noticed two strangers, men plainly dressed, and with heads grizzled by the passing years, yet with something soldierly and erect in their carriage. These two had come walking from the opposite direction, had stopped as if casually at first to view the procession, and then had seemed to be greatly interested. This was especially true of one who walked with a slight limp. He spoke quite excitedly to his companion, nodding and looking hard at the Post commander, and at the old flag of Company A, as usual gathered close to the staff by a silver cord, and he was about to ask a question of a bystander when the order "Forward march!" was given.

Just then two little girls, belated and with arms full of flowers, came running forward and tried to put them on the wagonload already in the procession. They were too small to reach so they tried to toss them up, but failed. The next moment, stooping for their fallen flowers, they were under the feet of the horses in the barge behind, these being somewhat spirited and stirred by a crash of music from the band. A little cry went up, the girls were slight and the prancing hoofs big and swift, and the Post commander, turning, saw what I saw.

With the outcry my two strangers who were near the curbing sprang forward as actively as young men could, one seizing the head of the nearer horse and carrying him and his mate to one side with the impetuosity of his rush while the other caught the two little girls away and even placed their

fallen flowers upon the wagon. It was all done very quickly and well, and a little murmur of satisfaction and praise went up from all who saw it. The commander carried his hand to his hat in salute, and the two straightened up side by side and saluted in return in a way there was no mistaking.

It was evident that both were or had been soldiers, and as they turned and followed the procession to the cemetery I followed too, conscious that there was a story of more than ordinary interest for my paper here, but waited further events before I should make the personal inquiries which I could see would be needed to fill in the details.

The southerly end of the cemetery at Redcroft is a level plain at the brink of a high hill, whence the land falls in undulations toward the north. Far to the north, over a deep and fertile valley the horizon is cut by a rugged range of blue hills whose color adds at once tenderness and majesty to the landscape. On the brow of this hill, under the silken leaves of yellow larches the open air ceremonies of Memorial day take place. The band croons soft dirges for the brave who fell in battle and the comrades who have since fallen from the thinning ranks of the Grand Army. The Post commander, erect and clear-eyed still, speaks words of cheer and encouragement to the living as well as of tender memory for the dead, and the gray-haired chaplain leads in earnest prayer while the crowd stands in respectful silence and with uncovered heads. Then details of men, aided by the Sons of Veterans and each with a little squad of school children bearing flowers, place small flags and wreaths at the graves of comrades. Then comes the last and to my mind the most touching ceremony of the whole.

The bugler of the band takes his stand on the very brow of the hill, the color bearer of Company A steps forward to the nearest comrade's grave, and as the clear notes of the bugle swell forth in the reveille the silver cord is loosed from the closed folds of the flag and the tattered colors flutter forth while the color bearer waves the staff low three times over each grave.

As Faulkner stepped forward this day with his colors I noted that his step was a little unsteady, and that he seemed weary with his long march and the heat of the day. I noted, too, that the two strangers came forward eagerly, and one, the lame one, seemed to have his eyes fixed with curious intentness on the staff of the old flag of Company A. Then the bugle sounded, the cord slipped from the flag and, as the staff was dipped, the colors fluttered forth. You could see the lettering on the flag quite plainly: "Co. A, 4th Regt. M. V. M.," and at the sight a jubilant exclamation came from the lips of the lame man. Faulkner lifted the staff, stepped waveringly to the next position, and then the staff slipped from his nerveless grasp and he sank in the arms of the man who had been watching him so closely. But the flag did not touch the ground. Before it could do so the other stranger sprang forward more swiftly still and caught up the staff, lifting the battleflag of Company A high in air once more and holding it there, erect and stiff as any soldier on parade, but with the strangest look on his face which I have ever seen on mortal man.

The Post commander and several of the men came hastily forward to Faulkner's side and he was assisted to the shade of a tree, where he was given what aid he needed. It proved to be a sudden faintness brought on by the heat and the over-exertion of the day. He soon revived.

Meanwhile the bugler, standing apart on the very brow of the slope, his eyes fixed only on the far away blue of the distant hill, and his thoughts perhaps with the comrades who might not answer his call, did not

note that anything strange was happening, but again sent the cheery reveille echoing far across the fields and valleys.

The stranger who held the flag of Company A stood a second with bended head like one in deep thought, perhaps in inward struggle, then as if impelled by an irresistible impulse he lowered the staff and waved it thrice, then turned with a questioning look to the Post commander, who was approaching with a comrade whom he was about to detail for the duty. The Post commander was a man of imagination and quick sympathy and something in the other's manner and look made him pause, nod with a gesture of compliance, salute, and turn back, saying a few words to his comrade as he did so.

The crowd wondered a good deal at the sudden turn of affairs as the stranger stepped from station to station with the cherished battleflag of Company A in his hands, and I, who had already hazarded a guess at the identity of one of the two men, was still far from the truth. The commander stepped back to the group near Faulkner and extended a hand to the other stranger.

"I wish to thank you in behalf of the Post, sir," he said, "for two things. One is your lending a hand to Comrade Faulkner just now, the other your quickness with that of your friend in saving the two little girls from the horses' feet on the march down. From your bearing I should judge you had both been soldiers. I am Colonel Frank Taylor, formerly of the Mass. 4th Regt., now commander of this Post 94, G. A. R. May I ask your name, sir?"

The other gripped the commander's hand and looked hard at him for a moment.

"I thought so. I thought so," he said, as if to himself. "Why Frank, Frank Taylor; I knew it must be you. And don't you know me?"

It was the commander's turn to look hard at the other, and for a long time.

"Your voice and face grow strangely familiar to me," he said. "Why, John Shankland—if I had not seen John Shankland shot dead at Port Hudson," — then as he saw the other's face at the mention of the name—"Why Jack! Jack Shankland, it is you! Where on earth have you been all these years, you rascal? And how did it happen?"

If the two had been of any other blood than English they would have been hugging one another by this time, but being American they were content to shake hands, and shake again, in the delight of mutual recognition.

"I was shot at Port Hudson," explained Shankland; "but I was not killed. I lived to be carried to a Confederate hospital, where for weeks I lay side by side with the man who shot me and who had received a dangerous wound at my hands.

Gradually we recovered, and by and bye we were fast friends, but neither of us was in a condition for more fighting. We were discharged, I was paroled, and I went with him to his plantation in southern Louisiana, where I have remained, his friend and business associate, to this day. I was an orphan, you know, with neither kith nor kin in the North. Lately the wish to see old comrades has moved me to come North, and I reached Redcroft to-day, bringing my friend with me. I was on my way to make inquiries when I met your procession. Here he is now. Colonel, I want to introduce you to Henry Fairlee, the best fellow and hottest fighter of the 17th Louisiana, C. S. A., and to this day one of the least reconstructed rebels of the whole South."

The last notes of the bugle had died away and the last tribute of the day had been paid to the fallen comrades of Post 94. The tall stranger, holding

erect the battleflag of Company A, stood just behind the Colonel, waiting to surrender his trust. The Post commander held out his hand to him.

"Sir," he said, "you have captured our flag this time, and in your kindness to our comrade here and your service this day you have captured our hearts as well. A foe so brave and a friend so true need no reconstructing." He was holding a hand of each now, and the battleflag of Company A waved lovingly over the heads of all three. "Comrade Faulkner, who has been color bearer since John Shankland lost his hold on this staff at Port Hudson, is ill to-day, but Providence has sent me two loyal comrades to take his place. May I detail you both as escort to the colors on the march back?"

John Shankland gave his assent to this with many words of joy and approval, but the heart of Henry Fairlee was too full of conflicting emotions for much speaking, and he did no more than acknowledge his willingness with bending head.

On the road home the story traveled faster than the procession, and never had the old soldiers received such an ovation on the streets of Redcroft as on this day when the marching column was led by the long lost comrade of Company A and his one time enemy, with the staff of the old battleflag between them. Never had the colors of Company A seemed to wave so proudly on the air, and Faulkner, who was now recovered, but who rode behind them with the Post commander, watched its folds with a moisture in his eye which neither the heat nor the bright sun could fully account for.

As for me, I was born since the war and can therefore know little about it. I am a newspaper man and am supposed to see romance every day and write about it in cold blood; but somehow I too had a lump in my throat as I watched them go by.

GENIUS.

BY JOSEPH J. MURPHY.

Have we not seen, as when with careless tread
  We loitered 'mid the calmness of a dell
  Where the primeval silence casts her spell,
Some oak, high o'er his kin uplift his head
And wide around his base a shadow dread
  Suffuse; forbidding there the sun to dwell,
  The while his turgent roots with moisture swell
Robbed from the plants that, drooping, throng its bed.

So must it be, perforce, among us men
  When some great mind uplifts to heights so grand
    That dazzling thoughts like sunbeams round him glow
Alone: and e'en the mines of common ken
  He drains away, while we the humbler band
    Must in his shade abide and weakly grow.

THOMAS MOORE AND OLD TIMES.

A MEDLEY.

BY WILLIAM DOLLARD.

You might imagine it was, from the accompanying galaxy, but this is really not a review of the Woman Question. Nor is it a departure in the line of those who discuss and formulate the female element in the work of Scott, Thackeray, Crawford, Sienkiewicz or Stevenson. I might have omitted Stevenson, I suppose, for he says himself he never dealt in that article, as literary ware. I shall leave him there though, as I expect every day to read about "The Women in R. L. Stevenson's Works."

Having exhausted the possibilities so far, I would guard readers of Donahoe's against supposing it to be therefore something quite novel, for I have a wholesome fear of disregarding this "wise saw and modern instance." "Many people when they make fools of themselves think they are only being original." However, it is too early to insinuate that, like the princess' speech in the fairy tale, my every word shall be a pearl. Besides "he is a wise man who can play the fool on occasion," so let us e'en proceed.

When I looked over the accompanying engravings the other day, I sighed and said softly to my "*dopple ganger*," "*Faudh O! Faudh O!*" Old times, old times! I saw them last, what time I was "nourishing a youth sublime;" and life and the world were idealized as those counterfeit presentments idealize the songs of the bard who was once the "poet of all circles and the idol of his own." We do not take the poet or the pictures so seriously nowadays. But this casual meeting convinced me they had still a certain power of fascination, magic art enough to "call up spirits from the vasty deep." Instead of the author or his work then, I am thinking only of the memories and feelings this *rencontre* has raised. Let me tell you some of them.

The songs of Thomas Moore carry some of us back almost to the period of bibs and tuckers. "The Harp," "The Minstrel Boy," "Let Erin Remember" and "The Shamrock," I must have known before I could have said my morning prayers through, without help. And this was the way of it. The good nun who thus early and courageously undertook to teach the young idea how to sing, was much given to an old-fashioned method of punishment which modern progress has altogether discarded. At least, I have never heard of it since. We were put in the "stocks," in short, for our crimes, during class. This was perfectly awful, because the culprit was all alone on a raised platform facing the school, without even the end of a penholder to chew, or a marble to play with in his pocket. And the rest laughed at him or worse. It was unfortunate, of course, that we were not acquainted then with that amiable Gallicism which says "It is the sympathetic who laugh." But the man who did know it later, and slipped on an orange peel in the street, appears to have got but cold comfort out of it. So I daresay we were as well off. Now our release from durance vile could be always purchased by singing or trying to sing, a verse of one of Moore's Melodies. By this ingenious and "Jesuitical" scheme, we were compelled "to lisp in numbers" at even an earlier age I believe than the little hunch-back of Twickenham. What a subtle and

Machiavellian method that gentle, soft-handed, sweet-hearted woman had elaborated to the wiping away our tears and restoring our ruffled dignity and self-respect! Richard was himself again (how could he be otherwise?) when he had screwed his courage to the sticking place—singing place, I mean, and the corners of his little mouth lost their droop and went into that "roundy O."

"O, the Shamrock! the green, immortal
Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock."

Dear Mother De Pazzi, light lie the turf on thy stainless breast, and green be our memories of thee as the verdant shamrock-strewn sod above thy humble grave!

Because of such precocious acquaintance with those songs of Moore, it was my privilege to have had some singular experiences. I never could see a fishing-cot on the banks of the Suir, without being reminded disagreeably of that melancholy "barque" left high and dry in "I saw from the beach." This was no figure of speech to me. It was hopelessness, helplessness, desertion absolute—not to be misunderstood. When sung it invariably filled me with as deep a despondency as any Koerner could delight in. "Koerner's tears were wept for withered flowers, mine for withered hopes." That was all the difference. Alas! now the song does not affect me at all, in spite of—or because of its wonderful imagery—polished, perfected.

"I saw from the beach when the morning
was shining,
A barque o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was
declining,
The barque was still there but the
waters were gone.
"And such is the fate of our life's early
promise.
So passing the spring-tide of joy we
have known,
Each wave that we danced on at morning,
ebbs from us,
And leaves us at eve on the bleak
shore alone."

There was another song for which I entertained quite a different sentiment, "St. Kevin, a Legend of Glendalough." I detested it. "Pike's Peak Puzzle" wasn't a patch to it—so the American juvenile, as usual, can consider himself "ahead." For, you see, I believed nobody had any right to speak uncomplimentarily of the Saints, least of all of an Irish Saint. It was native in me to insist that, like St. Patrick, they were severally "At laste worth any other two Saints that we know."

But there it was "in plain print and must be true every bit." Wouldn't that "bang Bannagher?" Truly it was more than I could manage. To feel that St. Kevin had been cruel, and to know that of course he couldn't be.

* * * * * *

"Even now while calm he sleeps
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps—
Fearless she had tracked his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat—
Ah! you saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude, repulsive shock
Hurls her from the beetling rock."

This irreconcilable and contradictory condition of things continued until in later days—not very much later I think—there came into my hands a different version of the same story by another Irish bard, who, in many ways, as the author of the "Whistlin' Thief," "Rory O'More," "Handy Andy," etc., was as authentic a person as Thomas Moore. Whereon I wisely concluded it was *V'ish she moggah fein,"* a make-game. Sam Lover was often coarse. He had not much delicacy of fancy, but there was surely

excellent fooling in this, and a certain cure for my special derangement.

"At Glendalough lived a young saint,
In odor of sanctity dwelling.
An old-fashioned odor, which now
We seldom or never are smelling.
A book or a hook were to him
The utmost extent of his wishes.
Now, a snatch at the 'Lives of the Saints;'
Then, a catch at the lives of the fishes."

* * * * * *

"'You're a great hand at fishing,' says Kate,
'Tis yourself, faith, that knows how to hook 'em.
But when you have caught 'em, *agra*,
Don't you want a young woman to cook 'em?'
Says the saint, 'I am *"sayrious inclined,"*
I intend to take orders for life, dear.'
'Only marry,' says Kate, 'an' you'll find
You'll get orders enough from your wife, dear.'"

Perhaps my most stirring discovery at this time, in more senses than one, for it disturbed others disagreeably, was the "Arabian Nights." All day and every day I lived with the great and only Haroun al Raschid—his humble slave; met those wonder-working genii; those story-telling, hair-raising barbers, blood-curdling bakers and Bluebeards, until my world became a monstrous phantasmagoria, and I couldn't sleep nights. Then I howled, and my book was confiscated. I am reminded of this because of the solid and lasting enjoyment I got out of another book very much like my late nightmare, as I thought, but without that horror to qualify it. This was "Lalla Rookh," the story of the passing of that gorgeous pageant through the heavenly "Vale of Kashmere." The poetry was in the way though, I never read a line of it. Indeed, to this day, excepting "Paradise and the Peri" and the "Fire Worshippers," I can "skip" it all without a scruple. But that prose narrative was a "Feast of Roses." Night differed little from day now, unless, perhaps, it was even rosier, if possible. Certainly I had my misgivings about "Fadladeen" in the beginning. And no wonder. For was he not "Betel-carrier and Taster of Sherbets, Chief Holder of the Girdle of Beautiful Forms, Grand Nazir, Chamberlain of the Harem and "Lord High Every Thing Else!" In spite of my dearly-bought experience, I quaked. "He judged from the penciling of a Circassian's eyelid, to the deepest questions of science and literature; from the mixture of a conserve of roses to the composition of an epic poem, and such influence had his opinions upon the various tastes of the day that all the cooks and poets of Delhi stood in awe of him." Yes, I was afraid of Fadladeen. But how delightful he turned out—in proof, he said of the soundness of his character, formed as it was on the lines laid down by the immortal Sadi, "Should the Prince at noonday say, 'It is night,' declare you behold the moon and stars!" Wasn't Fadladeen "bottled expressly for family use?" I should say so.

From "Lalla Rookh" to the "Last Rose of Summer" is not a very natural transition, for they are the antitheses of the flowery element in Moore's poetry. The association of ideas, however, may explain the trend of my thoughts. I never liked the "Last Rose of Summer." No healthy-minded young person could. The explanation is simply the instinctive distaste of the child for everything that makes a disagreeable impression. What boy or girl of healthy, wholesome spirit, or what "children of a larger growth," could relish this picture:

"When true hearts lie withered
And fond ones have flown.
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?"

And between you and me, I cannot help being reminded by that last line of Campbell's "Last Man," which makes me very tired of such "mush-mush."

I've read somewhere of a great German composer's admiration for the air. Now the air is the "Groves of Blarney," to which that strange genius, Father Prout wrote his "Bells of Shandon." The homesick youth scribbled it on the wall at the head of his bed, while a student in Rome. Moore, in his amateurish fashion—as in some other instances—twisted the melody to suit his verse (just in such a way, you know, as the choirs in some of our country churches do with the "*O Salutaris*" and the "*Tantum Ergo*," if they get the chance), and spoiled it. Take my word, nobody ever yet cared a "*thraneen*" for the "Last Rose of Summer" who could sing the "Bells of Shandon." Even the artist, as you see, could find no inspiration in the subject, and was obliged to invent a background that would give it "a local habitation and a name."

Here is a song, though, "for man or boy, for maiden coy, or rosy lanniv." Should you live near the seashore, or where there is a broad stretch of water, a lake, or a river at flood tide, take it down there with you of a summer evening—(ah! if you only knew what it becomes in the long, lingering Irish gloaming)—and croon over it to your own self, whether you are six or sixty makes little difference:

"How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
For then sweet dreams of other days arise
And Memory breathes her vesper-sigh to thee.

And as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'ard the burning West,
I long to tread that golden path of rays
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest."

All this may sound very trivial now, but in those days! And why should I apologize for telling of what has happened to all of us in one way or another, or wish for better justification than is to be found in the tenderly melodious numbers of Tennyson:

"I had not stayed so long to tell you all,
But while I mused came Memory with sad eyes,
Holding the folded annals of my youth."

Nor, as I remember, did we deem it trivial in later days when we laughed without stint at the strange metamorphosis of our flowery and sunshiny poet — disguised in sackcloth and ashes and singing at the top of his voice:

"This world is all a fleeting show."

We didn't think so, and though our bard sang just as musically in the new minor key, we couldn't. He might have left us our illusions; but, poor fellow, he wasn't young any longer, and perhaps it was good for him. Perhaps our turn will come, too, for a change of "tune." But the only world we knew then was the realm of innocence. Our lookout was through glowing eyes, yet untried by the sight of suffering and sorrow; our bounding hearts unknowing, unconscious of sin and death, those grim, gaunt spectres forever dogging the footsteps of happy childhood. "*Ay de mi*," says the "sage" of Chelsea. "*Faudh O! Faudh O!*" wails the harper of Desmond. And here is another of the "inspired," who speaks to me from those same "old times":

"Alas! regardless of their doom
The little victims play.
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day.

* * * * * *

"Yet ah! why should they know their fate
Since Sorrow never comes too late,
And Happiness too swiftly flies?
Thought would destroy their paradise
No more. Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."

THE SHRINE.

KATHLEEN.

The Peri

LALLA ROOKH

LEA. (From "Loves of the Angels.")

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

The Vesper Hymn

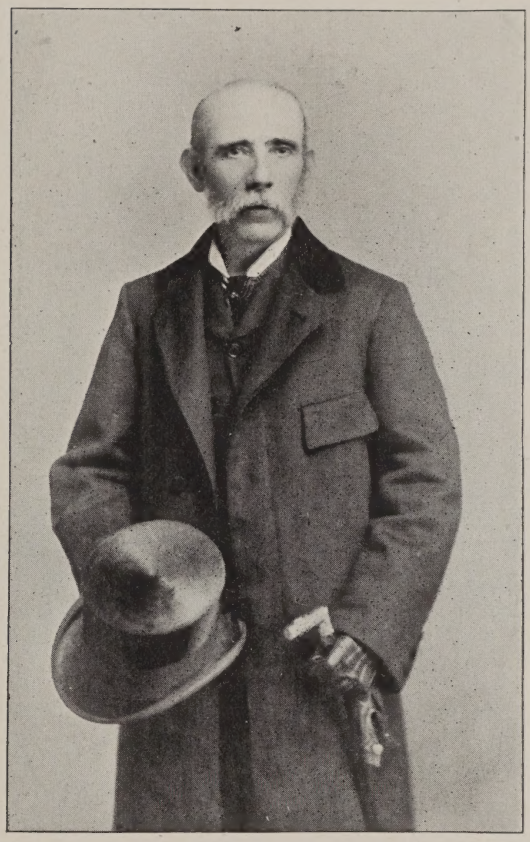
Laughing Eyes

THE CASKET.

HENRIK

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

By William Hopkins.



John J. O'Shea, Editor "Catholic Standard and Times."

Philadelphia is proverbial for its striking Catholicity, and one of the most prominent workers for the propagation of the faith in that city is the versatile editor of the Catholic Standard and Times, John J. O'Shea. His paper constantly manifests the scholarly attainments of its editorial chief, and it is always a source of entertainment and education to a large constituency.

Mr. O'Shea's work is done under the episcopal eye of Archbishop Ryan, and the Standard and Times is, in a measure, the official organ of His Grace. It certainly is a credit to the city of Brotherly Love, to the archdiocese of Philadelphia, and to Editor O'Shea himself.

It will be of special interest to readers of Catholic literature to learn that Mrs. Dahlgren has received the papal benediction in approval of her last novel, "The Secret Directory."

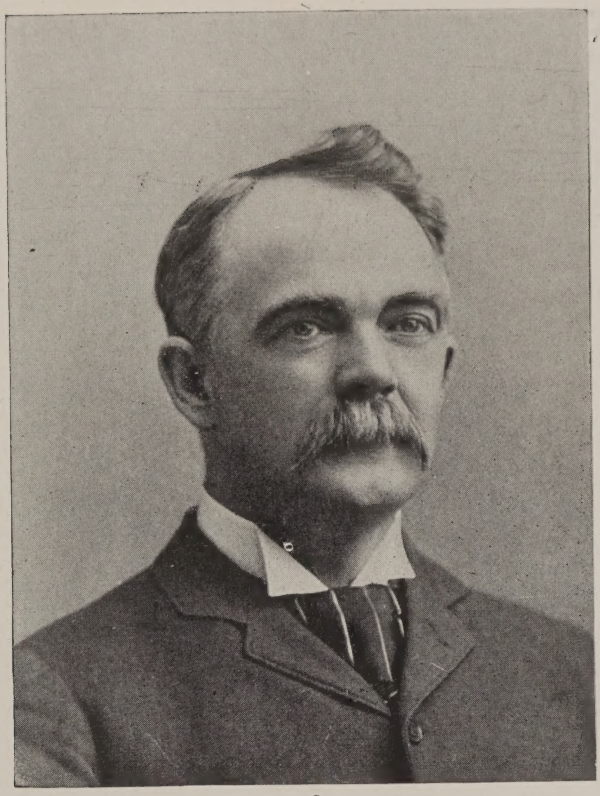
It is a deserving honor, for Mrs. Madeline Vinton Dahlgren has done distinguished service for the Church. She has been notably successful at literary work.

As early as 1859, Mrs. Dahlgren began to write under different pen-names, in prose and verse for various periodicals. At this time she published her first book, "The Idealities," which was well received. In six weeks the edition of one thousand was completely exhausted, but as she had written the book in aid of a charitable association, no other edition was ever published. In 1861, she ventured to appear in print under her own name.

Mrs. Dahlgren wields a versatile and facile pen, and has written upon a vast number of subjects. Her translations from the French, Spanish, and Italian, have all been very fine and of great value, and for this work she has received the praise and thanks of such critics as Pope Pius IX., the illustrious Montalembert of France, Cardinal Satolli, the Queen of Spain, and the late President Garfield, who wrote a preface for one of her books.

Mrs. Dahlgren is a woman of exceptional gift, great culture and refinement. She is a recognized authority on all social questions of the day, and she has written a valuable book, "Etiquette of Social Life in Washington," which is now in its seventh edition. She is also the author of a sketch of her distinguished father, which is a noble tribute to his memory.

Mrs. Dahlgren has a beautiful summer



THOMAS B. FITZPATRICK.

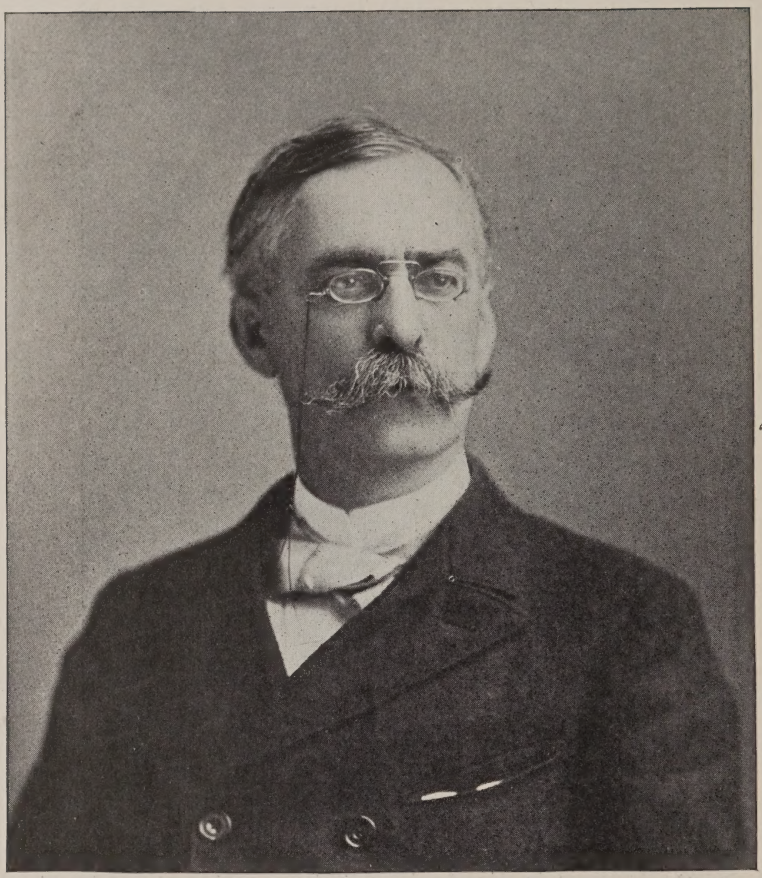
home on South Mountain in Maryland, overlooking the famous battlefield. Here she has built a chapel, "a poem in stone," which is called "St. Joseph's of the Sacred Heart of Jesus," the only church in the world with this title. In its crypt many of her dear ones are at rest. A practical Catholic, she has always identified herself with her faith, and was for some time President of the Ladies' Catholic Missionary Society, of Washington.

Mr. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick of the Boston Municipal League has the interests of his city close at heart, and no one is more readily equipped than he to speak of her needs. He was recently invited to give his opinion of Boston, and this is what he wrote:

"The great natural advantages which our city possesses have been and no doubt will be a steady and healthy stimulus, both to her material and populous growth. Public improvements, wisely planned, not only for the present, but for the future, should keep pace with this march of progress."

Mr. Fitzpatrick is one of Boston's best-known business men. His thorough knowledge of affairs, his administrative ability, and untiring energy have won him high place among men whose marked successes and unswerving adherence to principle make them exemplars. He was president of the Catholic Union for two terms, is a trustee of the Catholic Summer School, and his genius is always at the service of his people.

Senator Hernando de Soto Money of Mississippi is a member of the Foreign Relations Committee of the National Senate.



SENATOR HERNANDO DE SOTO MONEY.

He visited Cuba to personally acquaint himself with the horrors of that island, and his presentation of his Cuban experiences caused a tremendous sensation in the Senate. Just after the President's message on the loss of the Maine had been read, Senator Money was honored with a hearing. He held the attention of the Senate for more than an hour, and it is conceded that he made the best speech yet offered upon the Cuban question.

Mr. Money represents the purely American idea of government, as few other leaders do. On every great public question Senator Money has been found standing for the people, and his long public career is one continuous and consistent succession of efforts in behalf of the highest form of popular government.

His wife is a charming lady—a typical Southern woman—and both she and her distinguished husband are devoted Catholics.

The Catholic prince, Albert of Flanders, heir to the Belgian throne, is being entertained in a manner befitting his rank.

The Sisters of Notre Dame in this country have more than a personal interest in Prince Albert, his mother, the countess, having requested that her son be permitted to officiate at the breaking of ground for Trinity College, Washington. As the countess has been a good friend to the nuns,

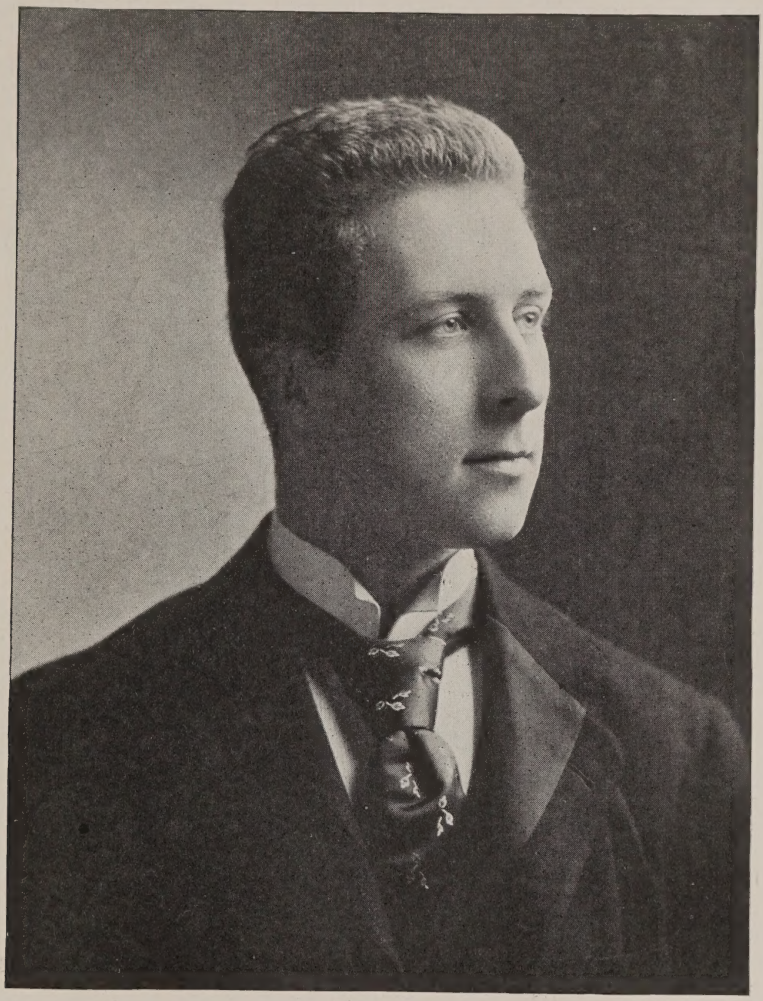
it is possible the prince may be invited to turn the first sod for Trinity.

Young Albert has had a very interesting career, so far.

He was educated at the royal military school at Brussels, and left there five years ago to enter the army. In 1894 he became a lieutenant in the regiment of grenadiers of the guard, the principal infantry regiment of the Belgian army. In 1896 he was raised to the rank of captain, which he still holds. But for the death of his brother he would have devoted himself permanently to a military career, but now that he is heir to the throne, his plans must be changed.

The prince's prospective kingdom is a most desirable one. His personal possessions will be enormous. His grandfather left a great fortune, partly accumulated by himself, partly acquired with his wife, the daughter of that eminent goldbug, Louis Philippe. King Leopold has spent his share, but that of the Count of Flanders is now computed at $50,000,000.

The prince will inherit five palaces and country houses. To begin with, there is a



PRINCE ALBERT OF FLANDERS.

great palace in Brussels, containing a splendid gallery of paintings. The chief palace after this is in Laeken, near Brussels, a splendid edifice in the style of Versailles. Then there is a chateau, situated in the beautiful, romantic forest of Ardennes. This is the most charming of all his residences.

Prince Albert realizes, as many others do, that the United States affords a better field for the study of economic subjects than almost any other country in the world. He will visit every state and territory, and spend considerable time in the larger cities, particularly New York.

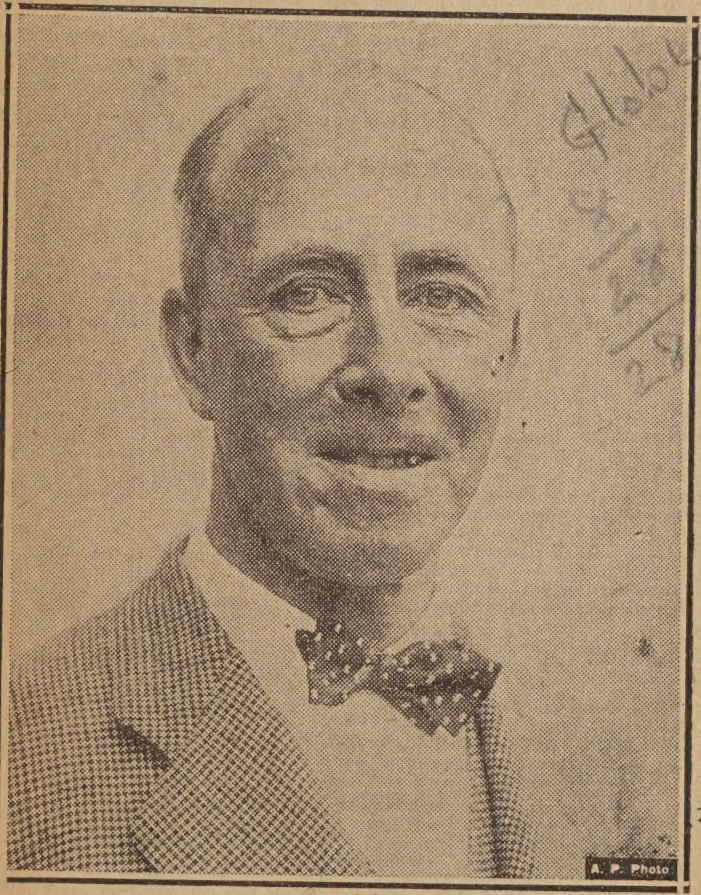
It is reported that the young prince is to marry his cousin, the third daughter of his uncle, the King.

The highest honor attainable at the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., that of Lieutenant Commander, has fallen this year to John Halligan, Jr., a Boston boy, an appointee of Hon. Joseph O'Neil, and a graduate of the English High School. This distinction comes all the more unexpectedly to young Halligan and his friends, as, having already been elected to the captaincy on the 'varsity football team, it was thought that this would bar him from any other great distinction, but his splendid scholarship and unbounded popularity cast academy tradition to the winds, and he now enjoys this unprecedented distinction.

JOHN HALLIGAN, JR.

Lieutenant Halligan graduated at the head of his class at Annapolis.

BOSTON OFFICER WHO FINISHED AVIATION COURSE IN RECORD TIME



REAR ADMIRAL JOHN HALLIGAN JR, U. S. N.

Halligan, who was born in Boston and had his early education here, has recently been chief of the Bureau of Engineering, with the rank of Rear Admiral. He assumes on Sept 1 the command of the great airplane carrier Saratoga, after establishing a record by completing the naval aviation observation course at the naval air station at Pensacola, Fla, in five weeks, in order to qualify himself for duty as captain of the Saratoga. He put in 100 hours of flying time and passed examinations in aerodynamics, photography and ground work.

TO PROBE 950 CITY CONTRACTS

Philadelphia Mayor Will Appoint Committee

PHILADELPHIA, Aug 28 (A. P.)—A rigid inquiry into the award of 950 municipal contracts since Mayor Harry A. Mackey assumed official last January will get under way, the Mayor announced today, immediately after he receives acceptances to his invitation to nine prominent citizens to constitute the investigating committee.

While the prime purpose of the inquiry is to ascertain whether any favoritism was shown by the department heads in connection with companies with which George C. Klauder, former law partner of Mr Mackey, has been associated as an officer or counsel, the Mayor said nol imit would be placed on the committee's activities.

Mr Klauder, after a statement by Mayor Mackey in which he declared he would "clean up the whole mess," announced his retirement as counsel for the Keystone Machinery and Equipment Company and the Philadelphia Engineering and Contracting Company "in order not to embarrass my dear, personal friend, Mayor Mackey."

Mayor Mackey said that municipal departments would be notified not to award any more contracts to the Keystone Machinery and Equipment Company. That concern is the most prominent in the investigation begun two weeks ago by Deputy City Controller S. Davis Wilson of activities of the firm with which Klauder was associatedd Mr Wilson alleged that the Keystone Company received contracts for city supplies when it was not the lowest bidder.

Mr Klauder retains his connection with the Philadelphia Surety Company, of which he is vice president. Mayor Mackey said he took the posi-

SEVERAL MOR ADHERE TO

Paris Extremists Are Announced Concer

PARIS, Aug 28 (A. P.)—The effect of the signing of the Kellogg-Briand War Renunciation Treaty already was apparent today. Nations in various parts of the world had announced their desire to become parties to the pact.

The original signatures were still wet when messages of adherence by other countries began to arrive in Paris. The Governments of Denmark, Jugoslavia, Rumania and Peru are among those having expressed this wish.

The compact now is open to adherence by all civilized Nations. An official invitation to join in the pledge has been handed by the French Ambassador to Maxim Litvinoff, Russian Soviet Commissar for Foreign Affairs, at Moscow.

It is expected that at least a year will elapse before the treaty has been finally ratified by the orginal signatory countries, whose Legislatures must pass on it.

Much Discussion at Cafes

Congratulations still were being received by M Briand today, while Parisians in general, including the not inconsiderable element of population furnished by American and other tourists, celebrated the event with appropriate calm and decorum.

The boulevards and the sidewalk tables of the cafes were crowded until a late hour last night with people discussing the great occasion. Even habitual cynics were impressed, and there was a feeling in the air that hu

A COMING ATTRACTION.

BY MARGARET M. HALVEY.

(Concluded.)

His route did not always embrace the Hall, for the "Masther's boy" usually managed a morning call to the pretty railway station and post-office combined, where the G. S. and W. deposited twice every day the bags of mail for Ballymoore and many a townsland beside.

Thus far and no farther did the paternal supervision of Her Majesty's Postal service extend, and Johnny Doyle had for many years taken up the task at the point where it was relinquished by the employes of Her Most Gracious, trusting to the generosity of recipients for recompense, whereas they counted on the guarantee of the local tax-gatherers. However, Johnny had not suffered from misplaced confidence: the "thrifle of pay" to which he sometimes alluded as an entirely secondary consideration to that of "obligin' the neighbors" was always forthcoming, and at every farmer's house along his devious route he was sure of welcome whether for a "rest" or a meal.

His familiarity with all the details of the calling thrust upon him was wonderful for one who had, as he expressed it, "no schoolin' in his young days"; indeed, while Celtic quickness might account for the fact that Johnny was never known to make an error in delivering a letter as superscribed, his conversancy with details that an envelope is supposed to conceal, — including the identity of the writer and such essentials, — was nothing short of uncanny.

The "American," always evidently interested in his conversation, had become a particular favorite with Johnny, who, according to instructions received from Master Art, and perfectly in accordance with the easy going system governing "the Hall," left this call last on his list so he could "have his dinner comfortable," and be in no hurry to go farther.

"Deed, an' I'm welcome as the flowers in May to you to-day, sir. I have the 'Merica letthers," was Johnny's salutation, while one hand sought his cap and the other the capacious pocket that substituted the mail bag of Her Majesty's Service. "An' to tell the truth, they didn't delay 'em at the hotel when they went there, for they cum to us on the half-past ten," (Johnny scorned such redundancy of explanation as express or parliamentary train) "along wid the one I just giv' Winnie comin' up."

That the letters had gone to the town hotel Germaine had lately left and been forwarded to Ballymoore was a discovery of the sort that suggested occult dealings on the part of the postman who had "no schoolin'."

"I was in great hopes I'd have more like 'em to-day," he continued. "The Whealans and Foleys are jest wild at not hearin' from the 'Merica people in so long, and I didn't dar' look at Neill's side o' the road, fur I knew they war watchin' for me. I'm thinkin' meself Winnie's letther was from that boy o' theirs."

A furtive glance at the postern, half hidden by hop vines, that gave access from the lawn to the orchard, and a mysterious intonation in Johnny's lowered voice, apprised Mr. Germaine that he was being treated to items of news which, figuratively speaking, were marked "private," and must, for some reason or another, be kept from the ears of the orchardman. The hint, slight as it was, of an existing understanding of some sort be-

tween Winnie and the absent protege she had in a manner supplanted at Moore Hall, determined Germaine to maintain on this point the silence honor seemed to demand, and on another speedy speech, and a consultation with the host which he had so far postponed because he feared disagreement.

This was nothing more or less than an idea strengthened every day of his visit that Winifred, with her natural advantages, facial and vocal, and the acquired ones of pleasing elocution and self-possession learned under Mother Teresa, would be the one of all others to fill the role in the new play which she was not as yet conscious of having inspired.

One of his letters, — an urgent demand for particulars from the hustling manager, who counted on "rehearsals in October," — decided his purpose of speedy departure. Another held the explanation of that long silence on the part of Neill Joyce, which was the thought uppermost in his mind a short while before.

"Joyce has resigned his desk (whether permanently or not, no one seems to know,)" wrote Winston, "and gone to San Francisco or somewhere near in answer to an advertisement, it is said, brought to his attention by Walsh of the "Irish World." Let us hope that the secrecy means a legacy, which would be the very pleasantest thing possible. Being a comparatively new man, none of our familiars in the office felt sufficiently interested to invite correspondence, but for the sake of the great play, we hope his return before the event of the season."

So Joyce was accounted for, and Germaine had only to re-echo Winston's good-natured wishes. That evening while he and Mr. Moore strolled far in search of particularly beautiful twilight effects, the opportunity offered to discuss his project.

"Well, Germaine, Murt tells me he has actually decided on the American experiment, and Mother Teresa writes me the kind of consent she considers it my privilege to appreciate," was the leading remark that gave the desired opening. "Now, I must depend on you to keep track of my Ballymoore folks in your big city, and let me know results. Winnie is to be encouraged to stay, for I know positively of a desirable prospect for her, and I rely on you on the other hand to further the progress of Murt's homesickness. He must positively be back before the steward puts 'To Let' on the orchard, you understand."

"I can hardly forget Ballymoore interests," said Germaine heartily. "Murt shall not acquire any taste for the flesh-pots of Egypt if I can prevent. But about Winifred, — I have been thinking —"

And with this hesitating introduction Germaine found himself committed to tell the truth and the whole truth of his thoughts regarding the pretty ward of Moore Hall.

He talked fast, as though against time, — in reality it was that he would avoid interruption before his arguments were properly arranged and understood. In obedience to a gesture, he found himself delivering the latter part of his discourse from the seat his listener chose for both on the great, flat tombstone that occupied the centre of the ruined abbey, where through the ivied oriel windows looking westward, Ballymoore twilights showed truly at their matchless best.

As he had foreseen, no amount of assurances regarding the merely pictorial part he had in a great measure assigned her, or the wonderful proficiency of the coach to be supplied by the manager, or the effect of Winnie's delicious naturalness on the audiences, could impress his hearer with the feasibility of his project.

"Oh, no, Germaine; it wouldn't do. I will leave it to your people to convince you of that." Master Art always

did leave such troublesome tasks as convincing and arguing to some one else, just as he left Ballymoore worries to the steward. "I have no objection to Winifred's making herself useful as, for instance, in helping the prototype to catch our accent if it is really contagious but honestly, — she has other prospects of which I cannot now give details; just remember I did say that if you wanted her as continued heroine better postpone the final act and finish up in New York."

"Then I am not to mention the matter to her at all before I leave here?" said Germaine a little sullenly.

"As to that I am not Winnie's mentor, — you entirely overlook Mother Teresa, which shows your slight acquaintance with her. Any objection I may have is not the obstacle really. Now, Germaine, I am sorry I cannot explain fully. When Murt decides to start," continued the speaker, with the deliberate intention of putting aside the theatrical proposition, "I shall write you so; you can call on them on arrival, which will be a favor done for me. Another would be to introduce Winifred to that lovely mother of yours I hear so much of, and some time to that other superlatively lovely being of, — well you know of the photograph."

At which happy allusion Germaine's sullenness vanished, and he was again the hopeful author, who foresaw with the coming success nearing prospect of possessing the original of the photograph in question, and was correspondingly grateful to all who had helped on such a desirable finale.

Who more than the genial proprietor of Ballymoore? The guest felt ashamed of his irritability, and resolved to leave Winifred unapproached on the momentous question until they were in New York. Once there, perhaps even the irresistible influence of the "Being of the Photograph," as Mr. Moore termed her, could be brought to bear with its usual result on humanity without any distinction of sex.

With regrets mutually sincere, host and guest parted on the Queenstown quay, whither Mr. Moore chose to accompany the traveler. Even amidst the many excitements of arrival and important interviews with impatient Thespians, the latter missed the genial companionship which had made his last weeks in Ireland particularly delightful.

The play, so far as it had progressed (for the final act was still chaotic) was enthusiastically commended by the "Star," who could hardly be brought to listen to his manager's plea for postponed production until the New Year had somewhat decided financial uncertainties.

Meanwhile Winifred and her grandfather arrived, to be received with outstretched arms in the Krumenacker household, while the introduction Master Art bespoke for his protege opened for her as a second home that of Mr. Germaine's lovely mother, who found acceptable occupation in thus endeavoring to repay in some fashion her clever son's debt of gratitude to the host of Ballymoore.

It was in her parlor, seated beside the beautiful original of that sadly defaced picture that had accompanied the author on his tour, Winnie listened to the first reading of the new play, which was a bit of home.

There were present, too, the handsome star, — sweet-voiced and debonair enough to impersonate successfully even the Irish idea of such a hero as their own "Ned of the Hill," his anxious manager and a few friends variously interested in the artistic and financial sides of the venture. Safely ensconced in the chosen background, Murt Farrell listened attentively, more flattered than he would care to admit by the frequent appeals of the author and actor as to the proper accent of a word or placing of a pronunciation. Indeed, it dawned upon Mr. Germaine

an hour later as a dreadful misgiving that this newly acquired importance might militate against his return to orchard responsibilities at Ballymoore.

The final act had materialized, and the whole was pronounced very delightful, — quite tempting enough to induce any scribe in the author's confidence to interpolate here some particulars of the unique plot and its working out, were it not evident that, in that case, the most necessary element of pleasant surprise should be wanting to the reader's enjoyment of the great Irish play of the coming season.

Another triumph for the playwright was the endorsement of all parties competent to judge of his opinion that Winifred Farrell, the graceful heroine of many a convent drama and charity concert, possessed all the requirements for an ideal rendition of the leading lady's role.

But Winifred could not be induced to consider the matter, while avowedly interested as any in the production and the arrangement for a trial rehearsal by the competent company then supporting the star in his well-worn melodrama.

Mrs. Germaine had promised to attend with Winifred, and Alice Morton, who wore on her pretty hand a suspicious souvenir of Henry Germaine's Irish tour in the shape of a sparkling emerald set with dewy diamonds.

On the morning of the momentous day, Germaine, who had been absent from the city for a week, after accomplishing the foolhardy feat of crossing Broadway in a mood of complete preoccupation, found himself in the great Post Office face to face with a man who had evidently striven hard to accomplish this meeting to the prejudice of his vocal powers. An emphatic slap on the shoulder seemed the only way left him of demonstrating his desire for an interview.

"Well, of all men, Neill Joyce!" exclaimed the delighted vis-a-vis of the breathless one. Their hearty handshake was good to see in this age of perfunctory salutation. Even in that moment of greeting it dawned upon Germaine that the impassibility he had sometimes resented a little in the newspaperman had entirely disappeared, and a new vivacity lent to the tall figure and well-featured face what had been before needed to make them attractive on sight.

"I will not ask any questions here, not even how you are. I will go home with you, and talk commonplaces until we get there," was Joyce's first contribution to the conversation.

"Certainly, we shall not let go of each other now that we have met. But I am due at the theatre in half an hour, — of course you'll come, — it's the new Irish play on for rehearsal, so parts can be cast intelligently. We just wanted you, man alive!" said Germaine, using in his excitement one of his acquired localisms which Joyce acknowledged with a smile of recognition. "That's even stronger than the 'Hearthstone' credits you with, though in other respects you're delightfully recognizable in its pages to your friends. I was to have been to the theatre anyway, if I hadn't happened to see you rush across Broadway. I promised Winifred to surprise you there, but I was never good at resisting temptations, so surprised you here instead."

In a double sense, indeed, he had succeeded.

"Promised Winifred! Why —"

"Oh, there! I will forget. Why, yes, Germaine, she and I are old friends. I wish I could say as much for Murt, but you can understand when I tell you I am to him a Ballymoore gossoon with a weakness for apples."

"And aspirations for forbidden fruit generally," commented the enlightened Germaine, while he hastily filled his pockets with letters at which he did not deign to glance.

"And, yet, — oh, hang it all! Joyce, I can't wait until after rehearsal; let us take a cab, where we can talk."

Once inside the convenient cab, explanations were in order.

"Now, how comes it I never heard of you at Ballymoore? And of course, you knew from Winnie I stayed there."

"Well, except on the basis that I was a no account urchin; always attending school in town when the neighbors thought Ballymoore National was good enough for me. And, in later years, I was unpopular because supposed to have deserted Master Art when he had not another bowler in the team able to beat Knockbeg —"

"Oh, you're that gossoon of the Neills!" Germaine broke in, entirely unconscious of quoting anybody, even Murt, so absorbed was he in developments. "I heard all about him, but I knew you as Joyce —"

"No disguise intended, I can assure you. Joyce is my father's name. There was a county prejudice against him because he was a 'far down,' — you can translate these phrases now, I take it? He worked the little farm grandmother owned when he first married, but after mother's death he started out here, and I was the property of her people only, — always 'that boy of the Neills.' "

"And Mr. Moore, — he knew all, did he not?"

"Yes, of course, good Master Art knows all there is to it. He found me the position with the team that came here later to teach the Yankees cricket. I was one of the first to see its difficulties. It's all in the sod, my boy! And so I dropped off in New York with an introduction in my pocket to one of Master Art's Stonyhurst chums, an editor of the 'Sunday Local.' From sporting columns I drifted into dramatic, kept always on the grind, and was fairly successful."

"And I think I see my third act, for which I was advised to wait; you are certainly the successful suitor, — built for it, Joyce! Go on with the confession."

"What is there to confess now? Winifred and I were always rivals for high place with Master Art when she was on the lowest bench of the convent school, — the baby bench, — and I was winning premiums in grammar from the Christian Brothers. Later on, we were sweethearts, and he encouraged me to work, saying he would see to it she waited. But the waiting has been shortened, — you haven't heard of my California trip?"

"Winston wrote me of that, — he hinted of a legacy."

"There you are a point ahead of the Moore Hall people. I told them nothing of the journey, even when I wrote Winnie. I enclosed the letter to be forwarded from New York. But there was a double legacy—a father's dying blessing, which I was in time to hear, and the possession of all he had accumulated in these years of silence. He always meant it for me, but hoped to come home and make it up with mother's people. It was not to be, and I must go instead, with Winnie and grandfather."

So the final act would have had the traditional echo and odor of wedding bells and orange blossoms had Master Art's advice been taken in the matter, which was not in the least desirable, being entirely too commonplace for the new play, instead of which—but the reader must see "A Coming Attraction" to judge of the novelty of the plot.

At any rate, it was a very contented and hopeful group—including author and star—which assembled at Cunard Pier a few days after that first rehearsal to say "God speed!" to the happy three who turned their faces again to Ballymoore.

A wedding in New York would

have suited all parties excepting those most interested, whose choice naturally prevailed.

Neill Joyce knew that Master Art would enjoy of all things his privilege of giving away a pretty bride in their own primitive little chapel of St. Alban's.

The kind godfather's plans had been laid for a meeting at the home of her relations "with the unpronounceable name," and Mr. Germaine's influence with Murt helped to speed the wooing, but now that the California legacy had made return possible he would appreciate as the opportunity of a lifetime this vindication of his good judgment under the very eyes of Mother Teresa.

Winifred grudged every moment that delayed her lover from the side of that "poor Mrs. Neill," who was fretting herself to death over his absence," as she had told Mr. Germaine when trying to offset her grandfather's ill opinions of the absent.

The old man was as yet only half convinced of the desirability of the match, but anxious to make the best of it by letting the neighbors fully understand that Master Art approved.

Much to Germaine's relief, who had striven conscientiously to fulfil his host's commission, Murt seemed quite satisfied that he had had enough of America, and possessed by the belief his new friend skilfully encouraged, that the orchard would go to wreck and ruin on Steward Doolan's hands, a contingency he will doubtless remain in Ballymoore to prevent.

I am credibly informed, however, that in the theatre which is to see the initial performance proper of the great Irish drama of the day, by J. Henry Germaine, the very best box at the disposal of the management is already devised for occupancy on that occasion by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Neill Joyce, en route from Ireland to San Francisco.

"FOLLOW ME!"

BY LUCY GERTRUDE KELLEY.

Through untried way across the future years,
Through heart-pangs yet to be,
And in the misty night of falling tears,
Help me to follow Thee!

Through dreary roads and passes in my life —
Through snares I may not see,
And in the wars to come and through the strife
Help me to follow Thee!

Through briars and thorns when struggles may seem vain,
And I would turn and flee,
Teach me to patient wait in all the pain;
Help me to follow Thee!

Through every hour, through all the woe and fear,
Dark now, unknown to me,
Guide, O my God! and be in mercy near
That I may follow Thee!

BOOK REVIEWS.

Biblical literature has been enriched by the labors of Catholic scholars, but the multitude of works devoted to this special branch of knowledge have been written for the most part in Latin and were accessible only to the few. This fact has probably given rise to the vulgar suspicion in the English speaking world that Catholics are indifferent to Biblical studies, whereas quite the reverse is true. The attempt to place before English readers the results of the work of Catholic scholars in explaining and interpreting the sacred text cannot therefore be too highly commended, and the Catholic public should not be slow in giving due appreciation to works of this kind. A work of great merit, displaying the best scholarship is "The Gospel According to Saint Matthew," by Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J., of Woodstock College, Maryland. We have in this large volume of over three hundred pages an explanatory and critical commentary on the text of Saint Matthew. The text is in large print at the top of each page, while the copious foot-notes form the large supplement to each page of the volume. The research displayed in the preparation of these notes is remarkable, as the author makes use of no less than one hundred and twenty-five writers or commentators on the sacred text to elucidate its meaning and discuss the various questions and controversies with regard to it which have arisen during the course of the centuries. The appearance of the text and the notes on the same page makes an intelligent study easy to the general reader. The citations from the Fathers of the Church are numerous, while these are supplemented by quotations from the best commentators, both Catholic and Protestant. Not the least valuable part of the work is the contents of the commentary which the author puts in the beginning, in which he displays the design of the whole gospel, the different connection of its parts and the admirable unity which runs through every portion of it. There is an admirable introduction, in which the author discusses the personality of the Evangelist, compresses into a small space the numerous proofs in favor of the authenticity of the gospel, solves the question of the original language of the text, intimates the end which the Evangelist had in view and the readers for whom he wrote, examines the character and structure of the gospel and indicates the time and place of its writing. A complete list of the different manuscripts and versions of this first gospel in the various languages, which the author places after the list of writers quoted, will prove of great interest. This most comprehensive and scholarly study of the first gospel, which has appeared in English, ought to have a large circle of readers. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder & Co.; $3.50.

A work of great interest and historical value is "The Franciscans in California," by Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. S. F. The book is more than its title indicates, for it is in reality a complete history of the Catholic Church in Upper California. The author has availed himself of the researches of H. H. Bancroft, the historian, who has written voluminously on this subject, but who betrays at times his utter ignorance of Catholic beliefs and practices, as we were more than once obliged to confess while perusing these pages. Interesting in the highest degree is the story of the labors of Father Junipero Serra, the Franciscan, and his co-laborers among the Indians of California. The vivid and truthful portrayal of their hardships, their indomitable perseverance in the face of difficulties which appeared insurmountable, their apostolic zeal in preaching the faith, fill the reader with astonishment and admiration for their Christian heroism. We venture to say, that there are few more interesting chapters in the history of the American Church than the story of the pioneer Franciscans in their struggle to evangelize the natives of California. The book is unique in this respect, that it was printed and published by the pupils of a Catholic Indian school in Michigan, of which the reverend author has charge. The book may be obtained by addressing the Rev. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. S. F., Holy Childhood Indian School, Harbor Springs, Michigan. Its price is $1.70.

"Facts and Fakes About Cuba" is from the pen of George Bronson Rea, who was the field corresponder of the New York Herald in Cuba during nine months of the present war on that island. He adopts the Spanish side of the controversy and speaks in the most disparaging way of the Cuban leaders and their puny attempts to overthrow the Spanish rule. The book is partisan in tone from beginning to end and this robs it of much of its value. Certainly, if the author's contentions be true, the Spanish in Cuba are the most maligned people on the face of the earth. Those who wish to study present conditions in Cuba from a Spanish standpoint will find in this

book a full discussion of the points at issue. New York: George Munro & Sons.

In "The Laborer and the Capitalist," Freeman Otis Willey discusses in a temperate way the relations between Labor and Capital. A great many extracts from the leading journals and thinkers are adduced, which show the absorbing interest which the social question possesses for men of different minds, and arguments are brought forward which plead for an equitable settlement of the points in dispute and the establishment of a sounder economic system. New York: Equitable Publishing Co.; $1.25.

"Sermons for the Children of Mary," from the Italian of Rev. Ferdinand Callerio, revised by Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S. J., is a series of discourses suitable for members of this well-known confraternity. The subjects treated in this course of sermons embrace the duties of a child of Mary to God, to the world, and to her neighbor. They are short and pithy, brimful of solid instruction, and cannot fail to deeply edify. They are adapted to all conditions of life and succeed in placing the Christian ideal before the mind of the reader in a convincing and attractive manner. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.; $1.50.

A splendid book of devotion is "Visits to Jesus in the Tabernacle," by Rev. F. X. Lasance, the spiritual director of the Tabernacle Society, Cincinnati. We have in this volume a series of meditations on the many-sided relationship which Our Lord in the Sacrament of the Altar bears to His children, all founded on the words of Holy Scripture, and developed with a clearness and tenderness which must arouse the piety and fervor of the believer. These reflections on the wonders of the Eucharist and the richness of its application are suitable for short visits to our Lord in the tabernacle, or for half-hour or hour visits. Besides these meditations, there is also a novena to the Holy Ghost, while prayers suitable for Mass, Holy Communion and Confession are appended. It is handy in form and may be suitably used as a prayer-book. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.; $1.25.

"Exposition of Christian Doctrine," by a Seminary Professor, is a course of religious instruction for advanced classes, which has had successful trial in the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. The present volume of over five hundred pages treats of the Christian religion from a dogmatic standpoint and is, in fact, an abridged dogmatic theology. The explanations are terse and clear, the Scripture references are abundant and are brought in to prove the doctrines under consideration, and the whole design of the work is admirable. This manual is the most concise exposition of the Christian faith with which we are acquainted, and should prove an excellent handbook for the higher classes in our Sunday schools. A brief of approbation from Leo XIII. commends the work. Philadelphia: Joseph McVey; $2.25.

Catholic students of New Testament history will feel grateful to Rev. Joseph Bruneau, S. S., professor at St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie (New York) for his "Harmony of the Gospels," according to the English Douay version. The corresponding passages of the four gospels have been placed side by side on each page, and this enables the reader to make a comparative study of the four gospels, to note the differences in structure which distinguish them, and the literary style which is peculiar to each evangelist. The historical study of the life of our Lord becomes an easy matter with the aid of this valuable handbook. A fine map of Palestine in the time of our Lord adorns the frontispiece. The book is splendidly brought out by the Cathedral Library Association, New York.

"How to Comfort the Sick," from the German of Rev. Joseph Aloysius Krebs, C. SS. R., is a valuable manual for the use of religious persons who are engaged in rendering service to the sick. Service to the sick, as a vocation, is admirably treated in the introductory chapters, while solid instruction as to what should be done for the sick in different crises, especially from a religious standpoint, is inculcated, together with many valuable suggestions and hints as regards different classes of the sick. These instructions are reinforced by examples taken from the lives of the saints. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.; $1.00.

"The Dutiful Child" is a series of familiar talks to children on the principal duties of their state of life. The author has an attractive way of putting before children their duties and their dangers, and illustrates his little talks by anecdotes drawn from history and his own experience. An attractive and valuable book for children. It is a translation from the German of Rev. F. X. Wetzel. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder, 40 cents.

QUESTION BOX.

Student of history writes: I have been reading "Quo Vadis," and I find that Sienkiewicz records the most frightful persecutions of the Christians by Nero. I am inclined to believe that he relies in some degree on the authority of the Roman historian, Tacitus. Now, Gibbon in his "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire," says that the testimony of Tacitus in this regard is not reliable. Gibbon also says that only a small number of Christians suffered martyrdom, whereas Catholic historians represent the number of martyrs in the ten persecutions as reaching into the millions. I look to Donahoe's Question Box for some reliable information on the subject, especially, as my boy has been telling me lately, that his teacher in the High School, mocks at the martyrs and their persecutions, and insinuates, if not more, that these as told by Catholics, are gross exaggerations. One other point: This same teacher has informed his class that Constantine never saw the cross in the sky, was the murderer of his sons and his mother, and that he persecuted the Christian Church.

Sienkiewicz in his marvellous work, "Quo Vadis," has in no way overdrawn the picture of the sufferings endured by the martyrs. These things, while introduced into fiction, are no matters of imagination, but are plain, unvarnished facts. Tacitus, a pagan historian of the time of Nero, writes: "An immense multitude of Christians were condemned, not indeed upon evidence of their having set the city (of Rome) on fire, but rather on account of the hatred of the whole human race. To their sufferings Nero added mockery and derision. Some were covered with the skins of wild beasts, to make dogs devour them; others were crucified; and many covered with inflammable matter, were lighted up, when the day declined, to serve as torches during the night." (Tacitus, Annals bk. xv, n. 44.)

These Annals Tacitus wrote in Rome, and within a few years after the events he recorded. Yet, Gibbon says Tacitus does not give acceptable testimony, as he did not see, but only heard, what he relates. Applying this test to Gibbon himself, where does he stand, since he lived and wrote so many long centuries after the fall of the Roman Empire? In what narrow straits is Gibbon placed, when on such flimsy pretext he would reject the testimony of an historian such as Tacitus?

In reading Gibbon, it is necessary to have before one's mind the fact of his changing from Protestant to Catholic belief, and from this to infidelity. To explain and to uphold his position he felt called on to belittle and to decry all that could be a glory or a triumph to Christianity.

How unsafe then it is for our children to be subjected to the influence of such teachers as our correspondent writes of, who quote Gibbon as a final and decisive authority, and instil into young minds the mistrust, if not the contempt of Christian teachings. We Catholics are a patient and a long-suffering people, and if we permit our children to be trained so that they will despise us and mock at our holy religion, then great is our shame, and great is the loss to the souls of these children. Even in the public schools, no one has the right to insult Christianity and to parade the sneers and libels of Gibbon in place of historical facts.

As to the number of martyrs in the persecutions, a few words. Tacitus, as we have learned, tells us that the Christians condemned and put to death in the first persecution, under Nero, composed "an immense multitude."

The fifth persecution, called by Gibbon a mitigated one, was very severe at Lyons, in France. St. Gregory of Tours writes that St. Irenaeus had converted to the faith nearly all the inhabitants of Lyons, and that nearly all the Christians of the city were martyred with their bishop. An ancient epitaph in the church of St. Irenaeus at Lyons, records the number of martyrs at nineteen thousand, besides women and children. Of the general character of this persecution, Eusebius writes: "When Severus raised a persecution against the Church, there were illustrious testimonies given by the combatants of religion in the various churches everywhere."

Eusebius in his "Ecclesiastical History," Lactantius in his "Deaths of the Persecutors," both recording events of which they were contemporaries, and Eusebius to a certain degree an eye-witness, and Sulpicius Severus, who lived a little later in the same century, have given explicit and painful testimony of the real number of martyrs, and the appalling punishments during the tenth persecution, under Diocletian. Lactantius says: "Though I had a hundred mouths and tongues, with an iron breast, it would be impossible for me to describe

the various and horrid tortures that were inflicted on the guiltless Christians, throughout the provinces of the Empire."

Sulpicius Severus: "Under the empire of Diocletian and Maximian, a most rigorous persecution arose, which made frightful ravages in the church for ten years in succession. During that period, nearly the whole world was stained with the blood of the holy martyrs. Never was the earth more depopulated by any war, than by this persecution, nor did the church ever obtain a greater triumph than when it could not be conquered by a continual slaughter which lasted ten years."

Eusebius says: "Innumerable multitudes were imprisoned in every place, and the dungeons formerly destined for murderers and the vilest criminals were then filled with bishops, and priests, and deacons, readers, and exorcists; so that there was no room left for those condemned for crime. But when the former edict was followed by another in which it was ordered that the prisoners should be permitted to have their liberty if they sacrificed, but persisting, they should be punished with the most excruciating torments, who could tell the number of those martyrs in every province, and particularly in Mauritania, Thebais and Egypt, that suffered death for their religion?"

In Egypt, thousands, men, women and children, despising the present life for the sake of our Saviour's doctrine, submitted to death in various shapes. And he enumerates the modes of punishment, the most cruel that fiendish ingenuity could devise.

In spite of the testimony of this eye witness, who says, "We ourselves have observed when on the spot, many crowded together in one day, some suffering decapitation, some the torments of flames," Gibbon has the temerity to assert that during the ten years of Diocletian's persecution, there were not more than 1500 to 2000 martyrs. And Gibbon has his believers and disciples. So history is made.

Is it worth while after this to answer the statements made by the teacher referred to by our questioner concerning Constantine? This emperor himself testified and with an oath that he had seen in the heavens the cross with the legend: "In this conquer," and he went into battle knowing he had the promise of victory from heaven. He put to death his son Crispus, but only believing that son to be guilty of great crimes alleged against him. When he learned how cruelly he had been deceived, his anger and remorse were great indeed. His saintly mother, Helena, always held power over him, and we have no record of anything but his conduct of a true son in her regard. He had her proclaimed Augusta or empress in his armies, and through all his empire, he had medals struck in her honor. At her death, August, 328, he was present, and received from her lips her last admonition to govern the empire according to God's law. Following her death, Constantine still showed to her honor as he had during life.

This emperor, far from being an enemy, was a wonderful benefactor to the Church, bestowing upon it all kinds of temporal favors, granting to it and to its ministers, at Rome, at Constantinople, or at the Council of Nice (A. D. 325), his protection and help.

M. E. M. writes: If a person makes a voluntary promise to God to do a certain thing in His honor, if something she prays for is granted, is it a sin if afterward she finds it impossible to fulfill the promise, though her intention of doing it was sincere at the time of making the promise?

As no one can be held to do that which is impossible, you cannot be held to the fulfillment of a promise when that fulfillment has become either absolutely or morally impossible. In such case the obligation of the promise ceases.

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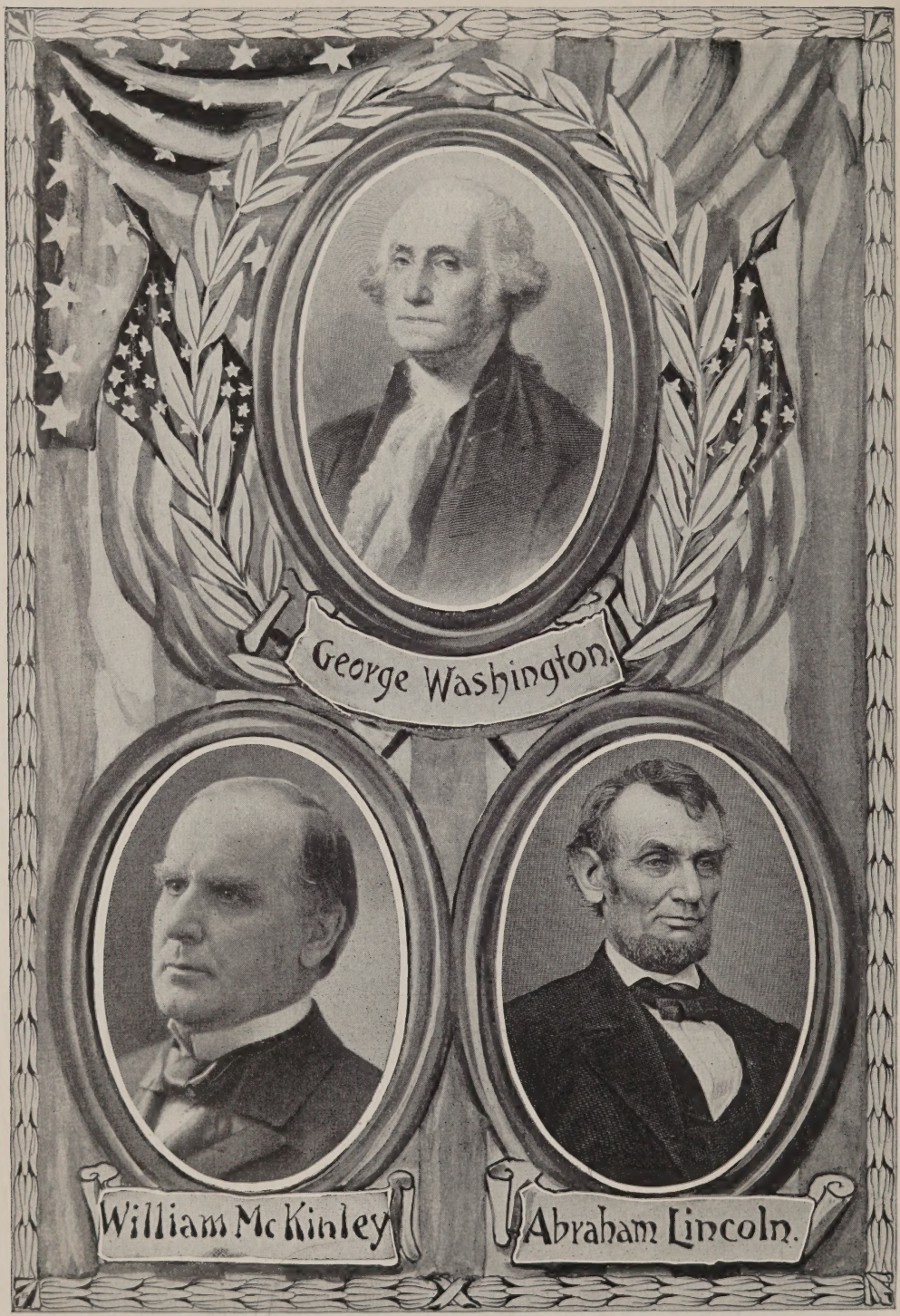

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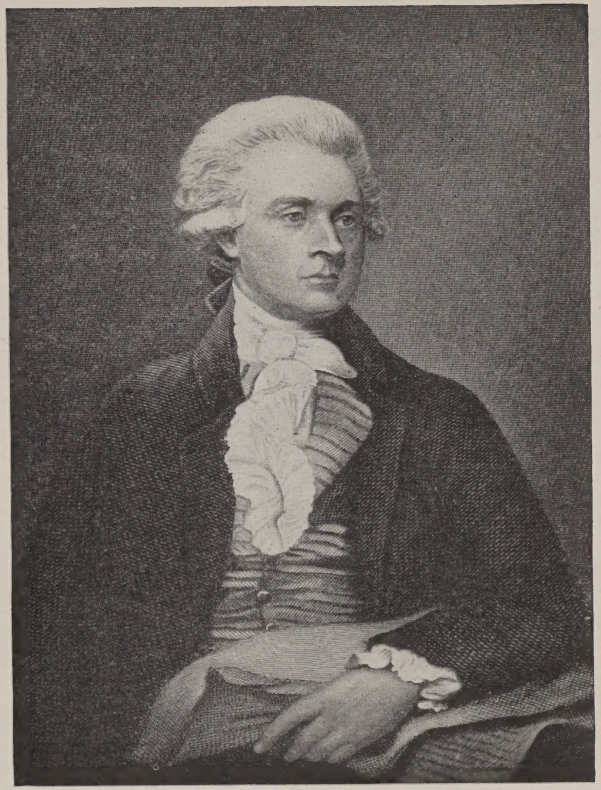
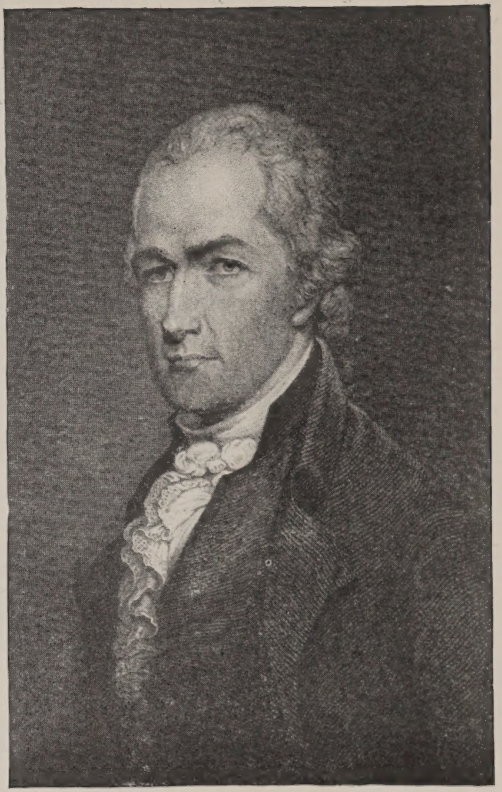


Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State.



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THE MEMBERS OF LINCOLN'S FIRST CABINET.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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MEN AND THINGS.

BY THE EDITOR, HENRY AUSTIN ADAMS, M. A.

BATS AND OWLS AND OTHER THINGS go forth in the night. They flutter, screech, bang their foolish brains out if suddenly brought into the light; or else creep back into their secret hiding places on the coming of honest day. These dark war times have brought from their mischievous obscurity an ill-visaged crew of social reptiles and enemies at once of truth, civilization and the country. I mean the whole genus Bigot. These night-creepers and loathsome crawlers and biters and befoulers of life have discovered that our real *casus belli* with Spain is Popery. We, it seems, are Protestant and Anglo-Saxon, whereas our unhappy enemies are the victims of superstition and belong to the decadent Latin stock. The real fight is, therefore, not to establish the independence of Cuba, but to put down the Jesuits —to hasten the end of priestcraft and the Inquisition. Poor, discredited vermin! We had seen and heard little of them lately, and had not the night of passion and the excitement of troublous times turned honest men's minds to sterner questions, we might never have again remembered that such liars as they had ever made the previous dark times of bigotry so noisesome. These fools seem blind to the plainest facts, and bat-like butt their empty pates against the sharpest corners of common sense and the (one would think) undodgable obvious. But the light of reason is too much for them; they can *"see"* only when honest folk are in bed. Cock-crow is death to them, and daylight darkness! They fail to see that Cuba is as Catholic as Spain. They ignore the fact that a majority of those who have enlisted to prosecute the war are Catholics. They forget that when (as they darkly hint) the Jesuits blew up the *Maine*, they killed more Catholics than Protestants, which wasn't nice of them. The country blesses Father Chidwick; these vampires protest against allowing "Popish spies" on board our warships! The patriotic, the generous, the enlightened all over this broad land are burying political and other differences, and offering the magnificent spectacle to the other nations of the earth of a majestic, united People; and these foes of man seize such an hour as this to revamp their foul calumnies, which were utterly exploded a generation ago.

How Little We Knew about Manila and who was George Dewey two months ago? Those thunders that broke the Sabbath in that far-away harbor beneath our feet shall echo to some purpose in the coming years. Barry, Perry, Farragut, Dewey! And others shall arise in the next hour of destiny.

As One Who Works for better things I rejoice to say that recent numbers of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* have been very fine. Our weekly contemporay, the *Sacred Heart Review,* is so good and strong always, that I am afraid it must have a hard time in keeping up its circulation.

When the President Called for volunteers the other day, most of the militia regiments immediately responded like the reliable, soldierly troops we had always thought them to be. It was noticeable, however, that the "crack" regiments in New York, "the gallant seventh" and "Ours" (23d), voted to use sublime self-control—and stay at home with whole skins and attend to the glorious duties of making money. I observed that the crackier the regiment the greater number of its men stayed at home. The 69th, made up of Catholic fellows of plainer stuff, went into the service of the country at once with full ranks.

All this is useful. We shall learn that the "dude" is as cowardly and selfish as he is conceited and insufferable in his assumed superiority and lofty airs. A score of times I have witnessed the parades of the New York regiments. Rank after rank of the homely, solid men, mechanics, poor clerks, common citizens, would go by in their plain uniforms and unpretentious indistinguishableness. These the crowd suffered to pass unnoticed. But far down the avenue for blocks I could tell when the "gallant Seventh" or redoubtable "Ours" were coming, for a rumble of applause and a craning of necks announced the irresistible advance of the death-defying heroes. On they came—swept, one might say—invincible, dauntless—straight up to the flashing eyes of pretty women and roar of nursemaids' bravos. Without a tremor the serried battalions unbroken bore the brunt of the day. Such wheeling! Such perfection of tactics and dazzling accoutrements! Great sons of the war god! How the populace cheered, and who knows what fluttering feminine hearts surrendered to these dreadful battalions in buttons? Then came this war, and these little toy soldiers considered that "it takes more courage to exercise self-restraint than to go to the front." Mars! What chicken-hearted chaps we have been calling heroes all these years. I have no doubt that most of these men are men of affairs, and that it would be more difficult for many of them to leave home than for the poorer soldiers of the fighting regiments. But then, why spend millions of dollars for armories, equipment and the fol-de-rol of dress parades, etc., etc., when the breaking out of hostilities is to find these men too busy in their offices to go to the front? Is it worth while to spend vast sums of money merely to gratify the already overweening conceit of a lot of rich young swells, who have no ideals above social success and no sense of duty paramount to those of their counting houses?

Governor Black did well to disband the scandalous 13th regiment, which added insubordination to poltroonery. He might have gone on with the good work of ridding the Empire State of its "little tin soldiers." Fill up the ranks of our regiments in the future with men, and not with tailor-made girl-killers.

Refreshing in contrast to the disheartening failure of so many of our "best young men" was the action of John Jacob Astor, Theodore Roose-

velt and Mr. Chanler, millionaires all, and certainly needed at home to look after rents and coupons and the market, to say nothing of dinners and the club. These young Americans at once volunteered, offering their services in any capacity, at any place that the President might direct.

FILLED TO THE ROOF the great Metropolitan Opera House in New York witnessed a memorable event at the reception given to Archbishop Corrigan. It was fine to hear great citizens of other faiths speak right out in meeting in fearless and generous appreciation of the mighty work which the Church of God is doing for this land and day of ours.

A LOT OF HARVARD PROFESSORS have been letting us know lately that the entire American people are usually wrong. I wonder how it feels to know everything? It must be delicious to be superior. Other folks think a Pharisee is an ass; but the Pharisee must have no end of fun in knowing that he knows—all!

MY ANIMADVERSIONS ON PARISH "shows" have affected my mail. Several good pastors have written asking, "Was it I?" One good priest writes: "I have prepared an entertainment which I hope you will think up to the Meriden standard." The time has come, I think, for the permanent retirement of the local song and dance artists, whose education and repertoire were derived from the neighboring taverns. Most of the ladies and gentlemen who so cheerfully give their services for the benefit of the many good works of the pastors give us entertainment worthy of all praise. Indeed, I am surprised at the amount of talent to be found among our young people. Why, then, need we have a coarse, vulgar clown ever introduced into the program? It is an insult to the clergy and ladies present, and reflects most injuriously upon the taste and civilization of the whole parish.

Pray for the soul of the late James Mitchell, priest, brother, man, friend, knight.

"E. SCOTT O'CONNOR," who between ourselves is none other than Mrs. J. Berry Harpending, Jr., has written a strange little book, which she calls "Tracings"; but which is a deal more than tracings. I would call it "Diggings," for its thoughts go deep. Agnes Repplier has written a long and characteristic preface to "Tracings," which, by the way, is published by the Century Company.

It is a book of crystals; crystals of many a fine feeling that has swum through our hearts many a time of calm mornings or in shadowy thought-boding nights. Through the heart of our author have these things passed too; but hers was the wit to lay hold on them and cage them long enough to have their song set down.

Neatly packed is this wisdom. It has the sanity of the wholesome, no less than the flash of the paradoxical —a rare thing in genius. Truth after truth is laid down in apt, simple words, after the forthright manner of one who speaks conscious of truth. But there is no Martin F. Tupperish twang to these pregnant saws. On the contrary, not a few of them have the piquant, half-saucy trick of puzzling at first with their half-concealed truth peeking through at one, but ready to laugh frankly out as soon as one spies it. I would urge every holidaygoer this summer to slip these fair "Tracings" into his satchel. There's an hour's good happiness in them, to say nothing of no end of probable retracings.

MODERN SCIENCE AND THE HEXAHEMERON AS INTERPRETED BY THE FATHERS.

BY REV. JAMES T. BROWN.

This is a scientific age; an age of push and pen. An age of mental activity, study and research; an age of mind over matter.

Modern science has indeed effected wonders. Ten thousand improvements tending to the comfort and ease of human life have come to us from this restless spirit of the modern mind.

The microscope, the compass, the telegraph and the telephone, in their own special way, make Nature our servant. Guided by the scientific genius of to-day, we annihilate space and girdle the globe.

By the aid of the balloon and the telescope some of us get nearer Heaven than we deserve. We look right into the face of the sun, and count the spots on its disk, while we soar with perfect safety thousands of feet above the earth. The astronomer has unfolded the mysteries of the immense sphere above us; the geologist tells us the story of that upon which we live. When we look at all the magnificent things science has done in our times, we are inclined to thank God that we live in the nineteenth century.

We are not ungrateful nor selfish, however. With pleasure and affection we remember those to whom we owe all this advancement. We love to hear and read about that wonderful monk and philosopher of Oxford, Roger Bacon, who gave the first grand start to modern science by teaching men to use their eyes, and not be continually trusting to Aristotle. We see that the system of induction revived by this clever English monk has been the source and principle of all the real progress of our times. Thus, Religion first rocked the cradle of science. We rejoice to know that modern science, with all its noble achievements, owes its origin to Christianity; and we are not surprised to find that the greatest geniuses, Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Newton, Volta, Le Verrier and Secchi, found it all the easier to be Christians because they were true scientists. Real, true science does not mean freedom from religious restraint.

Francis Bacon put this idea well when he said that depth in knowledge led only to God. It is only little learning that is dangerous. That this danger should crop out in this age, when false knowledge is so often taken for the truth, is not surprising. And we may be sure when very much of this dangerous little-learning is put forward unblushingly in the interest and under the garb of real science, as happens so fequently nowadays, that unfortunately for the true, false science claims to be her sister in the quest of truth.

Hence we may infer that if this has been an age of scientific pushing, it may also be truly said to have been an age of what we may call scientific puffing. This is the outgrowth of conditions which St. Paul intimated nearly two thousand years ago, when he said, "Knowledge puffs up." These puffs form a distinct dialect in the English language of to-day. You have only to read attentively one of our scientific papers, or Huxley's last work; bristling with hazy possibilties, to learn the whole lingo. One of the greatest puffs of these fast-puffing times is that which the Rationalists emit concerning the Hexahemeron or Work of the Six Days of Gene-

sis, as interpreted by the Fathers of the Church. On this point, not only have they tried to divorce science from religion, but they have endeavored to prove them absolutely opposed to each other.

These Rationalists have openly declared that we have abandoned the common tradition of the Fathers to suit Genesis to modern science. It may be well to say here that we are not obliged to conform our opinions to those of the Fathers on a scientific subject. Science is not a deposit preserved by tradition, like revealed Truth. In matters of faith it is only necessary to believe "*quod semper, quod ubique.*" Hence, even if this objection of the Rationalists were true, there would be nothing in it, since the common tradition of the Fathers on a scientific question would bind us no more than the view of Pythagoras on objective reality binds St. Thomas, or the system of Ptolemy, the astronomers of our day.

The objection is not true, but simply a new puff, full of arrant sophistry, which, like all puffs, vanishes into thin air when brought in contact with the light.

For the sake of clearness we shall refute under two heads the assertion of the Rationalists, by proving conclusively: First, that there is no common tradition among the Fathers concerning the Hexahemeron, or Work of the Six Days of Genesis; and, secondly, that on many important points the Fathers and modern science most perfectly agree.

Before proceeding to the proofs, however, a few preliminary remarks are necessary. Mosaic cosmogony is a refutation of all the errors that existed when Moses wrote. These errors were extant when the Fathers wrote; hence they studied Mosaic cosmogony. Not only did they refute existing errors, but they demonstrated the superiority of Christian cosmogony over those imagined by the ancient philosophers. The object of the Fathers in their interpretation of the Hexahemeron is identical with ours; they appeal to reason and science to explain the first chapter of Genesis, and thus defend the Bible against the objections of its enemies. To show that there is no common tradition among the Fathers, a short, yet succinct, synopsis of their views will be amply sufficient.

The Eastern Fathers belong either to the schools of Alexandria, of Syria or of Cappadocia. The Alexandrian school adopted the allegorical method of interpretation. The Eastern Fathers did not, however, accept the allegorical interpretation in all its details, as laid down by Philo, the founder of the school.

The leading light among the Eastern Fathers is Clement of Alexandria. He said that God created the world eternally, and not in time, as time began with the world. All creatures were created simultaneously. The six days are spoken of to accommodate the text to our way of thinking.

The Syrian schools adhere strictly to the literal meaning. St. Ephrem is chief representative of the school of Edessa. He says that in the first verse of Genesis creation receives its first elements, viz., *materia prima*. The days of Genesis are twenty-four hours each. Light, at first created, served to bring into existence all that appeared on the face of the earth during the first three days. Then the sun brought these productions to maturity on the fourth day. Light was attached to sun, moon and stars as accidents to substance. He says, also, that the earth was filled with fire. St. Chrysostom, the king of interpreters, represents the school of Antioch. He believes in successive creation. God could create simultaneously, but did not, to show that this world is not the result of chance, but of a wise Providence, doing all things in weight, number and measure. He believes

that the earth has a foundation, which is the waters. We now come to the Cappadocian school. St. Basil, St. Gregory of Nazienzen and St. Gregory of Nyssa are the leading members of the school. According to St. Basil, God created *materia prima*. He then caused life, plants, etc., to appear successively. Genesaic days are of unequal length, though generally of twenty-four hours each.

The first three days before the formation of the sun were measured and produced by the diffusion of primitive light, according to the measure determined by God. The earth has no foundation, and in proof of this St. Basil mentions, first, its figure; secondly, the inability of a layer of air to carry such a mass as the earth without yielding; and, thirdly, the earth being founded on water, the water must have a foundation, and so on, *in indefinitum*.

St.Gregory of Nyssa, brother of St. Basil, admits simultaneous creation in first verse of Genesis, and a work of formation in the other verses. In the simultaneous creation God produced the seeds of all things. Hence, St. Gregory was a sort of old-time evolutionist.

According to St. Gregory, the distinction of days in the first chapter was not real, but used by Moses to put order in his narrative. On the fourth day the work of condensation of light was accomplished, which made the sun, stars and moon distinct bodies. This theory of condensation is most scientific, and we meet it here for the first time.

The Latin Fathers made an eclectic choice of the Greek Fathers. Hilary of Poitiers adopts the Alexandrian theory, while St. Ambrose holds an opinion between the Alexandrian and the Antiochian schools.

The most learned and original of the Latin Fathers is St. Augustine. He admits simultaneous creation with several modifications. He says that the distinction of days is not real, but logical. He admits real distinction between the creation, properly so called, and the evolution of being.

St. Gregory the Great says that all beings were created simultaneously in their substance, but gradually in their species; thus he agrees with St. Augustine as to the evolution of being.

Venerable Bede follows the Cappadocian school as to the simultaneous creation of *materia prima*. Before the first day, God created out of nothing the angelic nature and the materials of the universe. During the six days the beings produced were drawn out of pre-existing matter. The soul of man was created, not evolved. Venerable Bede gives to the time elapsed before the Genesaic day the meaning of indefinite period. Although some of the Fathers before mentioned seem to hint at this idea, yet Venerable Bede was the first to state clearly the doctrine of an indefinite period before the Genesaic days. He also says that morning and evening might be figurative in the scriptural sense. After considering these various views, it is superfluous to state that there is no common tradition on the scientific explanation of the Hexahemeron among the Fathers. While Clement of Alexandria says that the six days were metaphorical, St. Ephrem believes them to have been real days of twenty-four hours each. St. Clement defends simultaneous creation, while St. Chrysostom denies it. St. Basil says that the earth has no foundation, and defends his point energetically. The chief of the Antiochian school contends with equal warmth that it has a foundation, which is the water. St. Gregory of Nyssa adopts an opinion intermediate between Basil and Chrysostom. He says that the distinction of days in first chapter is not real, thus opposing the opinion of his own brother, Basil. Hilary of Poitiers holds the opinion of St. Clement of

Alexandria, and St. Ambrose comes in between St. Clement and St. Chrysostom. St. Augustine differs from St. Chrysostom as to successive creation, but agrees with Venerable Bede on the question of the evolution of being. Any one, therefore, who contends that there is a common tradition as to the scientific sense of the Hexahemeron among the Fathers would also, most likely, be willing to admit the absurdity of being consistent and the nonsense of common sense.

We have now come to the proof of the second assertion which we laid down before; viz., that on many important points the interpretation of the Hexahemeron by the Fathers agrees with modern science. This is not surprising, when we remember that the Fathers followed the same principle in their days that we use in ours. St. Ephrem, St. Gregory of Nazianzen, St. Gregory of Nyssa, St. Ambrose and St. Augustine thought that the materials of the universe were first in a state of chaos, and were organized afterwards. Most scientists of today admit this theory; and some are so foolish as to claim the authorship of it. Fifteen hundred years before Huxley had learned his A, B, C's St. Ephrem had taught that the earth, at first, was full of fire, and that through secondary causes it received its present shape. Long before Darwin had reached his remarkable conclusion on evolution St. Gregory of Nyssa, St. Augustine and Venerable Bede had given us a common-sense view on that subject. Had Darwin consulted any of these patristic authorities, and especially his own countryman, Venerable Bede, he would not have fallen into the humiliating and gross illusion of imagining that the soul of Darwin's great-great-grandfather might probably have been one of the links in a line of monkeys. Many modern savants think that the sun was not created on the fourth day, but existed before. This view was also entertained by the Fathers in their time.

Modern geologists claim that secondary causes were constantly at work before and after the six days mentioned in Genesis.

The most ardent geologist of our day is forced to admit that St. Augustine, St. Gregory the Great and Venerable Bede and others among the Fathers have anticipated modern science in believing in the necessity of a longer time than six solar days for the evolution of beings.

Du Fay's system of condensation, which has attracted so much attention during late years, is simply the theory which St. Gregory thought out long before Du Fay was born. It may be said, however, that none of the Fathers has referred to the Genesaic day as a period of indefinite time. This is distinctly a modern idea. But if the Fathers have not applied the special word period to the Genesaic day, the writings of some of them are full of allusions and hints on this point; so much so, that they may be truly said to have anticipated this modern notion. St. Augustine and a great number of the Latin Fathers, as well as the entire school of Alexandria in the East, refer to the word "day" in the Hexahemeron as figurative. And the reasons which the Fathers urged to establish this opinion can be used by us to-day with equal force to prove that the Genesaic day was an indefinite period.

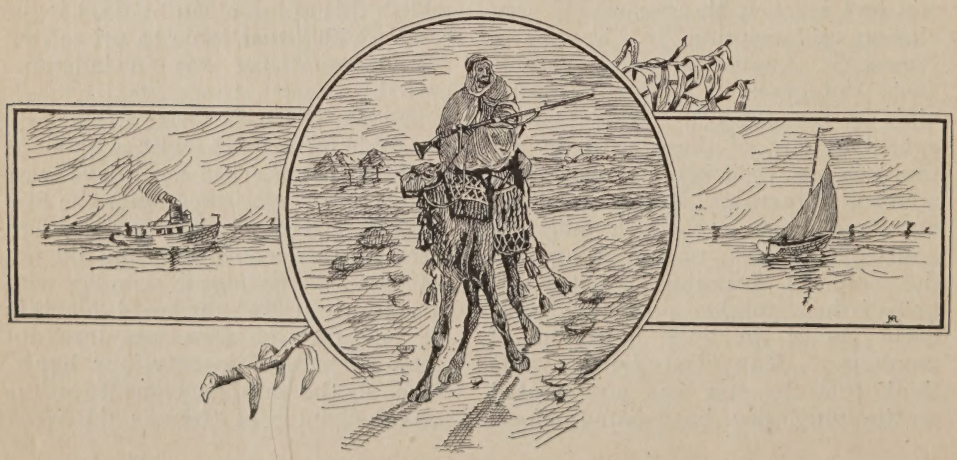
We can say with Origen that even the Bible furnishes us with arguments to show that the Genesaic days were not ordinary solar days, since the first chapter tells us that during the first three Genesaic days the sun did not yet exist. We might also say with St. Augustine that the word "day" in the language of Scripture does not mean a space of twenty-four hours, since at the commencement of the second chapter of Genesis the word

"day" signifies the entire period of creation.

We think that we have now said enough to show what real science is, and to refute the assertion of the Rationalists that we have abandoned the traditions of the Fathers to suit the Bible to modern science.

While perusing these views of the Fathers on the Hexahemeron, one cannot fail to notice the deep study and penetration they reveal. Imperfect as was the science of their times, yet we have seen how very often the Fathers have expressed views and hinted at theories whose development has done honor to the most learned men of our times. Errors there may be, here and there in these patristic works; but they are mostly errors of detail,—errors which advancing science very soon dispelled. We must always keep in mind that the Fathers were not professional scientists. The first object of their lives was to tell men how to go to Heaven, not how the Heavens go. Their mission was to Christianize the world, and they used science inasmuch as it was necessary to interpret the truths of the Bible. We follow in their footsteps, and act upon a common principle; and if we understand more fully the truths of faith by probing deeper into the secrets of Nature, we are only continuing the work which the Fathers and early Christians commenced. One more remark and we have finished. It is not hard to see in these attacks against the Fathers, attacks against Christianity, of which they are representatives. Esau's hairy coat may be used as a mantle, but the voice is Jacob's voice all the same.

Religion and true science must ever be the best of friends. Modern Rationalists and theorists, whose whole object is to take God out of the world in the name of science, will, however, find in the Catholic Church a constant enemy. When these atheistic specialists shall have knocked off the moss they shall see the stone—the unshaken Rock of Ages—against which Christ said false science shall not prevail. When the anti-religious theories of Huxley and Spenser and modern Rationalists shall have vanished—when even Heaven and earth shall have passed away—one thing shall remain, one only thing that has stood for six thousand years, and shall stand forever, and that is the word of God.



MINE FOREVER.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

The old cracked bell in the old First Meeting House in Rutland was ringing most gaily, despite its hundred years. The old-fashioned organ tremulously pealed forth a brave attempt at nothing less than Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." Everybody in Rutland, from the bank president and the academy professors to the cash girls and the bootblacks, thronged the ancient pews, the time-worn aisles, the porch, the steps, the grass plots, for Emily Humphreys, the fairest and dearest girl in Rutland, was coming back into the June sunshine Lieutenant John Winthrop's bride.

June roses were heaped on pulpit and table, they filled the window ledges, and were tied on the pews for the bridal party—though, truly, every one there belonged to the bridal party. The air was redolent with the scent of the frgrant flowers that Emily always called her favorites. She wore them in her golden hair and her snowy muslin dress, and she carried them in her hands, with the glint of her new wedding ring showing through them like a stray gleam of the sunshine that rested over all. Her friends smiled to see her as she faced them trustingly, coming towards them, a vision of maidenly loveliness, as simple as a child. To many eyes the quick tears sprang, for she had been theirs always, their minister's only daughter, and he who had won her was to take her far away from them, beyond the sea.

Did she love him? How often people had asked the question of one another, wonderingly. Emily Humphreys had always loved everybody, with that irresistible winning way that was all her own. Every student at the Academy, season after season, called her the Rose of Rutland; but they all agreed that she was the sweetest, whitest rose they ever saw, lifted too high above them for any attempt at plucking—a queen, a friend, a sister, but nothing more. Every woman who ever saw her loved her. She was too dear, too unselfish, too unconscious of her charm and beauty, to excite one jealous pang. She now looked straight before her from under her white, shadowing veil, and caught sight of those many loving, earnest faces, their very look saying as plainly as words, "God bless her." Then she smiled back at them, the same gentle smile that had gladdened them through all the years since she first came toddling along the aisle at prayer meeting, holding fast her mother's guiding finger, and glancing shyly at them from under her quaint sun-bonnet, pink like the June roses that she wore on her bridal day. Did she really love her bridegroom any better than she loved the rest of the Rutland folk? He had been her child-lover ever since they played in infancy in the parsonage garden. She had grown up used to the idea. Was that all?

As to him, however, there could be no doubt. On that rare June afternoon he certainly had no thought for any one but his bride. The thronging faces were a misty cloud before him. Through the music of the famous wedding march and through the old bell's clanging he heard only the poet's lines:

"Her dress was like the lilies,
And her heart as pure as they.
One of God's angel-messengers
Did walk with me that day."

So they passed on together into the sunshine, entered the carriage that stood waiting, and, amid pelting showers of roses on roses, drove away.

Oh, how heavenly blue the sky above them; how radiant the sunshine! Was earth Heaven? Could there ever be any change or sorrow or trouble possible anywhere? All that he asked for in life was granted him, and he turned and drew her towards him, crying rapturously: "Mine forever! Nothing can part us now!"

But, with never a moment's warning, the glory faded. There came a sudden crash, a great darkness, an awful silence. The joy of the June day fled from Rutland; and in the silence, only the Divine Lover of Souls spoke without noise of words, and called His own, forever, to Him.

June had passed into July, and August was close at hand, when Emily Winthrop, a shadow of her former self, opened her blue eyes, looked wonderingly upon her mother, and at last remembered her, but remembered nothing of that fair June day, forever gone. All Rutland had waited for that awaking. In prayer meeting they had prayed for it, and then prayed God to be merciful to her and to them when that longed-for hour should come. Who was to tell the child-bride that she was a widow, and that her boy-bridegroom lay sleeping with his forefathers in the old Rutland cemetery, where the grave-stones told few stories equal to hers in its pathetic tragedy, though more than two hundred years had fled since the first John Winthrop was laid there in his prime? In the June sunshine and among the June roses, with the wedding bell still ringing, the bridal carriage, on its homeward way, had collided with a heavily loaded team and overturned. The bridegroom, fully conscious of his fate, had lived long enough to will all he had, his ancestral home, his lands, his wealth, to the bride who for not one day had borne his name. Then he had given up his young soul as bravely as if he had fallen on the deck of his ship for "Old Glory," as heroes die.

"God must have what He gave," he said to the aged pastor, whose heart's desire it had been to call the brave lad son, and who had gained him only to lose him. "Tell Emily"—he faltered; then a last smile broke over his noble face and never faded from it. "Tell *my wife* that the great Captain knows what He is doing. I never yet disobeyed orders; so—His will be done." Then the stout-hearted sailor lad went forth on his last voyage over darkest and deepest waters to the Eternal Shore.

Abigail Morse, the class-leader, wrestled with the Lord long and often at prayer meeting concerning Emily's future, now that the aspect of her life had become so strangely altered. God always hears and always answers faithful prayer, however blind it be, in His own good time and way. The evening before Emily came to herself again, the gaunt, gray woman had risen up in meeting in a sort of frenzy, and bidden the worshipers sing "Coronation," as they had never sung before. The little square panes of glass in the meeting-house windows shook with the clamor of that singing. Jabez Clapp's deep bass and Hiram Leonard's strident tenor were blended in extraordinary intensity, while Garaphelia Sears' piercing soprano rang up to the very rafters; and in and out, in and out, Anne Dyer's alto moaned like the cry of a passing soul. The chorus rallied round them, and as they sang they became possessed with Abigail's fervor, till the whole meeting was thrilled as by some mighty presence commanding them to believe and all that they asked should be done. Higher and higher the anthem rose.

"All hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let Angels prostrate fall.
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all—
And crown Him Lord of all—
And crown—and crown—and crown—
And crown—and crown Him Lord of all!"

Abigail lifted her wrinkled, attenuated hands. "God, Almighty!" she cried imploringly, "give us back our Emily, and make her a great worker of Thy good works among us, and a great servant of Thine. Exceeding dear must she be in Thy sight, since Thou layest Thy chastisements so heavily on our innocent lamb. Yea, I *demand* of Thee that Thou do what I ask of Thee in the power of Jesus' name." The men and women who were there gathered together, all answered then in a loud voice: "Amen. Alleluia"; afterwards they sang "Hebron," and then departed; and the next day Emily said, "Mother," and presently asked where John was.

But when, fearful of relapse into unconsciousness, they said, and said truthfully, "You have been very ill, dear, and John is away on a long voyage now," white and frail as a snow-wreath she lay silent, and so the summer days slipped by. Sometimes, when through old habit she turned the diamond ring on her engagement finger, they thought that she would surely notice the plain gold circlet on her other hand, and would remember. Once she did ask who had put it there, and her anxious mother replied, in fear and trembling, "John did it, Emily dearest, before he sailed last. Don't you recollect it?"

With a petulance most foreign to her placid, gentle nature, Emily exclaimed: "No, I don't! And I hate partings. I wish that nobody ever would go away."

It was the first time they had brought her down stairs and out into the August warmth and fragrance. She sat in the sunlight, more pale than the August lilies blooming straight and tall, with hollyhocks and sweet william, in the flower beds. Passersby looked with tender pity at the bride-widow, who did not know that she was a widow. Abigail Morse alone ventured to open the gate and come and speak to her, in tender tones that none of those accustomed to hear her speak at prayer meeting could have imagined to be hers. Perhaps, in years long, long gone by, Abigail had known other "experiences" than those which she was wont to pour volubly forth in meeting to admiring listeners on the inquirers' bench.

Evidently Emily recognized her at once. The never failing, the exquisite and courteous smile of her girlhoood, lit her wan, sweet face, bringing the tears in a flood to the watchers' eyes.

"Dear Miss Morse," she said, affectionately, "you are so kind to come to see me. I have been sick, oh, I can't tell you how long, and I cannot remember things. It is all like a dark, blank room."

Miss Abigail broke down for a moment completely; then her excitable religious nature asserted itself with even more than its wonted force.

"Emily, child!" she cried, impetuously, "but can't ye remember? It'll do her no harm, Mis' Humphreys, dear. God Almighty won't let it. In the power of Jesus' name, Emily Humphreys Winthrop, remember! remember! remember!"

An indescribable expression of love, of fear, of joy, of pain, swept over Emily's face. The roseate flush was on her sunken cheek, the love-light in her eyes. She leaned forward, as if hearing some one speak whom they heard not. Then she exclaimed: "Oh, *who* said, 'Mine forever'? Some one said it, and everything then was perfect joy. Mother, tell me who said, 'Mine forever.'"

"My darling!" the mother cried, all other thought obliterated by the

memory of her daughter's early blighted life, "no one said it. No one on earth could say it. None but God could say that, my child."

To their astonishment, Emily responded determinedly: "I never can be happy with John, then, and he need never come back to me. He would only have to leave me, and I cannot endure these partings and separations any, any more."

After this they no longer tried to hide her bereavement from her. Slowly but surely her young strength returned, but those about her questioned whether human eyes would ever again see a happy smile on her beautiful face. In her widow's dress she came at last up the very aisle of the old meeting-house where she had gone so lately, the loveliest of brides. But, though they sang, with kindest intention, "Bright fields beyond the swelling floods" and "Nearer, my God, to Thee," no one could see a ray of hope light up the face where a sudden and terrible shock had left enduring traces of a seemingly irremediable pain. Neither memory of past delight nor anticipation of future heavenly meeting brought any change to the fixed and passionless countenance of the White Rose of Rutland. Her chief solace she found in repeating to herself, in dull monotony, over and over, some fugitive lines that had met her wandering and idle gaze in her father's weekly religious paper:

"Serene I fold my hands, and wait,
Nor care for wind, or wave, or sea,
My barque shall ride the sea of fate,
Assured my love shall come to me."

One day a doubting Thomas asked Miss Abigail where the complete answer to her famous prayer was, and when poor young Mrs. Winthrop was ever going to do great works for God with all her riches,—riches which, to the stricken child, truly seemed but dross.

"God's ways are not our ways," Miss Abigail answered, stoutly, "and our times are in His hand. When He is ready to work His own work, no man will be able to hinder."

Emily used to go daily alone to the cemetery at the Five Corners, and sit long and silently beside the new-made grave in the Winthrops' ancient burial place. The tall New England elms sheltered the little maid-widow beneath their lithe and swaying branches; and, as the poet writes of the sorely-tried Cowper, so with her worn and aching soul it became true that "quiet shadows from the trees refreshed her like a slumber."

The dates on the headstones were the oldest still recognizable in all New England. Plymouth had none older, nor had Cambridge. Often her eyes rested on one moss-grown, bent, low stone, with this singular inscription: "The Word is Answered." Many had questioned its meaning, but in vain. To her, with that haunting, persistent, fixed echo, "Mine forever," ever ringing in her ears, it seemed perfectly comprehensible. Somebody in that far-off Puritan past had suffered like her; like her had been haunted by a vague, beautiful, dim memory; had heard, even as she had heard, an ecstatic voice speak out of a great darkness, and, at last, had remembered, and had replied. But time, as yet, brought back to her clouded brain no memory of what had happened on her bridal afternoon. So the Indian summer came, and the good Lord indeed wrought His own work in His own time and way.

The yellow leaves were drifting slowly down through the yellow and balmy air. The little widow crept closer to her bridegroom's place of rest, and traced out, tenderly and slowly, letter by letter, with her wedding finger, the pathetic inscription graven on the stone:

"Lieutenant John Winthrop, U. S. N.
Born in this town;
September 3, 1840.
Married and died:
June 21, 1860.

"Who hath known the mind of the Lord?
Or who hath been His councillor?"

Her eyes wandered again to the far older stone and its inscription: "The Word is Answered." Then she murmured, sadly: "Mine forever. Oh, if I could only remember! If only some one would answer my word for me!"

Then a strange thing happened. Quiet footfalls on the path behind her paused gently at her side. She looked up, and a young face was before her, sweet and fair and joyous as ever her own had been, but with something else upon it, a wonderful expression of unfathomable and unutterable peace. The face drew Emily and won her, though the peculiar garb bespoke a character absolutely unknown to her except through books and by hearsay. Dim remembrances of old-time prejudices came to her mind for a moment, and then completely disappeared as a sweet voice spoke. The Little Sisters of the Poor had but recently opened a home at Rutland Centre; it was their first visit to Rutland, and with them angels of consolation and mercy came. The young sister was accompanied by an older one, a German, and it was the younger who first spoke.

"We saw you all alone here, and we thought you had known sorrow. So we ventured to come in, to beg of you for the many poor and sorrowful people in our care."

"Tell me about them—and about yourselves," Emily asked, with aroused curiosity, and the Sisters, sitting down beside her, told her something of their daily life-work, and of the tremendous anguish that often came before them, the sin and bereavement and destitution and neglect.

"How can you bear it all?" Emily exclaimed at length, forgetting herself and her own pain for a little while.

The elder Sister, who had been looking from the youthful face in its widow's cap and veil to the inscription, "Married and died, June 21," said, tenderly: "Jesus, our Spouse, helps us. We do it all for Him, Whom we dearly love."

Her words sounded very strange to Emily, used from her childhood to Protestant phraseology only. "What do you mean?" she asked, earnestly. "What did you call the Saviour? Tell me what you mean."

The younger Sister bent forward, with great pity for the child-widow shining on her beautiful face, and with holy fervor she exclaimed: "Oh, He is mine forever! Nothing on earth but my own fault can part my Lord from me."

God's time had come at last. With this sudden revelation of One, Who from everlasting to everlasting is not Father or Brother or Friend only, but Lover and Spouse Who can never change or die, the cloud fled from Emily's recollection, and she remembered her bridal day. To the full the word was answered. She knew who it was that had spoken it, and she heard the Divine Voice speak also in clearer tones than his. No suffering was added to her months of anguish; no tears came with the long-sought knowledge. The light of a joy beyond all possible earthly joy came to her.

"Teach me," she said, as humbly as a simple little child could say it, "teach me to find that everlasting Lover, Who can never die nor go away." And from that hour the Sacred Heart of Jesus drew this daughter of the Puritans to His unfailing love.

For many years, through Rutland, among the lonely and sad, the suffering and the poor, there went a beloved and loving and lovely woman in widow's dress, a woman who was a great

power in Rutland, a great worker of God's works there, and a great servant of His. The old meeting-house saw her no more, and many of the worshipers said at first that it was incomprehensible how the good minister's daughter could leave the fold. They even raised the old query, Did she ever really love her husband? For her face was like the sunshine, so full of a wonderful joy and peace.

All her young life she had leaned on some one kind and noble. First her parents had been her guides and best companions; the lover of her lifetime was to take their place, and she would have some one to love her and take care of her as they had done. She had never known sorrow till that crushing blow had fallen, proving to her how baseless was the fabric of her beautiful earthly dream. After that, the All-Sufficient One showed her where alone her lasting strength could be.

It was her husband's wealth that brought comfort to the thousands whom she helped, and that built the beautiful chapel of St. John the Beloved, where the Sacramental Presence of the Lord abode, not far from the place, forever hallowed in her memory, where, at last, the word was answered. Near by, after her parents' death, she made her home, and there Miss Abigail, who till then had watched her steadily in her daily round of prayer and holy labor, came one day to her, and said: "My eyes see that my prayer to the Lord is certainly answered. Hereafter, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

It was but the first fruits of an abundant harvest, there where Emily had gone weeping in sore despair. Yet she always counted as the real first fruits him who lay asleep in the old burial place, and whose act of perfect resignation to God's will in the face of the death-trial proved him to be one who belonged in his integrity to the soul of God's true Church. What mattered it to her who misunderstood her? She had learned to give up everything to God only, and He, her God and her all, was forever hers.

THE UNRETURNING.

BY B. F. GRIFFIN.

The sea lay one deep heart of peace unstirred,
Tranquil with drowsy summer, that far day,
When his white sail, like wing of fading bird,
Into the dreaming skies did melt away.

By the warm sea, a maid with long-clasped hands
And time-edged woe faint shadowing sweet eyes,
Strays silent, wistful, o'er the foamless sands,
Scanning the empty wave, the leaden skies.

THE END OF THE RAIN STORM.

BY WALTER M. EGGINTON.

The skies are gray and cloudy and a rain so fine it is almost a mist, is falling everywhere. Thus it has been for hours, and now houses, barns, tree-trunks, fences and stone-walls have all taken on the dark, shiny hue of moisture. It is early afternoon, but the landscape looks so cold and dull and gray that it seems like evening. There is a fitful breeze abroad which sometimes grows bold and stirs every leaf on the larger trees and bends the tender young poplars and maples, waving their tops and shaking the rain from them, and sometimes dies quite away and leaves only the sound of dripping water from eaves and spouts and the chirping of hungry sparrows.

The road is soft and muddy with frequent puddles and tiny running streams of chocolate-colored water. Into these the misty rain falls like sand from a sieve, with noiseless persistency. The stones where they show are black and shiny.

In the open fields, little flocks of sparrows flutter about in spite of the rain, in eager search for temerarious worms. Here and there a lonely robin stands in the wet grass, plunges his bill into the earth, takes two or three quick, dainty hops and plunges again. And over near a dark and saturated barn, a motherly-looking hen with ruffled feathers has walked abroad in quest of food.

The rising breeze grows more and more pronounced, the small trees bow and wave more frequently, and the misty rain is hardly perceptible. Presently, the rain ceases altogether and with a great heaving sigh, the breeze becomes a wind that rushes madly at the trees and creates a panic most violent among the leaves. Everywhere the trees are waving and bowing and the tops of the larger poplars show white, as the wind sweeps against them and overturns their leaves. In the sky a few bright spots have appeared, where clouds have been swept aside like cobwebs. The wind rises again and again, sweeping down from the distant woods with a rushing sound that is almost a roar, and the trees seem to shiver and crouch before the onslaught.

Then there is a moment of stillness, perfect and intense, and in the midst of it the sky brightens quickly and a golden shower of sunlight falls upon everything. It bathes in warmth some hens that are leisurely pecking at the grass, and it glistens upon some white, dried stones that show themselves in the muddy roadway.

Sunshine has come again.

THE PRINCIPAL CITY OF THE PHILIPPINES.

Manila, the scene of Admiral Dewey's hostile operations and brilliant victory, is the principal city of the Philippine Islands. It was founded nearly three hundred and fifty years ago, and in 1762 was taken by the British, but was afterwards restored to Spain.

The story of Commodore Dewey's triumph is too recent to need re-telling. Every one has followed with interest his progress from Hong Kong to Manila Bay, where, at the dawn of Sunday morning, May 1st, he brought his squadron safely past mine and torpedo, and opened fire on the Spanish fleet and forts. The victory was complete. The Spanish fleet was totally destroyed, two ships were burned, one blown up, and of the remainder those not destroyed by the American navy were sunk by the Spaniards to avoid having them seized by the enemy The Philippine Islands, on which so much interest centres to-day, were discovered in 1521 by Magellan, the Portuguese navigator, who sailed in the service of Spain. With a fleet of five small vessels, and less than three hundred men, he started on his tour of discovery, and after various mishaps and adventures discovered the straits that bear his name. Pursuing his westward course, he reached the Island of Samor, one of the Philippine group, and there planted the Cross.

The New York Sun gives the following graphic sketch of the Philippines of to-day, as described by a former American consul at Manila:

"The Philippines cover more square miles of territory than most Americans dream of. Imagine the states of New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine transported to the China Sea, and cut up into 1,200 islands, ranging in size from one as large as New York and Massachusetts combined to little islets not large enough for a boy to turn a handspring on. Then put all the New York state people on the largest island, Luzon, with a city about the size of Washington for its capital, Manila, and spread the other six million people about on the other islands. Now you have some idea of the Philippines—not 'uninhabited dots in the ocean,' eh? Why, north and south, the islands extend 1,200 miles, and east and west some 700 miles, and the archipelago is well knit together, too.

"Who live there? Now you've got me. I was there three years, but I never was sure whether a man was Spanish, Chinese, Malay, Siamese, Negrito or something else, or all combined. I don't believe there can be found such a mixture of races anywhere in the world. Outside of the Island of Luzon and one or two others the population is divided between the Negritos and the Malays. The Negritos are dwarfish blacks, the original settlers in the islands some 500 years ago. The Malays swarmed in upon them from the south, and drove them into the hills, so that now the coasts are held by the Malay tribes, who speak some thirty different dialects, and the interiors are held by the Negrito tribes, speaking some 200 dialects, perhaps more, for little is known of the wild, unexplored interior country on any of the islands, even Luzon.

"Manila is a cosmopolitan city. The Spaniards, the rulers, number less than 5,000, and there were not 500 Europeans there when I left. Americans are seldom seen. The Chinese number 60,000; they are the small shopkeepers. Malays are as thick as Chinese. The great middle class is made up of some 50,000 Mestizos, the offspring of Malay mothers and Chinese fathers in the majority of cases. But Spanish blood runs in the veins of many of the Mestizos. These half-castes, superior in intelligence to the natives, are in a perpetual state of unrest. They have led all the revolutions in the islands, and are the people who are expected to aid this country in taking possession of the Philippines."

VIEW OF THE BRIDGE, MANILA.

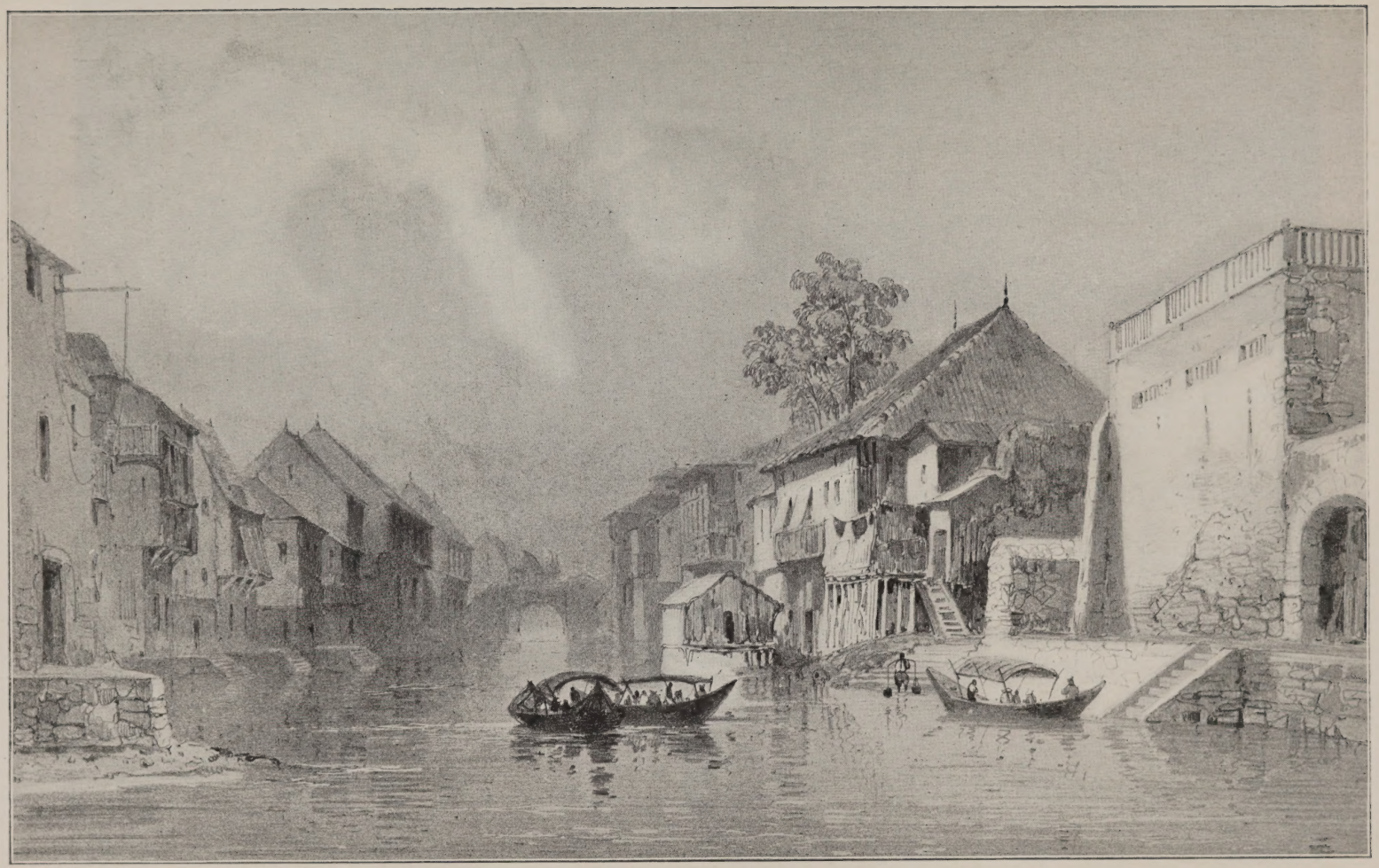
PORT OF MANILA.

MANILA BAY. — Destruction of the Spanish Fleet by Commodore Dewey, May 1.

VIEW OF MANILA.

THE CUSTOM HOUSE, MANILA.

A HAPPY DAY.



A STREET IN MANILA.

A SCENE BEFORE THE CHURCH, MANILA.

GATES OF BRASS.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of Brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.
—*Longfellow.*

I.

The west burned with a wintry sunset. There was no pageantry of cloud or color, only a clear red glow, like that of a vestal fire, fading gradually into a tender opaline radiance, where floated tremulously a pale crescent moon.

Vespers were just over at Saint Etienne's. Through the great Gothic doors, thrown open for the exit of the congregation, the majestic chords of Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète*, upborne by the full strength of the organ, swelled in a mighty flood of harmony, until the old minster seemed to pulse and quiver with the melodious strain.

Muffled in a sable-lined Russian overcoat, a tall, dark-faced man stood leaning against one of the pillars of the portico, watching the worshipers as they emerged from the holy place.

They were not of his world, these cheery, good-humored groups, with their warm greetings and friendly banter.

And yet three invitations, to a drive, a dinner, a Sunday musicale, at each of which Paul Elverton, traveler, writer, scientist, would have been a welcome guest, had been cast ruthlessly aside that he might come here, as he had come for the last six weeks, to watch and wait.

The crowd thinned; still he stood motionless. The "march" sobbed through its minor strain, and then finished in crashing, reverberating chords before the strong, clear-cut face flashed into life and light.

"Jove," he muttered to himself. "What a picture. I would give ten thousand dollars to have her painted just now."

Standing in the grim Gothic doorway, the full glory of the sunset upon her face and form, a young girl had paused expectant. She was tall and very fair. The "Lily Maid of Astolat" Aileen Desmond had been called by an old artist when she had dawned upon society this winter at a fashionable reception.

Red-gold hair, rippling in mutinous waves and ringlets about a face that had still the glad innocence of a happy child; eyes that could flash into black or deepen into blue at their owner's will; lips that could be at once proud and sweet, roguish and tender; a queenly form, arrayed in the latest Paris fashion,—all these would have scarcely startled Paul Elverton into enthusiasm, for he was somewhat *blasé* of feminine charms. But there was something in that face, irradiated by the sunset glow, that he never remembered having seen on woman's face before, something his darkened soul felt without understanding.

He only knew that Aileen looked her loveliest when he met her at the church door, with that light upon her face, that like the lamp within an alabaster vase brought out all its exquisite purity and beauty, the light that as he stepped forward vanished in a delicate flush of gladness and welcome.

"This is very good of you," she said, extending a little gloved hand. "I hope you have not been waiting very long out here in the cold."

"For some time," he answered. "I was just beginning to fear I had waited in vain."

"Oh, no. I always come to Vespers at Saint Etienne. But I wait a little after Benediction. It is so sweet in the twilight—so like home."

"Home," he repeated, with an up-

ward glance at the gray, gloomy walls as they stepped down into the street, "I can scarcely see the connection."

"Like the convent, I mean. That is the only home I remember until I came to Aunt Elinor's. And the twilight was my Hour of Guard. But I forget you do not understand such things, worldling that you are. Why were you not at Madam Leblanc's reception yesterday?"

He half resented her change of tone. With the faint fragrance of the incense clinging to her garments, the low, rich thrill in her voice, echo of the Celtic accent her fathers had brought across the sea, the quaint little French ways of speech learned in her Canadian convent home, she had seemed a moment ago a being apart from the world he knew and despised.

"I detest receptions," he said, bluntly.

"Detest receptions! ah, how droll! It must be because you are too wise; you have seen too much. For me, ah, they are all so changè, so new, so beautiful. And Madam Leblanc's was one of the finest of all. It was for the début of Louise. We were classmates at Saint Agathe's. I received with her. We had flowers banked up as high almost as our heads; it was all flowers, even the ices. Mine was a frozen lily. Ah, you should have been there."

"Why?" he asked grimly. "Were there not fools enough at your feet? I mean did you not have sufficient admiration without mine?"

"Ah, well, perhaps yes," with a roguish smile and shrug; "if we can ever have enough of a thing so charming. Many pretty words were said to me, of course. And my gown! it was a dream; that I could see for myself. Aunt Elinor is so good—ah," with a deep-drawn sigh of delight, "it is all so great a change from what I expected in this world, so wonderful a change."

"What did you expect?" he asked, his face softening again.

"Not very much," she answered. "I was to be a teacher when my course was done at Saint Agathe's. It was for that the Sisters were to train me, Aunt Elinor said, when she put me there long years ago. For I had no mother, no father, no money, nothing. And Mother Seraphine, when she saw me, said *'Pauvre petite,* she will not live to be anything.' I was so white, so thin; she thought I would never stand the Canadian snow. But Père Marquot knew better. 'No books for that little one,' he said. 'Turn her out with the snow birds.' And he sent a great pile of furs the Indian trappers had brought him for the Sisters to make me a coat like the old habitants to wear over my head and ears, and from which my little, white face looked out like a weasel. Ah, *miséricorde!* what happy times I saw in that little coat on the white hills of Saint Agathe." She laughed gaily.

Paul Elverton's eyes kindled. Ah, this was the mood he liked, jaded Epicurean in sentiment that he was. It was like the ripple of a snow-fed stream over the burnt sands of his heart. He paused as they reached a little park, whose trees stood out in delicate etching against the fading wintry sky.

"It is too beautiful to go prosily into tea. Sit down here and tell me about the happy times when you were a little weasel."

The rare smile, the tender, masterful tone, had swayed older and stronger hearts than Aileen's. But though she sank down gracefully on the wrought iron bench, a roguish light flashed into the eyes that a moment ago were dewy with tender memories. "No, it is your turn to talk to me, M. Elverton. Can't you say something pretty about my hat.

I was four hours choosing it yesterday, I assure you."

"Four hours!" he echoed.

"There were two others equally—ah, there is no English word for it—equally *ravissante*. It was the feather that at last decided me. All my life have I dreamed of such a feather, even in my prayers, naughty girl that I was. It is not often one's dreams come so delightfully true."

"Not often," answered Elverton, a little bitterly. "And so your convent dreams were of feathers?"

"Of other things, vanities, as well. Pretty dresses, soft and bright, with long knots of ribbon, and silken skirts with a frou-frou, and warm, rich carpets under my feet, and curtains of satin and lace—all things that I had not. It was beautiful, it is true, at Saint Agathe, but, ah, so white, so big, so bare—all snow and sunlight, and great white rooms, in which we looked so small; and black dresses always. And now, now, I am like a little snow-bird that has found bright feathers and downy nest. I was so happy at Saint Agathe, but—but I think, I fear, I would not be so happy again."

"But surely you will never go back," he said, with unwonted eagerness.

Again she gave her pretty little French shrug. "That I do not know. Aunt Elinor is only my uncle's widow. She asked me to spend a year with her, and has been very good to me. And all is very bright and beautiful. I am a little bit of a worldling, too, I fear. Father Marquot used to shake his head at me sometimes, and say, 'Will it ever be sorrow to me, my child, that I clipped your little angel wings?' But come, M. Elverton, it is time, surely, now to go home."

As she arose and drew the fur collar of her luxuriant wrap around her, words rose to Paul Elverton's lips that he had to bite back with an effort that made his face white and stern. Not here must they be spoken, not now, not yet. While Aileen chatted gaily he walked by her side, almost in silence, to the door of her aunt's palatial home. There bidding her adieu he went back to pace his bachelor apartments for hours before he indited a brief note, sealed and mailed it. "The die is cast," he said, with a breath of relief. "The rest is for her to decide. Once, when I was a boy, I remember setting a trap with cake crumbs that caught a snow-white dove. It broke its wings; it could never fly again. But I am a man now, and my dove shall come to me—open-eyed."

II.

Madam Elinor Fitzgerald sate in her rose-lined boudoir looking over her morning mail. She never appeared, even *en famille* until noon. This breakfast in *peignoir* and quilted slippers was among the minor blessings that had fallen to her by grace of widowhood. Her late husband, even when he was able to scrawl "Tim Fitzgerald" to a building contract worth half a million, persisted in the unseemly habits acquired when he was laying the foundations of his fortune with his own hands in solid brick.

There are compensations in bereavement, as Madam Elinor felt when, after ten years of sunrise breakfasts and boiled dinners, she laid honest Tim safely away under a substantial block of granite, and found herself mistress of a rent roll that would have upheld several Irish baronies Fat, fair, florid and only a little over forty, Madam Fitzgerald resolved to obliterate the brick-laid record, and to push herself and the two little tow-headed, freckle-faced girls toddling around her nursery, up those social heights to which she had

lifted dazzled and envious eyes. Upholsterer and decorator, modiste, milliner and manicure had done their best for her; her home was a palace, her toilettes imported, her cook a *cordon bleu;* still Madam Elinor, after five years of struggle, found she had but slippery foothold in a path strewn with enough vexations, heart-burnings and mortifications to make half a dozen saints.

Six months ago, taking a summer trip to Canada, she had found herself in company with a Madam Leblanc, who had come to the Commencement exercises of the convent in which her daughter was a pupil. Madam Leon Leblanc was a person to be known and cultivated if possible, and it suddenly recurred to Madam Fitzgerald that the late Timothy had a niece in the same convent, and though Timothy's relatives had been among the things to be "obliterated," she casually mentioned the fact.

"Aileen Desmond!" exclaimed Madam Leblanc, cordially; "she is the dearest friend of my Louise. They are to graduate together at Saint Agathe. Surely you will come see her."

And with vaguely unpleasant recollections of a long-limbed, red-haired little girl, whom she had hurriedly shuffled into this convent ten years before, Madam Elinor had gone to the Commencement, to meet a tall, radiant creature, who wore her red-gold hair like a queenly crown; who, with voice and song and harp, charmed the audience into enthusiasm; who bore off with smiling grace all the convent honors, and who greeted her affectionately and delightedly as "Aunt Elinor."

Fairly breathless with surprise and admiration, Madam Fitzgerald insisted upon taking Aileen home with her. Little persuasion was required, for the girl's education was completed, and she was about to secure a place as music teacher for the coming year.

So Aileen had gone with her rich relative, and had proved the success that ambitious lady had hoped and believed she would. As Madam Elinor looked over her mail this morning, she found half a dozen invitations which a year ago she would gladly have bought at a thousand dollars apiece. The black eyes, that had grown somewhat beady with the encroaching fullness of her cheeks, glittered triumphantly as she took up note after note.

"Mrs. Lafarge Leslie's musicale—Mrs. Floyd Winter's reception—the Armory cotillion. That girl is invited everywhere. The Colonial ball; she shall have the handsomest gown in the room for that, if it costs a thousand dollars. The door was fairly shut in my face when I applied for a card last year. And"—the black eyes widened—"what is this?" A few brief lines only, but they sent a thrill like an electric shock through the reader.

"My dear Madam Fitzgerald:

May I have the pleasure of calling on you to-morrow at twelve on a matter of private and personal business that concerns me most deeply?

"Respectfully,

"Paul J. Elverton."

"Elverton! Paul Elverton!" exclaimed the lady, breathlessly. "The catch of the season. That splendid fellow that every woman in town is angling for. They say the Lafarge Leslies are fairly throwing Corinne at his head! Paul Elverton! Madam Leblanc said only Saturday night that he was stone, steel, to all womankind. And he asks to see me. It is about Aileen, of course. Heavens! I never knew anything like that girl's luck! I believe his sister is a Russian countess. She will be presented at court. She will be able to go anywhere.

Fifine! Fifine! come dress me quickly. I expect a visitor at twelve. My heavy black silk; something rich and plain at my neck. Where is Miss Aileen?'

"Mademoiselle has gone to church," replied the slender, dark-eyed French maid, who had entered at her mistress' excited summons. "It is a *fête* day; perhaps Madam remembers. The Immaculate Conception—"

"No, I don't," was the impatient answer. Honest Timothy's religion, to which his wife had given outward assent during his lifetime, was among the "obliterated" records of the past.

"Mademoiselle never forgets," said Fifine, softly; "truly, she is an angel; so young, so beautiful, and so good; ah, *ciel!* so good!"

"She has her nunnery notions yet. She will lose them before long. Such things don't last in the life Miss Aileen is likely to lead," answered Madam Fitzgerald, exultantly. "A touch more of powder, Fifine; my color is too high to-day. Ah, there is the bell! My vinaigrette, my handkerchief. It is Mr. Elverton. I am nervous as a girl myself." And, her heart throbbing with anticipated triumphs, Madam Fitzgerald entered the little Oriental reception room where Paul Elverton awaited her.

For a moment an icy chill seemed to nip her budding hopes—there was so little of the eager lover apparent in the pale, grave, stern man who rose to greet her. But there were depths Madam Elinor's eyes could not penetrate, heights of supreme effort of which she had never dreamed. She could not guess that under the lash of honor this man was wincing in every fibre of his strong, proud soul.

"I have asked this interview, Madam, in accordance with certain old-fashioned ideas which I entertain upon such matters. I come to you as the guardian of the young lady whom it is my dearest wish to make my wife."

"Aileen!" said Madam Elinor, with a breath of delighted relief. "Ah, the little rogue. She has said nothing to me of this, Mr. Elverton."

"I have said nothing to her," he continued, gravely. "That I have felt the charm of her beauty, her grace, she must have seen; but before I claim the privilege of offering her my hand there is a matter upon which I must reluctantly touch. Miss Desmond, I know, is a devout Catholic; I fear that the laws of her Church may place a barrier between us which I cannot hope to overcome."

"Her Church," repeated Madam Fitzgerald, wishing Aileen was out of its pale; "you mean that you would object to the practice of her religion."

"Not at all," he replied, quickly. "There is no question of religious belief or practice. In all such matters my wife would be absolutely free. In fact, Miss Desmond's faith, as she holds it, has a certain poetic charm which is not the least of her atractions. But I know that faith has laws which, to those not of its pale, seem unduly stern and stringent."

"Not so stern and stringent as you think, perhaps," said the lady smiling. "I am sure if you have won Aileen's heart her Church will not stand between you."

"Not in the matter of divorce?" he asked eagerly.

"Divorce!" echoed Madam Elinor, breathlessly. "Divorce! I do not understand."

"I regret to say that, although it is not generally known, I am a divorced man," he continued, speaking as if every word were an effort. "Fifteen years ago, when barely twenty-one, I married. It was one of those mistakes by which a wilful boy so often wrecks his life. In a few years my wife and I separated—were divorced, in fact. We are as dead to each other

as if we both lay in our graves. It is a part of our agreement—for which," he added, with a bitter smile, "I pay liberally. She bears her maiden name, and lives abroad. Legally, and to all eyes unprejudiced by ancient churchly law, I am absolutely free. As I was living West at the time, but a very few of my friends here know that I was ever a married man. More than this," he added, with some hesitancy, "there are extenuations in the case which I cannot plead in my favor to a young, innocent girl. But I have brought my divorce papers to you. I beg that you will tell her all that it is just and right that she should know. Then, if she will accept me as a suitor, I pledge my word that no shadow from my unhappy past shall ever fall upon her life. We will never speak—nay, never think—of it again."

His eyes had kindled, his cheeks glowed, his voice grown deep and musical as he spoke. And even Madam Elinor, who had been sitting dumb and dazed, while her castles in Spain fell in ruins around her, felt in her shallow, worldly heart what this man's power would be with the woman he loved, with the woman who loved him. At his last words her hard black eyes flashed into sudden resolve.

"I will do as you ask, Mr. Elverton," she said, taking the papers he held out to her. "I will tell Aileen, as you say, all it is just and right that she should know."

"And—and," at last his voice trembled with its eagerness, "when will I have—your—*her* answer?"

"To-night. I will simply send you my card to-night if you can come."

* * * * * *

And Madam Fitzgerald's card was sent. At nine that night Paul Elverton entered that lady's drawing room, to find Aileen, shy, blushing, but smiling divinely, awaiting him.

"You will let me teach you to love me, beloved," he whispered.

"I am not so dull as you think, perhaps, monsieur," she answered, with a roguish glance. And then, in a tone that stirred his inmost heart: "Ah, *chéri*, that lesson I have already more than half learned."

III.

It was a brief but happy wooing. There was no need for delay. Neither Elverton nor Aileen had any close family ties to conflict with their wishes. His fortune was ample, and he had spent most of his late years abroad, whither he proposed to take his bride in the early spring.

The life that opened before them seemed dazzling in its love, luxury and happiness. London, in the height of the season, Paris, Rome, the Riviera, Saint Petersburg, where Elverton's only married sister held high rank at the Czarina's court. Truly the little snow-bird of Saint Agathe had found gorgeous wings.

"Dreams, dreams, dreams," laughed Aileen gladly as they were discussing their itinerary. *Chéri*, it must all be a dream. I feel as if I could pinch myself, and wake up in my little black dress in the study hall, with Mother Seraphine saying her chaplet. Dear Mére Seraphine, I had a letter from her yesterday. She was *désolée* at first to learn you were a *hérétique*, but when I wrote to her how kind and good you were, she said they would storm Heaven with prayers for you at Saint Agathe. Some day you will take me there, *chéri*, and we will give a feast under the pines, and perhaps, perhaps we will place the marble angel, for which the good Sisters have longed, on guard in the convent tower."

"As you wish, beloved," was his answer. "It would be but paltry return for the angel Saint Agathe has given me."

Yet even as he spoke he was conscious of a strange inconsistent pang, a chill that had more than once swept over the fervor of his happiness.

This old faith, which she seemed to love so tenderly, which had hitherto been as the breath of her pure young life, must, after all, be a trifling thing to her. How lightly she had set aside the laws, which history told him her Church had sternly enforced, though monarchs rebelled and kingdoms rocked. Hard and cruel as those laws seemed to him, he was conscious of a certain shock at finding the majestic strength that had defied human passion and power for centuries yielding so lightly to his touch. And he smiled half scornfully as he thought how he had doubted, feared, hesitated, lest this shadow, as he had proved it, should stand between him and the woman he loved, with its olden, merciless fiat, "Until death do ye part."

More than once in his wanderings he had felt drawn by a strange attraction to this great Mother Church, whose conquering cross had been uplifted in every land; whose banner of light flamed through the Dark Ages; whose bleeding feet had led the way of civilization in the past, and whose dauntless claims to teach and guide rose the one clear, strong note through the dissonant clamor of the present. Either this claim was but a hollow vaporing, or Aileen was a childish trifler with what she deemed most holy. Hence it was that her loving memories of her convent home, of that beautiful, innocent past which seemed to set her apart from all the women of his world, no longer charmed him. "She will forget it all, if I so choose, in a year or two," he thought, and then, remorseful at this passing shadow on his love, he would bring his idol some new jewel or trinket, and pour out renewed vows of devotion at her feet. So the days went by, outwardly in a strange, delightful whirl of flowers, gifts, congratulations, while inwardly Aileen's heart was expanding into all its woman strength. The love-light deepened in her beautiful eyes, her voice thrilled with richer music. Love had come to her as the spring-time sun to the white slopes of Saint Agathe, that burst into fuller bloom for their veiling winter snows.

"*Chéri,*" she said, lifting her wet violet eyes, as on the eve of their wedding day Elverton placed his gift, a magnificent sunburst of diamonds, in her hand; "it is too much that you give me. Almost I wish that you were poor, so that we could only give love for love."

"And we do," he answered, rapturously; "all the rest is as nothing, Aileen."

"Sometimes I think of the foolish things I used to say to you about my dreams," she continued, a faint shadow in her eyes: "that I longed for all bright and beautiful things, feathers and fine clothes, and all that you can give me, *chéri.*"

"Only natural dreams for one so young and lovely, my queen," he answered, with a tender smile.

"Perhaps," she said; "but I want to tell you now that all is changed. For these," she motioned to the priceless gift in her hand, "I care only because you give them to me. It is of you only that I dream, that I think, *chéri;* not of gold, or jewels, or pleasure, or travel, or anything else. Listen," and over the beautiful face came an exquisite flush of feeling, "I tell you this that you may forget the foolish things I once said. I would rather beg my bread at your side than sit with another on a queen's throne—"

"*Non! non!*" and she slipped from the arms that would have enfolded her. "I must go now. Fifine is waiting to arrange the last touch on my dress for to-morrow. It will be high tragedy for poor Fifine if there is a knot or

fold out of place, so *au revoir,* monsieur," and she tripped gaily out of the room and up the stairs that were already wreathed and banked with plants and trailing vines for the morrow's festival. The wedding was to be nominally a private one. Elverton had the true aristocrat's horror of display, and even Madam Elinor realized that, under the circumstances, vulgar publicity was undesirable. But the exultant lady could not deny herself the triumph of making an impression upon the few friends bidden to the quiet ceremony of the morrow. The great house was a perfect bower of bloom; carte blanche had been given to a fashionable caterer for the wedding breakfast; Aileen's trousseau was almost that of a princess. Doubtless this had all been a strain upon her lady aunt's nerves, for she had been unusually impatient and irritable of late, and as the happy bride-elect hurried up the stairs to-day she heard her voice raised in angry tones.

"Shameful, disgraceful; I tell you I will not have it. You shall leave my house if I hear of this again."

And Madam Fitzgerald swept wrathfully out of the room, where Fifine stood amid the billowy bridal finery, a sullen red on her cheek, a hard glitter in her bright eye.

"Why, Fifine, my poor Fifine, what is the matter?" asked Aileen, sympathetically. The deft French maid had been her friend and willing attendant ever since she had entered her aunt's house. In the happy excitement of the past four weeks it had escaped her notice that Fifine's manner had changed, that she had grown somewhat silent and reserved. "What is it, my friend?" she asked, kindly, laying her hand on the girl's shoulder.

"Madam has discharged me," was the brief answer.

"Discharged you! Oh, no, you misunderstood her, Fifine. She values you too highly. She would not give you up, even to me. Don't mind what she says in a little moment of vexation, Fifine."

"Nevertheless, I leave to-morrow, Mademoiselle," said the girl, with a restive toss of her well-poised head. "I am not a child to be commanded as Madam commands."

"Oh, come, come," said Aileen, winningly. "It's a flutter about nothing, I am sure. What is it that Madam commands? I can make it all right between you, I know."

"It is about Jean, Mademoiselle," answered the girl, with a hard, dry sob; "Jean, my good friend, whom Madam says shall come to the house never again. Jean, with whom I must not go to the park, or dance, or theatre, or anywhere."

"Why not?" asked Aileen in surprise.

"Because he has already a wife, Mademoiselle," sobbed Fifine.

"A wife!" exclaimed Aileen, with breathless dismay. "Surely you would not have him visit you then, Fifine, as —as a lover?"

"But he has left her, Mademoiselle," continued the girl, hurriedly; "one, two years ago; she was so *triste,* so plain, so old."

"And he left his wife because she was so *triste* and plain and old?" echoed Aileen.

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

In her eager pleading Fifine was quite unconscious of her listener's shocked, pained face.

"And jealous, too; ah, *miséricorde,* so jealous; there was no peace for poor Jean day or night; and he is so young and bold and brave. So it was that he left her, Mademoiselle, and two, three months ago he began to come and see me. And he says he will buy the divorce when he has the money, Mademoiselle, and be free. And because he has not the money, and is but a poor barber, and not a rich gentleman, like Mr. Elverton, shall I be cruel to him, and leave him to cut his throat, as he says he will do

with the sharp razors which he has always so near? No, Mademoiselle; no. Since Madam Fitzgerald says I may see him no more in this house I go; I go."

"Oh, Fifine! Fifine!" cried Aileen, tremulously; "this is dreadful; this is wicked, Fifine."

"Why wicked, Mademoiselle? It is not here as in France, surely. As Jean says, in America one can buy the divorce."

"Divorce," repeated Aileen. "Oh, Fifine, surely you know, surely you have been taught, that before the good God there is no divorce. Only *death* can part those whom God joins together. Only *death*, Fifine. No law, no court, no money, no word of man. It is this that makes marriage so strong, so beautiful, so holy. One until death—until death. Oh, Fifine, listen; come with me to-morrow. You shall be my friend, my sister, more than my maid; come with me away from this man who is tempting you, Fifine; this wicked man, who has cast away his real wife and would lead you only into shame and sin. Come away with me, Fifine."

"With *you*, Mademoiselle!" said the girl, flaming into fierce, passionate reply. "If you, you who kneel at God's altar; you whom I believed an angel from the skies; you who talk so about God and marriage, can marry a man who has bought the divorce, what harm, what shame is it for me?"

"Fifine," cried Aileen, looking at the girl in pale alarm; "what has come over you? To say such things! To dream of such things! Oh, my poor Fifine! your head is turned; you must be going mad."

"I say but the truth, Mademoiselle," cried Fifine in angry self-defence. "What is the difference but that M. Elverton has bought himself free and poor Jean cannot."

"M. Elverton free — free — from whom?—from what?" asked Aileen, staring in bewilderment at the excited girl.

"*Mon Dieu,* Mademoiselle," exclaimed Fifine, in a changed, startled voice; "it cannot be—that—that you do not know."

"Know!" echoed Aileen, sharply; "what is it I do not know?"

"That — that — Monsieur Elverton has bought the divorce—that—he—has another wife," stammered Fifine.

"Hush," said Aileen, her soft eyes blazing with sudden fire. "How dare you come before me with such a lie upon your lips, such an awful, monstrous lie? Oh, what has turned you into such a false, wicked, cruel woman, Fifine, Fifine?"

"Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle," sobbed the girl; "forgive me. I thought you knew all the while. I speak no lie, Mademoiselle, but the truth. I heard it when I lived with Madam Lagrange. I heard the ladies speak of one who was also at the hotel, but whom they would not know. I heard that she was M. Elverton's wife, whom he had divorced, though she had another name now; and they said how proud he was, and how rich and great, and what a pity it was. Ah, we maids hear all things, Mademoiselle."

Aileen had flushed and paled, and flushed again as Fifine spoke.

"You heard wrong," she said, breathlessly, "all wrong, Fifine. M. Elverton would not so deceive me; he could not. It is all a mistake. It was some one else. When I tell him about it he will only laugh, Fifine; grave as *Chéri* is he will laugh."

"Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle," pleaded the girl, catching Aileen's dress, "do not go; do not ask him. Oh, *ciel*, what have I done? What have I done?"

(To be continued.)

A LEAF FROM MY EXPERIENCE.

BY EDWARD BREHENY.

In giving this result of my experience, it is not my intention to go into the details of a subject which, according to my judgment, is worthy of the serious consideration of all those who labor for the betterment of their fellows. This is simply a "Leaf" written as the result of personal observations made within the past year. Its contents do not make me pessimistic; and yet, as I glance over the page, I cannot avoid the conviction that, notwithstanding the much heralded progress of the nineteenth century, there is abundant room for improvement in some of the existing conditions of society.

In this little "Leaf" it is written on top: "What an amount of shallowness there is in many of the young men and women of to-day." Doubtless some of my young friends will wield the lash of censure for my temerity in making use of such a line; but it is written, and I will let it stand, simply because I believe it to be true. Its truth I first began to realize within the past year, when on a visit to a friend in one of our Eastern cities. We were seated in his library, discussing the matter of "higher education," when the presence of three young gentlemen was announced. They were ushered into the library, and though I desired to retire, my friend would have me remain. The visitors came to seek patronage for some social event, and after receiving it they remained to expatiate on the merits of their club and the excellence of its accomplishments. The host, with admirable skill, led them on to a discussion of important matters entering largely into the life successes of the average man and woman. The conversation lasted for over an hour, and I felt very much relieved when the trio had taken their departure.

"These young men," said my friend, when we were once more alone, "have received a higher education. What is your opinion of them?"

"I must confess," I replied, "that to me their silly prattle and absurd conceptions of matters of moment are decidedly sickening. If these young gentlemen could be taught to know that they know very little, a great benefit might accrue to them. If they knew enough to hold their tongues, I could give them credit for common sense, but from what I've seen and heard I do not consider them possessed of very much."

"Well," responded my friend, laughingly, "we were talking of 'higher education' when they entered, and you seemed to discredit my opinion on the shallowness of many young people of today; but now I have given you an object lesson."

"These young men are no standards by which to judge?" I questioned.

"You are interested," he answered. "Give the matter a little time and attention. Grasp every opportunity you can catch to find out for yourself, and I am confident you must come round to my way of thinking."

Though the time has been comparatively short since the visit mentioned, I have had abundant opportunities of judging for myself, especially among those who possess the advantages of what they call "higher education." Of course, there are those who would become admirable men and women did they never pos-

sess great advantages, and there are those whom no system of so-called education could spoil; but as a result of my observations, I must candidly repeat my faith in what is written on the top of my "Leaf": "What an amount of shallowness there is in many of the young men and women of to-day." Whether this shallowness is the rule or only an exception is not written in this "page"; but no matter what term it deserves, the fact remains that it is of sufficiently large proportions to destroy, in many of our young people, those qualities essential for the intellectual and moral strength and soundness required in ripened years.

It is quite the thing for the nowaday graduates of this "higher education" to attend the lectures of eminent men; to read a multitude of books; to devote much time and attention to social events, organized ostensibly for charitable purposes. Lectures, book-reading, social circles and such matters can be made the instruments of incalculable good; but it is through the medium of such things that one may best learn the amount of shallowness and lightness that surrounds us.

Stand among a group of young men, and, more especially, young women, or, if you like the term better, young ladies, who have just returned from a lecture on some ennobling theme. A witticism dropped by the lecturer becomes in their mouths like a circulating decimal on the slate of a schoolboy—there is bound to be a remainder. It is talked of, laughed over, again and again, until one must wonder if there be any room for serious practical thought. The lecturer's personal appearance, grace of carriage, variety of gesture, and modulations of voice are minutely criticised, and criticised so often that one must weary of the sameness. The style of dress worn by this person and that, the positions occupied in the hall and a host of silly things occupy the attention, to the exclusion of every thought on the subject matter of the lecture, the conclusions to be drawn from the arguments used, or the truth or fallacy of statements made.

There is no need of the admonition, "Beware of the man of one book," as far as the young people of whom I write are concerned. Many of them read much, and, apart from the perusal of trashy and sensational literature, there are few who read good works and take from these works the worth and wealth which they hold. Many can name authors as they would the letters of the alphabet; but rarely have I met with one of those recent graduates who has delved into the pages of a single good book and taken from them the beauty, truth and elevated thought which they contain. Where there is personal choice, literature to-day is in large measure considered worth the trouble of perusal or study only in as far as it suits the lightness or shallowness of taste, or satisfies the demands of a giddy, unmortified curiosity.

There is no condemnation written on this "Leaf" for those who devote time and energy to works of charity. Garden parties, flower carnivals, strawberry festivals and pink teas are very nice things, with very pretty names, especially when done for sweet charity's sake. Of course, all charity relates to God; and yet, in relation to the nice things enumerated, I am often forced to wonder: "If the time and attention devoted to personal appearance at these events; if the thoughts and words employed in criticising the manners, dress and social standing of others; if the self-esteem and self-laudations were all counted out, how much could charity claim, how much of the fruits are left for God?" I am of opinion that in the incident of the widow's mite recorded in the Gospel there was something

more of value than giving from her poverty. The intention with which she performed that act is worthy the consideration of even a graduate of "higher education."

With shallowness and lightness rampant among many who are supposed to be *educated*, it is not surprising that the social fabric needs a patching. Wealth and enjoyment are very large gods; unceasing gush about broad views and liberal principles is forever jarring on the ears of true knowledge; common sense and the stern exigencies of life are, by multitudes, sacrificed on the altar of silly fads and foolish fancies; parental affection is exchanged for the gaudy bubbles of the hour; the love of home, with all its quiet, peaceful joy, with all the tender, precious endearments of family ties, is lost for many in the whirlpool of passing pleasures. And is it not a bold thing to lay a great deal of the blame for all this down at the door of an education styled "higher"? Yet such is written on this "Leaf," and it will not be altered, because I believe it to be true. You remember the old saying about training a youth up in the way he should go. It is the opinion of eminently superior men that a great deal of our "higher education" is training up young men and women in the way they should *not* go. Listen to the president of Brown University, Dr. Andrews, one of the leading educators of America. In *The Cosmopolitan* he says:

> Pupils' minds do not grow as they should under process of education. Even the amount of facts which the average scholar amasses is very small in proportion to his advantages; and this, notwithstanding the circumstances that modern education is to a painful extent nothing but a heaping together of facts. The poverty of thinking, however, is still more deplorable. Young people end their studies with flabby minds, unable to analyze keenly or to generalize truthfully or far.
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> Worst of all, the majority of our students, even at maturity, are distressingly lacking in moral enthusiasm. They unduly prize money, fame and success. They are at peace with the world. Their sense of justice is lax. Great principles and great causes fail to appeal to them strongly. To sum up: They know too little; they think too little, and they care too little about highest things.
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> * * *
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> Enthusiasm in teaching is not fashionable any more. What is said and read in the class room does not take hold of men, life, the soul, history and society as were to be wished. There is in the teaching little to appeal to the sense of conduct, to the sense of duty, in the pupils. * * * A great many teachers, nowadays, utterly repudiate their calling as creators of manhood, and are anxious solely how they may be faithful to the subjects which they expound. They will compass heaven and earth to excogitate a system, compose a book, or prepare a course of lectures, but do nothing toward the infinitely more needful and precious task of building up in character the human beings who face them each day in class.

Intelligent men who give the matter due attention, and who have no educational axes to grind, will agree with Dr. Andrews. This "Leaf" is in thorough accord with his utterances. The average graduate of "higher education" will undertake to explain anything, from a molecule of matter to the nature of the human soul; but through it all you cannot see beyond the surface. There is no depth, and what would be amusing, were it not pitiable, is that the graduate believes he knows it all. There is more said nowadays in the course of a single year about educational progress than was ever uttered in a decade of years during past centuries; and still there is so much of the air-bellows business about it. I am no enemy of higher education, nor am I ignorant that there are institutions of higher learning which are fully equal to the name. I would gladly see every young man and woman in the land educated to the highest point; but I hate systems that establish shallowness and egotism, selfishness and conceit, where

serious thought, sound principles, and elevated ideals should reign supreme. I see so much of the former, so little of the latter, that I long for the universal adoption of a system that will undertake fewer things, and perform them well—a system that will not beget lightness and conceit, or deprive the student of the power to meet the difficulties of life's path with sound judgment and common sense.

It may be argued that there are many successful men and women in every desirable walk of life who owe their ability to "higher education." I have already stated that I believe there are institutions of higher learning which are fully equal to the name; but the fact is still patent that there are far too many who, claiming to be graduates of "higher education," seem to possess no other ability than that of idling the precious term of their existence, spending the money of indulgent parents, and concentrating their intellectual faculties on the study of fancy neckwear and fashionable hats.

As a Catholic giving this "Leaf" to a Catholic publication, my observations may be considered as referring in a special manner to Catholic colleges and their graduates. What is written has reference to every educational institution that substitutes the superficial for the solid; that grows broad at the expense of depth; that stores the brain to the neglect of the heart, and sends forth on the world shallow, conceited egotists, incapable of rising above the level of *dear, devoted self,* instead of men and women armed to battle successfully with life's stern realities. But I think this cap does not fit our Catholic colleges. These do not jump at the system of every self-constituted wiseacre that hangs *reform* or *progress* on his educational shingle. The education imparted in Catholic institutions is based on principles that have stood the crucible of time, because they are founded on eternal truth. These colleges are ever ready to adopt whatever there is of good in the development and progress of educational systems and teachings; but there is no stuffing the brains of their students with overdoses; no feeding with such mental sweets as injure the intellectual digestion of their minds; no crazy chasing after absurd theories emanating from the hazy mentality of every so-called philosopher and would-be scientist. Catholic schools and colleges are surrounded by the powerful influence of their religion, and students are readily enabled to practise the moral lessons they learn through the influence of the sacraments they receive. There are exceptions to every rule, degenerates in every good society; but my observations have led me to the honest conviction that the average graduate of the Catholic college is competent to take his place creditably in the world's arena, with comparatively little shallowness in his mental make-up.

I would not have said so much of Catholic colleges were it not that my "Leaf" contains a reference to the strange inconsistency of those well-to-do Catholic parents who profess belief in the teaching authority of the Church, and yet neglect her counsels in matters educational. Placing their sons and daughters in institutions other than Catholic, is, in their estimation, broad and liberal; or I would better say in the estimation of the social set in which they move. It gives Catholics more tone with the "four hundred," and shallowness is nothing to them when weighed in the balance with what the "circle" thinks and says.

You can pin very little faith to the Catholicity of any man or woman who, favored with greater opportunities, is yet ignorant of what the Church is doing for society through the medium of her educational institutions. There can be very little con-

fidence placed in those who sacrifice principle and manhood to the opinions of any set or circle, and who, bowing down as intellectual serfs, worship at the shrine of Human Respect. Yet among persons who talk loudest about liberal views and mental freedom there are very many such slaves. From them we may never hope for that exercise of noble functions, adherence to sound principle, and devotion to sacred obligations, which would make the world something better for their being born.

NOBILITY.

BY TERESA DOWLING.

True worth is in being—not seeming;
In doing each day that goes by,
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by-and-bye.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And in spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as our measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right;
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path is narrow
And straight for the children of men.

We cannot make bargains for blisses;
Nor catch them, like fishes, in nets;
And sometimes the things our life misses
Help more than the things that we get.
For good lieth not in pursuing
Nor gaining of great nor of small,
But just in the doing, and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

Thro' envy, thro' malice, thro' hating,
Against the world early and late,
No jot of our courage abating—
Our part is to work and to wait;
And slight is the sting of his trouble,
Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
Whatever his fortune or birth.

SLEEPY TIME.

BY FRANK H SWEET.

The sun is giving a last drowsy peep over the tops of the hills, and, emboldened by his departure, the shadows are dancing merrily out from under every tree and shrub, and from behind the buildings and fences. There are all kinds, from the big, slow-moving ones down to the tiny baby shadows that skip fantastically from side to side. And they all seem to be fired by the same spirit of mischief, for they bow and pirouette as though with irrepressible merriment; and they chase the kittens and make impudent grimaces at the chickens moving reluctantly toward the anxious mother hens, who are awaiting them with admonitory clucks and fluffings of warm feathers that are to hover the wee broods.

Most of the birds have already sought their perches among the branches, and are now chirping sleepy good-nights and plans for the morrow across the abysses and alleyways of shadows. Up in the top of the sycamore a mother robin is twittering tender little lullabies to her three babies, and from somewhere off in the distance come the last sweet notes of a vesper sparrow's evening hymn.

As the shadows grow thicker, vigilant fireflies begin to light their lanterns and swing them back and forth above the sleeping plants and flowers, and presently other lanterns begin to gleam down from the wintry alcoves of the sky. Gradually the chirping and twittering grow still, and the vesper-bird's reverie dies away in a low, caressing murmur. Little by little the shadows cease their revelry, and creep into each other's arms, and are presently lost in a universal obscurity.

Around the house and along the path are masses of nasturtiums and marigolds and poppies and asters, and among the grass are daisies and wild roses and buttercups, and an almost innumerable host of familiar friends and acquaintances; but just now they are

"All a-noddin', nid-nid-noddin',"

and are scarcely recognizable in their strange disguise of nightcaps and drowsiness. The poppies are sleeping luxuriously, with bowed heads and closed eyes, and each one having her four silken curtains drawn carefully about her couch. They are the sleepiest flowers in the garden, and nod and dream in the midst of their drowsy companions. But not far behind them are the red clovers, with their young blossom clusters completely night-capped beneath the overlapping pair of upper leaves, and their heads tucked away under their wings. And the white clovers and yellow hop-clovers, and the tall bush clovers, rising dreamily above their bed fellows, are equally well brought up; they keep regular hours, and sleep soundly all through the livelong night, every individual leaf below their hoods being bowed, with folded palms, and the bush clovers having each three-foliate leaf raised upon its stem, with the leaflets folded inward, clasping the maternal stalk.

The partridge-peas and asters and balsam have queer nocturnal expressions, and all sorts of whimsical sleeping postures. The daisies and "blue bottles" and marigolds have almost lost their identity, and the blue flower spikes of the lupines are now drooping like closed parasols. And all

around are other faces, familiar, but strangely disguised by their odd night dresses and drooping attitudes — sleeping beauties, all of them, even with their eyes concealed by drowsy fringes and various sleepy curls and cuddles.

Here and there a silvery moth circles above the flowers, and presently a narrow stream of light flashes out from one of the chamber windows. It is the children going to bed, and is accompanied by a low murmur, which comes indistinctly through the open window. Then the light disappears, and the sleeping world outside is left to the fireflies and the stars and the white-winged moths.

AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

BY L. MARION JENKS.

A moment's pause for longing and for dreaming
A moment's looking backward on the way;
To kiss my hand to long-past turrets gleaming,
To stand and think of life of yesterday!

A little time to dream of sunlit hours,
Spent where white towers rise against the sky;
To tread again that path of too sweet flowers,
To hear again her greeting and good-bye!

What is there, say you, in that far-off city
Of my past living and past loving, left,
Wrapped in its golden haze, to stir my pity
And call the bitter sigh of the bereft?

The memory of a touch warm, trusting, clinging,
The memory of that touch grown cold as ice?
A voice hushed that was pure as wild bird's singing?
A love whose bright flame burned in sacrifice?

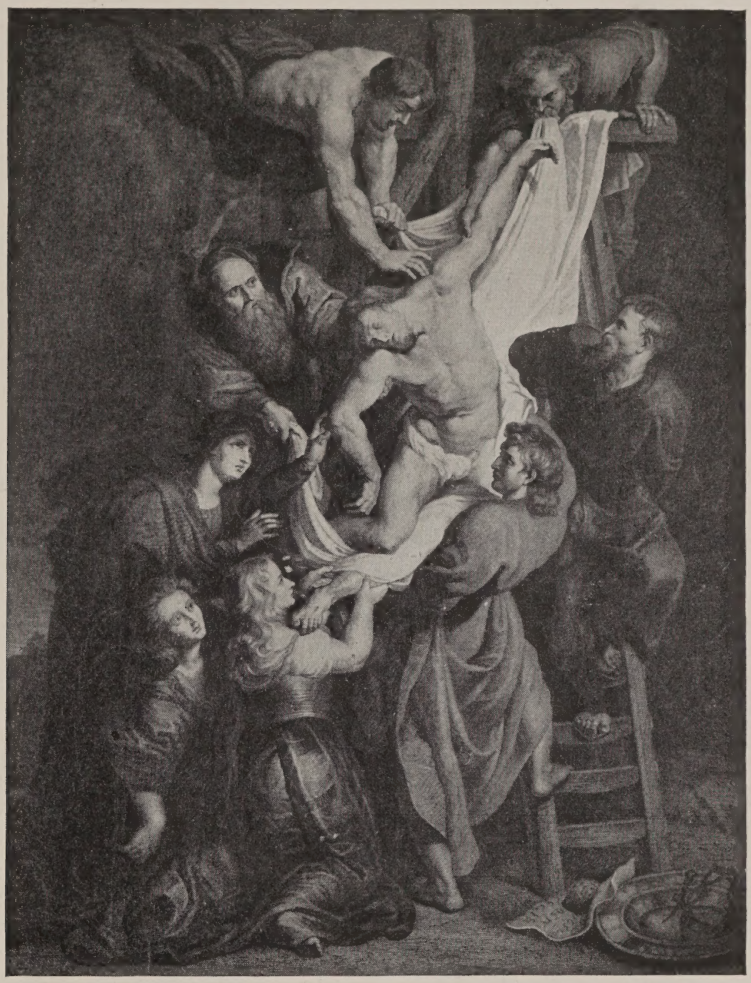
Only a grave? Life of to-day will teach me
Its stream fleets fast for sorrow and regret,
Beyond this turn its sweeping wave will reach me,
I must go with it, as we all go! Yet—

A moment's pause for longing and for dreaming,
A moment's looking backward on the way;
To kiss my hand to long-past turrets gleaming,
To stand and think of life of yesterday!

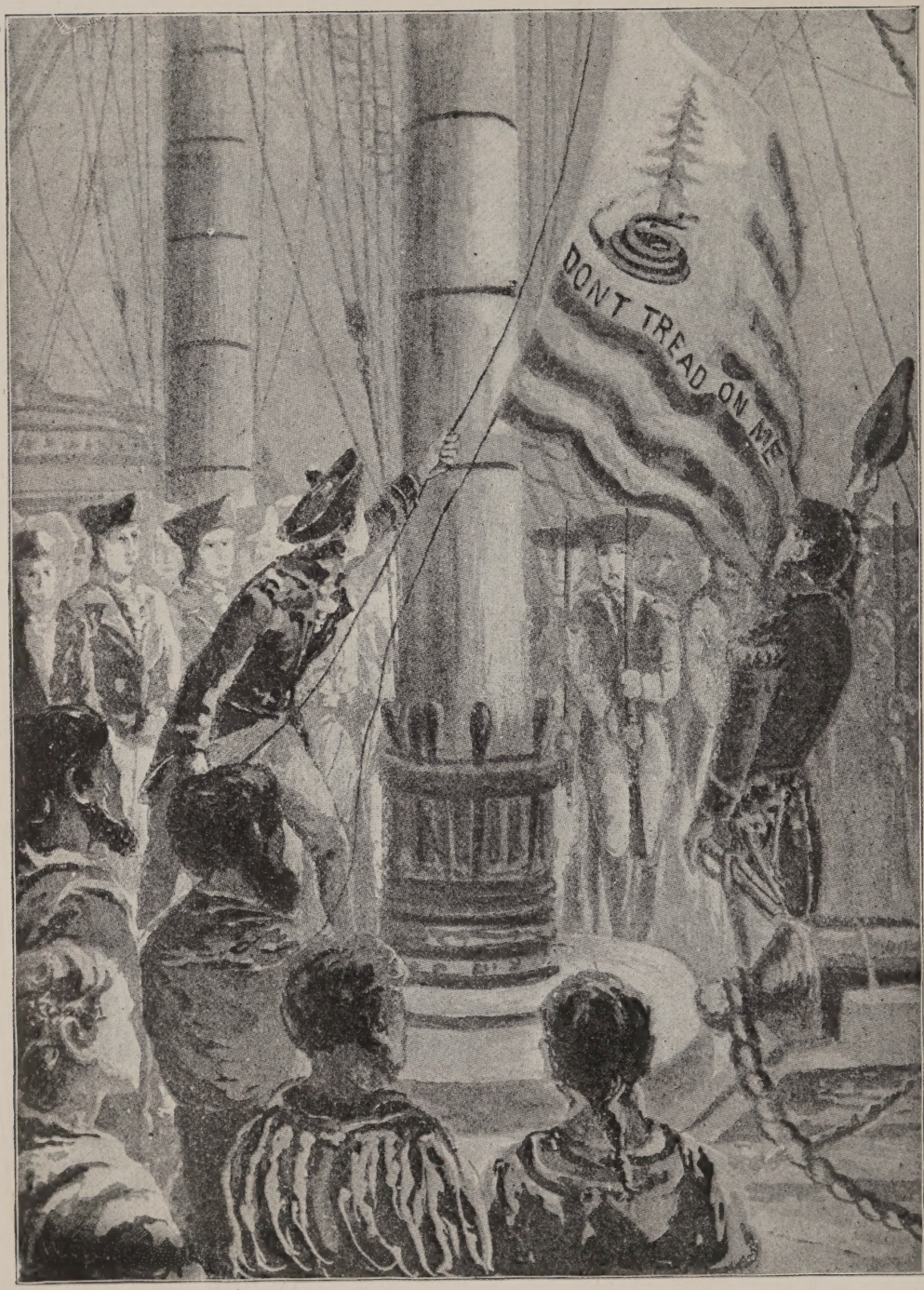
whole is beautifully finished in detail and highly polished.

The two other shrines where one may worship the memory of Rubens are the Museum of Fine Arts, where the paintings of Belgium's greatest son hold chiefest prominence, and the Church of St. Jacques, where the artist sleeps in the marble altar.

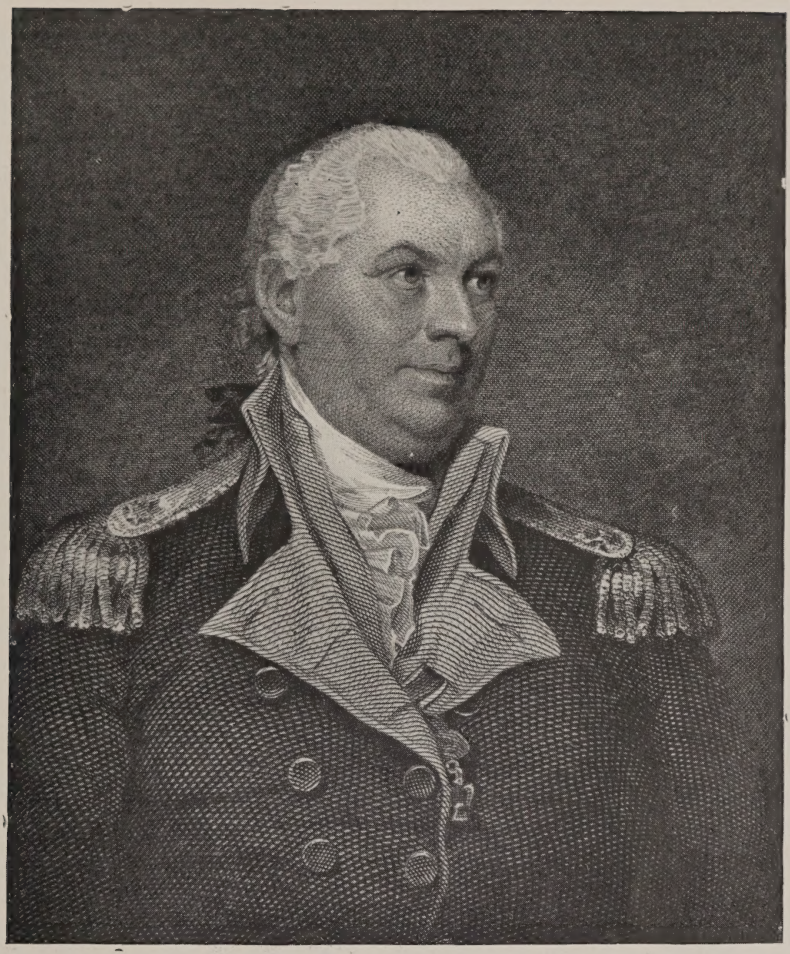
The true memorials of Peter Paul Rubens are not in effigy in stone or lines of epitaph, but the mark his genius has made on the world's history of art. And the quaint little city, whose stately Cathedral keeps watch by the northern seas, has for its very breath of life his memory and influence.



THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.



HOISTING THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG.



COMMODORE JOHN BARRY.

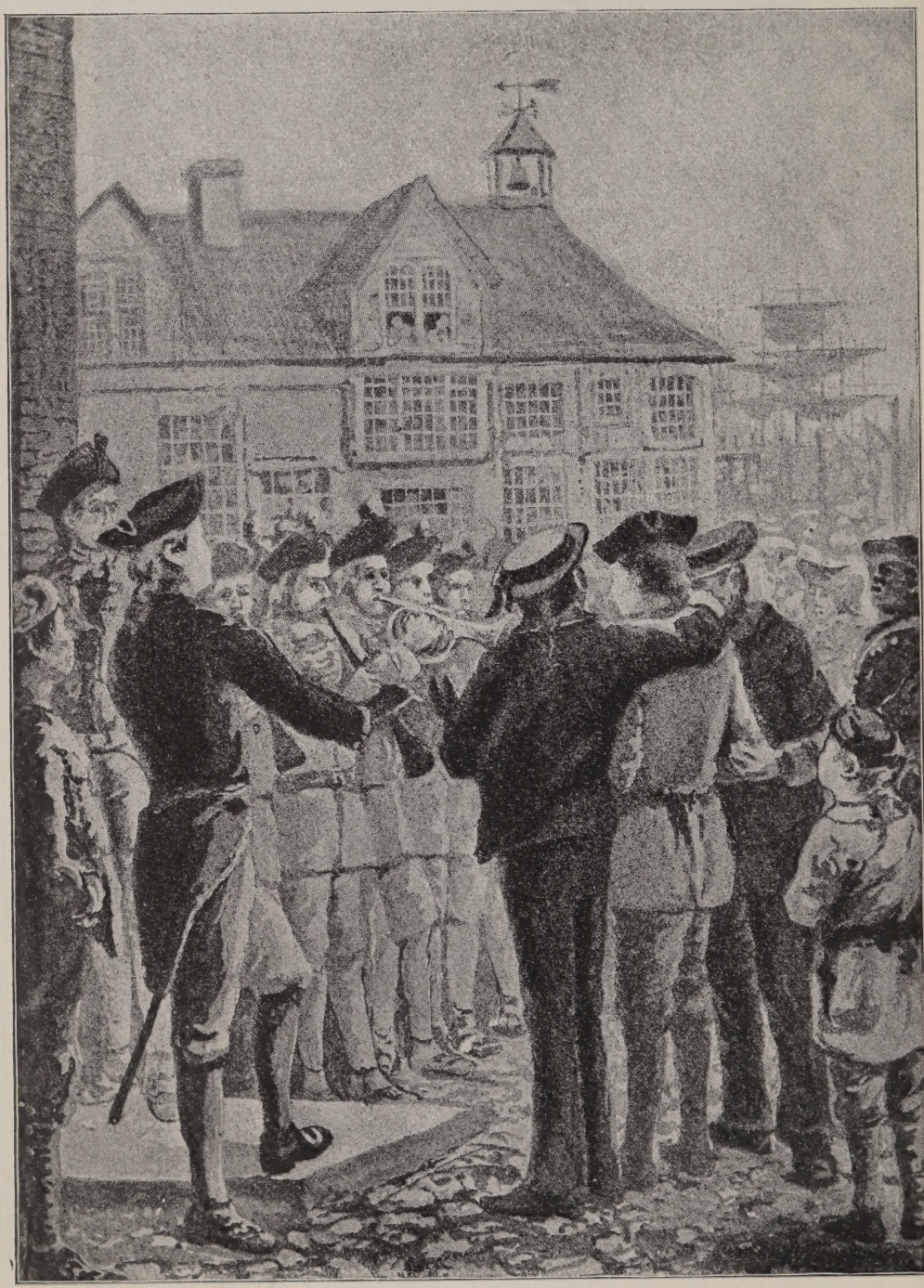
THE AMERICAN NAVY.

THE HERO OF THE FIRST FLEET.

BY THOMAS F. HUNT.

The American navy was called into existence one hundred and twenty-three years ago. With England then the undisputed mistress of the seas, our navy, with every difficulty to contend with in its infancy, forced the mother country into submission, both in the Revolution and in the War of 1812. In trying situations and emergencies, it seems, from the beginning down to the recent triumph of Commodore Dewey, that our navy has never failed to surmount every obstacle and win gallant renown.

The successes of "Saucy Jack" Barry, the lion-hearted Whipple and the O'Brien brothers in the Revolution, the achievements of Decatur,



NAVAL RECRUITING STATION, 1776.

Lawrence, Perry, Hull, Preble and Macdonough in the War of 1812, and the great victory of Admiral Farragut in Mobile Bay during the Civil War form an important part of our American history.

There is no name connected with the early struggles and first victories of our American navy more illustrious than that of Commodore John Barry. His fame can suffer no eclipse, for he has been accorded real eminence for services rendered. His exploits were gallant and daring; indeed, they strongly partook of the romantic. He was known as "Fighting Jack Barry," and the "Father of the American Navy" was the title which his useful and glorious career gained for him. He was also the first American officer to have conferred upon him the title of Commodore.

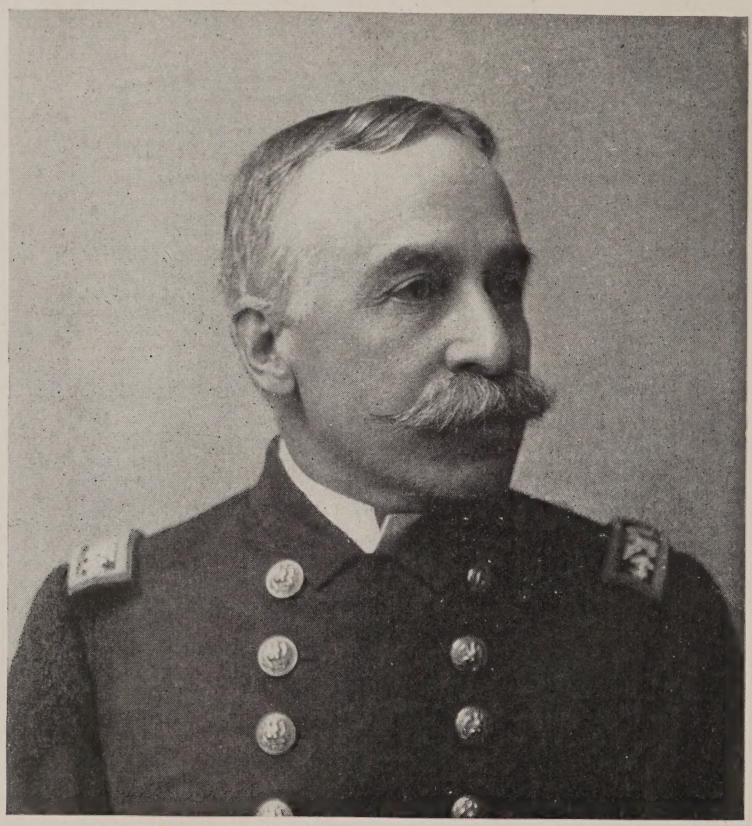
The sea was within hailing distance of his birthplace, for he was born in the seaside parish of Tacumshane, fronting on the Atlantic, in Wexford County, Ireland, in 1745. His father's residence was so near the beach that "he had but to step outside his own door to stand beside the sea." The majestic Atlantic being the object of his daily view, soon became the subject of his constant contemplation. It served to inspire the parish boy with an ardent admiration for the ocean, as well as with the desire to explore its trackless expanse and brave its perils. Discovering his fondness for the sea, he was placed by his father on board a merchantman, at the age of fourteen, and later he began to sail regularly between Philadelphia and the British ports. This future hero then selected America as the land of his adoption. He applied himself diligently to acquiring a practical education, and by self-culture and fidelity to duty he rose rapidly in his profession. He gained the confidence of all who knew him, and at the age of twenty-five was selected as captain of the Black Prince, one of the best packets running between London and Philadelphia, and afterwards a vessel of war. The owner of the Black Prince was Mr. Rose Meredith of Philadelphia, in whose house Washington was generally a guest during his visits to the City of Brotherly Love. It was there that Washington first met the young sailor, "and marked the future Commodore." The confidence and esteem of Washington were retained by Barry through life.

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

Captain Barry was a prosperous man, actively engaged in his profession, and rapidly acquiring a fortune when the War of the Revolution

broke out, but with great enthusiasm he early espoused the cause of the oppressed colonies and embarked his all in the struggles of his adopted country. There was then no American navy in existence, so it is to the bold and enterprising spirit of "Jack" Barry that the colonists were indebted for the bringing into existence and inaugurating with glory on the high seas an infant navy, for young Barry abandoned the lucrative pursuits in which he was engaged to chance it in a doubtful contest. To use his own words, "he gave up the finest ship and the first employ in America and entered into the service of his country."

Towards the close of the year 1775 Congress purchased several merchant vessels with a view to having them hastily fitted up as ships of war, and the superintendence of their equipment was committed to Captain Barry. At the same time he superintended, by authority of the Philadelphia Committee of Safety, the building of a state ship for the public service. In this new fleet Captain Barry was given the command of the brig Lexington, of sixteen guns, then lying in the Delaware, and Paul Jones was commissioned as first lieutenant of the Alfred. When the flag of the Union was first adopted by Congress the Lexington and the Alfred were the first ships to hoist afloat that new ensign of freedom.

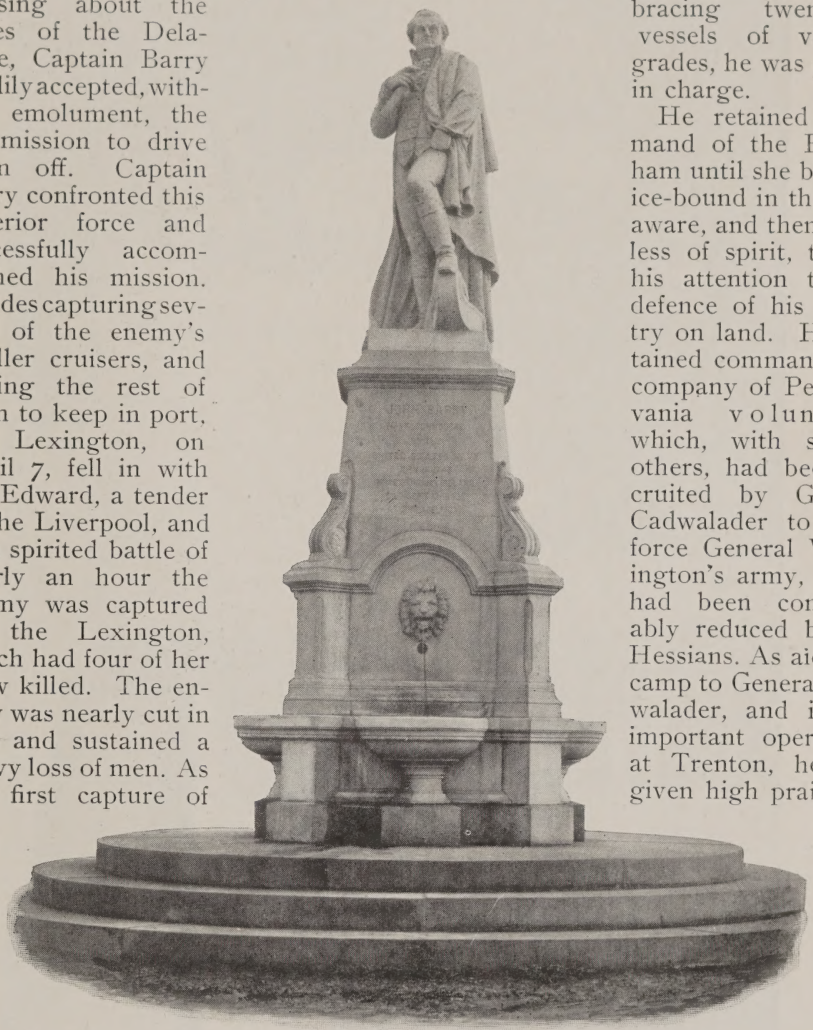


ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY.

Courtesy of Boston Sunday Journal.

Our coast about this time was being

put in jeopardy by the enemy's cruisers, and, notwithstanding that a British forty-two gun ship and two frigates were constantly and vigilantly cruising about the capes of the Delaware, Captain Barry readily accepted, without emolument, the commission to drive them off. Captain Barry confronted this superior force and successfully accomplished his mission. Besides capturing several of the enemy's smaller cruisers, and forcing the rest of them to keep in port, the Lexington, on April 7, fell in with the Edward, a tender of the Liverpool, and in a spirited battle of nearly an hour the enemy was captured by the Lexington, which had four of her crew killed. The enemy was nearly cut in two and sustained a heavy loss of men. As the first capture of any vessel of war by a regular American cruiser, this victory was hailed with joy all through the colonies as an offset to the unfortunate contest of Commodore Hopkins' squadron with the Glasgow.



STATUE OF COMMODORE BARRY IN CATHOLIC TEMPERANCE FOUNTAIN, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

Captain Barry was now given command of the frigate Effingham, twenty-eight guns, and when Congress, by resolution passed October 10th, 1776, created the naval establishment embracing twenty-six vessels of various grades, he was placed in charge.

He retained command of the Effingham until she became ice-bound in the Delaware, and then, restless of spirit, turned his attention to the defence of his country on land. He obtained command of a company of Pennsylvania volunteers which, with several others, had been recruited by General Cadwalader to reinforce General Washington's army, which had been considerably reduced by the Hessians. As aide-de-camp to General Cadwalader, and in the important operations at Trenton, he was given high praise for his bravery and activity.

It was about this time that Lord Howe had obtained possession of Philadelphia. With the Effingham still ice-bound, Lord Howe saw from the position of the frigate how she could be rendered of great service to

TOMB OF COMMODORE JOHN BARRY, ST. MARY'S GRAVEYARD, PHILADELPHIA.

the royal cause if the vessel and her commander could be won over to their side. Indeed, Lord Howe had some hopes of accomplishing such an end, since Captain Barry was then in a position to risk nothing personally by abandoning the patriot for the royal cause; but an offer of 15,000 guineas and, in addition, the command of a British ship, was indignatly rejected, and the noble answer given Lord Howe by Captain Barry was: "I have devoted myself to the cause of my country, and not the value or command of the whole British fleet could seduce me from it." Later, by means of detachments of soldiers, the British succeeded in burning all the ships belonging to Congress that were in the Delaware, and the Effingham perishing with the rest, Captain Barry, impatient of the inactivity of his position, conceived the daring plan of annoying the enemy by means of small boats properly manned, which, being stationed down the river and bay, might intercept supplies, and, in case of danger, take refuge in the creeks into which the larger craft of the enemy could not pursue them. He planned and executed several of these bold enterprises, which resulted in great danger to the enemy and in the seizure of supplies of invaluable service to the American army. On one occasion he fitted out four rowboats and proceeded with muffled oars down the Delaware, then filled with the shipping and smaller craft of the enemy. Some alarm was given at one point of their passage, but two of the rowboats dashed on uninjured and, with sudden and daring intrepidity, the little force, under the command of Captain Barry, attacked two of the enemy's ships and a schooner loaded with valuable provisions for the British army. The two ships mounted six four-pounders, with fourteen men each, and the schooner, which was attached to the engineering department, eight double-fortified four-pounders and twelve four-pound howitzers and manned by thirty-three men. Captain Barry's force amounted to only twenty-eight men, but he threw the hostile force into dismay by a sudden and daring attack and the two ships and schooner soon capitulated to the Americans. Captain Barry was compelled, however, to burn both ships through the sudden appearance of a fleet of the enemy's craft, but not until he had secured their valuable cargoes. He wrote to General Washington that he still held the schooner, and that he proposed to hold her at all hazards, and the following highly complimentary public testimonial was received by Captain Barry from the Commander-in-Chief.

To Captain John Barry,

Headquarters, 12 March, 1778.

Sir: I have received your favor of the ninth inst., and congratulate you on the success which has crowned your gallantry and address on the late attack on the enemy's ships. Although circumstances have prevented you from reaping the full benefits of your conquest, yet there is ample consolation in the degree of glory which you have acquired. You will be pleased to accept of my thanks for the good things which you were so polite as to send me, with my own wishes, that a suitable recompense may always attend your bravery.

I am, Sir, &c.,

GEO. WASHINGTON.

In September, 1778, Captain Barry was given command of the Raleigh, of thirty-two guns, and on the 25th of that month he put to sea from Boston, having a brig and a ship under convoy. In the Raleigh his courage and skill were brought into active exercise in an encounter with two of the enemy's ships, the Experiment and the Unicorn. Cooper's Naval History gives an excellent account of the seven-hour engagement that ensued, and how Captain Barry, finding that the island, Wooden Ball, lying about twenty miles from the mouth of the Penobscot, was rocky and might be defended, determined to land and

burn the ship, the enemy having anchored and ceased firing. The greater portion of the men had gone on shore, and a boat's crew went to take ashore the remainder, together with the midshipman, who was left on the ship to set fire to the combustibles. After waiting in vain until daylight it was discovered that the midshipman had treacherously extinguished the lights and surrendered the ship to the enemy. Captain Barry saved eighty of his men. He deservedly gained great credit for his courage and perseverance on this occasion. General Washington, in his account of the affair in Congress, writes that Captain Barry made a "long and very gallant resistance." Barry's conduct was submitted to a court martial, and his reputation only gained brighter lustre by the investigation. He was very soon after given command of another ship.

Captain Barry, in 1781, was given the title of Commodore and placed in command of the frigate Alliance, a great favorite in the service; and in February of that year he sailed for France, having on board Colonel Laurens, a brave and distinguished young officer, who was charged by Congress with an important embassy to the French Court. Having captured on the outward passage a small privateer, called the Alert, the Alliance landed Colonel Laurens at L'Oriente, and on March thirtieth sailed on a cruise, in company with the Marquis de Lafayette, then bound for America with provisions. On the second of April they fell in with and captured, after some resistance, two Guernsay privateers, the Mars and the Minerva.

The Alliance parted company at this juncture with the Marquis de la Fayette and continued on her cruise until May 28th, when she descried two sails making directly for her. This strange vessel came up after dark and hauled up on the same course with the Alliance. It proved to be the British sloop-of-war Atalanta and her consort, the brig Trepassy. The sea was perfectly calm, which left the Alliance floating in the water like a log without steerage way, while the enemy was enabled by sweeps to command their movements and select their own positions. The hostile ships could not get within hailing distance before noon, when Captain Barry ordered the enemy to haul down their colors. This was refused and the battle commenced. The enemy being on her quarter, the Alliance fought at a great disadvantage. In this unfavorable position Commodore Barry received a grape shot through the left shoulder, and, after remaining on deck for some time, he was obliged by loss of blood to be carried below. At this crisis the ensign of the Alliance was shot away, in the interval of loading guns, and at the same time her fire slackened; when the enemy, supposing she had struck her colors and reckoning the day already theirs, permitted their crews to leave their guns and give three cheers for victory.

Commodore Barry refused to give up his ship. When told of the injury the Alliance had sustained, and asked by one of his lieutenants whether they should surrender, he said: "No, if the ship can't be fought without, I will be carried on deck." This answer spurred on the crew to renewed effort, and a light breeze aiding a more favorable position, a single broadside, poured into the enemy, changed the whole combat. After a brave and noble resistance, which had lasted nearly all day, and before the dressing of the Commodore's wounds would permit him to reach the deck, the British vessels, badly injured, struck their flags. The Alliance also was much damaged in her rigging and hull, owing principally to the fire of the enemy across her quarter and stern. Comodore Barry made a cartel of the Trepassy and sent her into an English port with the prisoners, but

the Atalanta, when about to enter Boston Harbor, was taken by a squadron of the enemy cruising off that place.

In the ensuing fall Commodore Barry, in compliance with orders received, refitted the Alliance for the purpose of carrying the Marquis de Lafayette and Count Noailles to France on important public business. Having performed that duty, the Commodore sailed for Havana, and continued for sometime cruising and rendering important service to the American cause on the West India station. The Alliance, being a great favorite on account of her superior sailing qualities, was kept constantly in active service. Among other services performed, the Alliance was sent to Havana for specie. In March, 1782, she sailed from the port of Havana, in company with the Luzerne, Captain Green, loaded with a large amount of specie and supplies. Shortly after leaving port, the Alliance and Luzerne encountered a British squadron, which gave occasion for a brilliant trial of the Commodore's naval skill and prowess. The largest of the enemy's vessels was equal to the Luzerne in swiftness, whilst the English sloop surpassed her. The coolness and intrepidity, no less than the skill and fertility in expedients, which Commodore Barry displayed on this occasion, are described in naval annals as truly wonderful; every quality of the great naval commander was brought out with extraordinary brilliancy. The loss of the Alliance was three killed and eleven wounded, while that of the Sibyl is said to have been thirty-seven killed and fifty wounded. When hailed by the British squadron and asked the usual questions as to the ship, the captain, etc., the hero gave this spirited and characteristic reply: "The United States Ship Alliance, saucy Jack Barry, half Irishman, half Yankee—who are you?"

Commodore Barry still remained in the service after the termination of the Revolution, and took an active part in all matters relating to the navy. During the misunderstanding with the French government, he rendered eminent services in protecting our flag and commerce from the depredations of the privateers of France, which infested the seas.

His experience and skill proved of immense assistance to us in laying the foundation of a permanent navy. Under the administration of the elder Adams, he superintended at Philadelphia the building of the frigate United States, of which he was later given command. The law of March 27, 1794, provided for six frigates, and Commodore Barry's name was placed at the head of the list of Commanders. The government now resolved to send a stronger force to the West Indies. Commodore Barry hoisted a broad pennant on board the United States, proceeded to the neighborhood of Cape Cod, and then sailed directly for the West Indies.

In the latter part of the year 1798 the West India force was divided into four squadrons, the principal of which was confided to Commodore Barry. In addition to the United States, which was the flagship, the squadron consisted of the Constitution, Captain Nicholson; George Washington, Captain Fletcher; Merrimack, Captain Brown; Portsmouth, Captain McNeill; Herald, Master Com. Russell; Pickering, Lieut. Com. Preble; Eagle, Lieut. Com. Campbell; Scammel, Lieut. Com. Adams; and Diligence, Lieut. Com. Brown. These vessels were kept constantly and actively cruising during the year 1799, passing from point to point, and making a general rendezvous at Prince Rupert's Bay. Among numerous other captures made by the squadron, Commodore Barry, with the United States, captured the French privateers l'Amour de la Patrie and Le Tartuffe. Towards the close of the year 1799,

the French government had become persuaded, by the active and determined measures of the United States government, to consent to enter into negotiations, and assurances were given that new ministers would now be received with more respect than those previously sent, who had encountered only insult and neglect. On the third of November, Commodore Barry sailed from Newport, R. I., with the United States, having on board the American envoys to the French government, whom he conveyed to their destination. He then returned to the West India station, where he cruised during the year 1800.

Commodore Barry continued at the head of the navy till the day of his death. He was always ready for any duty, and rendered important services to the country, no less by his exertions when afloat than by his counsel when ashore, in shaping the naval policy of the government. No man could be more devoted to his adopted country than Commodore Barry, yet he was never ashamed of the oppressed land of his birth, which he dearly loved and which he visited after the peace of Paris. After an useful and brilliant career this good and brave man died at Philadelphia on the thirteenth of September, 1803, and was buried in St. Mary's burial ground.

Commodore Barry was through life a sincere Catholic and a devout and pious Christian; not contenting himself with the name of Catholic, he lived a life of practical obedience and strict observance of the duties of religion. Dying without children, he left the Catholic Orphan Asylum of Philphia his chief legatee.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

BY REV. MORTIMER E. TWOMEY.

What shalt thou labor for, soul born to live?
Brighter than stars and richer far than gold,
Or diamond, that shines with peerless blaze.
My soul, my everlasting soul, what wilt?
But nay, not thus the question would I frame,
But rather fashion it in better way.

My soul, God's image, that art His, yet mine,
What willeth He, the Maker and Reward?
Sacrifice. Even so, thou answerest well,
For lo! the consummation of the life
That from the Father came on earth to dwell
Was sacrifice, is daily sacrifice.

Nor must I to a nobler aim aspire.
Nor must I in myself aught else desire
Than what my Jesus taught, my Jesus does,
Who fashioned forth my lot, and ever loves
Me for His own, His child. His answer then,
My soul, thou givest, and glad I say Amen!
"Not mine, O Lord, Thy will be done."

THE NEW RECTOR OF ST. CLEMENT'S.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

There was a new rector at St. Clement's and the parish was in a ferment of delight.

The old rector, Dr. Allen, had been with them twenty years, and while the elder women — it was the women who ruled at St. Clement's — spoke of him as "an estimable man," and the younger ones said he was a "dear old thing," there were many who thought he was not progressive enough for their parish.

Various and sundry ways and means had been discussed as to how they might better matters, but the Bishop declined to send them a new rector while Dr. Allen lived, and the parish was too poor to have a curate.

It was not a large church, but very important in the estimation of the female portion of the community. For such an important parish to be so hampered was too bad! They really couldn't ask Dr. Allen to go! If he had been a street-car horse they would have turned him out on the common to die. The people of St. Clement's would have been shocked at the comparison, but then they were for the most part very elegant folk, who drove in their own carriages and never thought of street-car horses. Boulevard people who came to Greenvale for the summer only (these were but the "summer people") were by far the most important part of the congregation of the little Episcopal church.

There was a fine rolling country for miles about the Wisconsin village, but the sturdy, splendid farmer folk who were rearing their children to be sturdier American citizens, showed a strong predilection for the white church upon the hill, a church with a gold cross upon its steeple, and which many of the inhabitants of Greenvale denominated "Popish."

There was One greater even than the Episcopal Bishop who took everything into consideration and, strangely enough, He agreed with the Greenvale-ites that Dr. Allen was a "dear old thing" and needed rest. This Great One came one night and took the sweet spirit of the old man away to rest with Him, and the prospect of the journey and the rest must have been very sweet, for the doctor was found with such a strangely peaceful, almost triumphant smile upon his face, that men said to each other, with hushed voices, "Perhaps he was an angel unawares."

Of course there was a grand funeral and many fine speeches.

Up at the "Popish" church, one Patrick Duffy said to Father Carey:

"Shure, now he's dead he'll be after havin' a rest, an' enough fur onct in his loife! I wish ye'd say a prayer fur him, Father. He wuz a good man an' do ye think he'll be after bein' long in Purgatory?"

"He was a true Catholic, Patrick, and belonged to the Church Invisible," answered the priest, his ascetic face looking strangely sweet.

But, "The King is dead! Long live the King"; and before the old man had been in his grave a month, the "New Rector" was the subject of every one's conversation.

He was a man of forty, a man the intellectuality of whose face was intensified by a bald forehead, and his eyes twinkled with the merriest gleams and revealed the fact that he was a genuine good fellow. In truth he was one of the best type of healthy, clean, American manhood, with a fund of humor and common sense and a vig-

orous idea of duty which yielded not one jot to any one. And this no matter what pressure was brought to bear by wealthy or influential parishioners.

The rectory, small but comfortable, was beautifully situated upon the shores of a lake. The church was a pretty one, the salary — though ridiculously small — was sufficient for moderate needs, and altogether Mrs. Rector felt at first that their "lines had fallen unto them in pleasant places." She was a small, slight, delicate looking woman, with appealing blue eyes which gazed out from under dark lashes, and a pathetic voice which made everybody not flint-hearted want to pet her. Hidden under the most feminine of manners was a tremendous ambition and determined will to make the most of life for the sake of her husband and their one child, a boy of five.

Mrs. Rector also had a good mind and literary tastes and she had long since decided that her son should go to college and have an education.

To the accomplishing of this very just desire (one thousand dollars a year not leaving much to be saved, with a family of three) she spent her leisure time in translating for the magazines and it was in connection with this that there came within the lute of the parish of St. Clement the very first rift.

Several ladies — the strong Saxon "woman" had not reached Greenvale — met in conclave and decided that Mrs. Hobart should be elected president of the Guild. Of course as wife of the Rector she ought to be foremost in parish matters, but to this rather questionable honor the wife said "No." She would be glad to help them all she could, but she couldn't possibly be president.

"The idea, John," she said to her husband. "It is absurd for them to make me president, when Miss Erma Smith is twice my age and has filled the place for years."

Whether Miss Smith resented the fact of the age or the presidency, or whether his satanic majesty simply stirred things up on general principles, "further the deponent sayeth not," but the next thing on the programme was that a committee of "ladies" waited on John Hobart. The subject of the discourse was that the parish of St. Clement's did not approve of Mrs. Hobart's attitude and that "they" said that she took no interest in the Guild.

Then the rector spoke.

"Oi till ye it wuz foine, Father," said Patrick Duffy to Father Carey. "Oi wasn't after listenin', ye know, but I wuz a cuttin' the grass under the rector's window and Oi heard him get up on a sudden loike. Then he sez, an' Oi thought his voice wuz loike a scythe, only sharper loike, 'Leddies,' sez he, 'Oi'm very much obliged fur yer kind intintions, but my wife is mine an' not the parishes!' Such ez she is, she suits me!' Then they lit out!"

Father Carey smiled. It was surprising what a difference a smile made in his face. He was so grave, almost stern, that people were wont to fear him until he smiled, and then his kind heart showed in his face and it was as if the sun burst through the clouds of a summer day.

"Ask him, Pat," he said, laughing broadly and showing even, white teeth, "ask him if he believes in the celibacy of the clergy?" and Pat laughed too, in complete comprehension of the point.

That was the beginning of the end in Greenvale. People who had fussed at the antiquity of Dr. Allen suddenly discovered that they had been his dearest friends and made invidious comparisons between the sanctity of venerable age and the pride of youth.

It is invariably true that those people who complain of one incumbent will do so of the next, and soon John Hobart was as uncomfortable as a sensitive, high-strung man can be. Certain well-meaning friends — Heaven save us from such! — took pains to tell him of all the little fault-findings of the parish, and at last he said to his wife, "Alice, I feel exactly as if I were Guido's St. Sebastian, stuck full of arrows!"

"I know you do, dearest; but just so the points are in and they won't stick other people, it doesn't matter, does it?" cheerily responded that wise woman.

"No, I presume not," he answered. "I'd rather be a pincushion than a porcupine!"

Before long the rector knew exactly where all the trouble came from. Miss Erma Smith had never quite recovered from the matter of the Guild presidency, and her extremely Low-Church views were deeply wounded by the ritualistic tendencies of the rector.

She declared that candles upon the altar were an abomination and that a church service every day was uncalled for and entirely Popish.

She took every means possible for showing her dislike of the rector and thwarted him as much as she could. As her father was a widower and quite under the sway of his sharp-tongued daughter, things were anything but cheerful for John Hobart. They culminated when he was informed one crisp October day that, "owing to the stringency in the business world his salary must be reduced to eight hundred dollars a year." He was not a man given to complaints when things could not be bettered, so he said nothing. He did his work as faithfully as ever, but the lines between his eyes grew deeper, the eyes twinkled less frequently, and Mrs. Hobart wrote more, and wore her few gowns longer.

It was rumored that some one had complained to the Bishop, but that worthy personage, having more than he could attend to comfortably, and never having lived upon eight hundred a year, refused to interfere.

"Those people would complain of St. Thomas Aquinas and say he was not a good enough preacher," he said to some one. "Hobart is a thoroughly good fellow, and as soon as I can I will send him somewhere else."

Three summers came and went, bringing the "summer people" and gala days. Three winters passed, winters long and cold.

"Rector One!" said Alice Hobart one day. (This was a bit of family pleasantry used to revive drooping spirits. The superintendent of the Sunday-school every week when giving out the attendance read solemnly, "Rector, one; teachers, twelve; scholars, so and so." John Hobart was known as Rector One in the bosom of his family).

"Rector One, did you know that Miss Erma Smith's little niece is very ill?"

"No; what niece? What is the trouble?" he asked, looking up from the Holy Father's last Encyclical, which he was reading diligently.

"It's the niece from Chicago. They're not sure, but they think it may be diphtheria, John." Mrs. Hobart looked anxious.

"Alice, that child is unbaptized," said John Hobart abruptly.

"I know it, dear," she said, and then there was silence in the little room.

Next day every one knew that "little Erma Smith" had diphtheria, and mothers looked anxious and frightened. No one went to the stricken house and terror battled there with the dread guest who had come all uninvited.

"Alice," John Hobart said at length, "I have just come from the doctor. He says that child may not last through the night." Mrs. Hobart had been doing her accounts, an agonizing process which usually gave her as much trouble as Mr. Mantalini's gave him. Something in her husband's tone startled her and she looked up at him with a fear in her eyes which made it very hard for him to continue, but he said firmly:

"I must go to them, dear."

"Oh, John!" the mother spoke, "think of our boy!"

"I do think of him and of you, dearest." His voice was very sweet as he spoke and there was a ring of pain in its depths. "But you want me to do my duty, don't you?"

"Have they sent for you, John? Think how they have treated you!" Here the wifely feeling rose to the surface.

"I don't want to think of that. The doctor says they want to have the child baptized, and I want to do the Master's work. Won't you help me, little wife?" He put his arm about her and held her close. She clung to him for a moment in silence, then she said, very quietly:

"Yes, dearest; you must go." He kissed her quietly and left the room.

It was very late when he returned. The child was baptized just before she died, he told his wife. He had taken every precaution against infection and he thought they need have no fear.

Whether the precautions were all in vain or whether the dangerous disease was merely prevalent in the village, no one knew, but in a few days the rectory was quarantined, for little John was very ill.

Oh! the awful days and nights of watching; the fearful torture of seeing the child suffer; the anguish of the parents' hearts when he slipped away from them!

When the blow came they seemed friendless, for no one dared to go to the house; and then it was that Patrick Duffy went to Father Carey.

"It's awful, yer riverence," he said. "The boy's dead an' the mother sickenin', and not a craythur at all at all to lend thim a hand, not wan!"

"I'll go at once, Pat," said the priest, accustomed at all times to calls of distress. Soon he held John Hobart by the hand.

"Go away," said the rector, half crazed with misery. "Don't you know you've no business here? You'll catch the disease."

"I have business wherever my Master had," said Father Carey gently.

He it was who made all the arrangements for the funeral, to which the parishioners sent carriages and flowers.

He it was who, when the mother was so ill that her husband could not leave her for an instant, bore the little lad's body to the grave, praying that One who loved the little children would take the soul into His tender keeping.

Alice Hobart's struggle was a short one. Her slight form, worn by brave toils, could not battle with grief and the terrible disease, and in a little time her husband was left to meet life alone. The mother had gone to be with her boy.

"God bless you," said the rector to Father Carey, as he clasped his hand to say good-bye. He could not stay in Greenvale. A distant relative had died and left him a little money and, though he thought rather bitterly that it came too late to do Alice and the boy any good, he was glad that it would take him away from the scene of so much happiness and so much misery.

"I am going away, Father; going to the south of France to some little, quiet place where there is but one church and one curé, no schisms, and

no religious newspapers of the controversial kind. I am going to read and study and do what good I can. I do not know that I shall ever find my way across the narrow stream which divides us, but it is the lives of just such men as you, Father, which help to make converts."

"God help you, my dear fellow, and good-bye," was all Father Carey said as he warmly shook the rector's hand.

When the new rector came to St. Clement's he found himself the successor of a saint and martyr, in whose wake he could only follow meekly.

Miss Erma Smith was his bitterest enemy and made his life a burden to him by chanting the praises of his predecessor, "who was with us in our trouble, you know," as she expressed it. For, once John Hobart was gone from Greenvale, the entire parish discovered how much it liked him. His energy, his adherence to principle, his devotion to duty, were commented upon favorably and he was called a "martyr," especially to sick calls.

Anent this Patrick Duffy expressed himself to Father Carey: "These wimmen, Father! An' the men's ez bad! First they make the poor rector's life a burthen to him and almost druv it out ov him. Then, whin he's after a doin' his plain duty, they calls him a saint an' martyr! Sure, I'm not after sayin' that Mister Hobart wusn't a fine man, but he only did what you're after doin' ivery day uv yer life, Father."

"And I'm not a saint, Patrick, by any means," said Father Carey, smiling broadly as he stood with a kindly hand on the old man's shoulder.

Patrick Duffy looked puzzled, feeling the flaws in his reasoning, and then he said emphatically:

"I'm not so sure uv that!"

But Father Carey only smiled.

SOME DAY.

BY FLORENCE BAIN SEYMOUR.

"Though he slay me yet will I trust in Him."

Some day I know that I will understand,
And in the clearness of a light Divine,
Will see with eyes undimmed by earthly mists
The things that seemed to me without design.

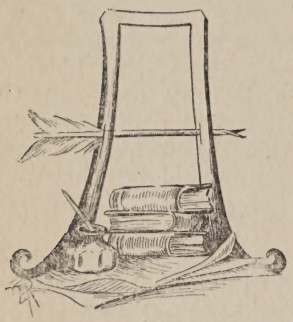
Then shall I feel the wisdom of each cross
That for each trial there was a reason why,
That in my sorrow One was watching near,
Who marked the falling tear—the trembling sigh.

Although the night is dark and steep the path,
Though faith grows cold and hope lies chilled and dead,
Yet will I still press on and trust His love
To guide my steps through all the doubt and dread.

I know some day,—I care not when nor how,—
The veil will be withdrawn by God's dear hand,
And all life's misery will then seem as naught,
For I shall clearly see, and understand.

THE LITERARY AWAKENINGS OF POPULAR AUTHORS.

BY CHARLES THOMAS SCOTT.



POPULAR author is usually looked upon as one of those fortunate beings whose sphere of duty stands blocked out before him at the outset of life, and that in adopting literature as a profession he merely obeys the promptings of nature by giving expression to an inherent creative power and force with which he feels himself endowed. While this is unquestionably the experience of most authors, there are many notable exceptions. With many writers, while this talent certainly exists, it seems to be a latent power or an unknown quantity in their lives of which they appear unconscious until some seemingly accidental circumstance or condition of their every-day existence awakens a realization of its presence, which finally results in its development and determines their career. The causes leading to the revelation of the hidden powers of an author are often very strange and interesting, merely awaiting, as it were, the intervention of the fates which are to shape their destiny, in many cases not occurring until middle age is reached. Many a timid author, feeling an inclination to write, but lacking confidence in his own ability, has been induced to make the attempt at the earnest solicitation of a friend. Some authors have been discovered by a chance newspaper or magazine article attracting the attention of some litterateur, who therein traces a literary merit worthy of more than passing notice, and through his advice and encouragement the incipient author has been brought out.

Discoverers of literary genius are quite common. Magazine editors usually hold this distinction, and many a writer of note can attribute his position in literature to the keen recognition and wise counsels of some editor. A glance into the literary awakenings of some of our popular and most prolific writers goes far to prove that man is but a creature of circumstances, and that a little advice and encouragement will often shape his whole life. America's greatest novelist, James Fenimore Cooper, tumbled into authorship through circumstances purely accidental. After his marriage Cooper settled down to farming, because he loved the quiet life of the country. It was here that the silent processes of nature slowly prepared the development of that genius which was to startle the world. He loved books, and spent much time with them. One day while reading a novel to his wife treating of English society he threw it aside in disgust, exclaiming, "I could write a better novel than that myself." Though an idle boast, he nevertheless set himself to work at once and wrote the first chapter of "Precaution." Encouraged by his wife, he continued until the book was finished. This novel, though scarcely a success, meant much for Cooper. It taught him how to make his pen obey his will. Acting upon the impulse of his genius, he commenced "The Spy." The success of this story settled his vocation in life.

It seems incredible that an author

like F. Marion Crawford, who has written so many excellent stories, should be unconscious of the possession of such a rare faculty of story telling until some one apprised him of the fact. Nevertheless, such was the case, for up to his twenty-eighth year he had no idea of becoming a novelist. The turning point in his career was brought about one day while Mr. Crawford was dining with his uncle, Sam Ward, at the New York Club. After the meal they sat smoking, and telling stories. Mr. Crawford related a story of an interesting man named Jacobs (the original Mr. Isaacs) he had met at Simla, India. The tale pleased Mr. Ward so much that he urged Mr. Crawford to write it out. "It's an excellent story for a magazine," Mr. Ward said, "and I want you to commence it this very night." Mr. Crawford did as his uncle wished, and that night he wrote the first chapter of "Mr. Isaacs." Becoming interested in the story he kept adding complications to see what would happen, until "Mr. Isaacs" in its present shape was the result. "Having once tasted blood," Mr. Crawford says, "I began soon after finishing this book to write another story for my own amusement —'Dr. Claudius.' With the first difficulties of authorship over, his mind found its natural outlet, and he settled himself down to literature in earnest.

H. Rider Haggard received his inspiration to write his first novel from the pretty face of a young girl he saw in a church at Norwood, England. The perfect beauty and refinement of this face impressed Mr. Haggard so deeply as to fill him with a desire to fit a story to it which should be worthy of a heroine similarly endowed. With this purpose in view, he began writing, "My main object being," he says, "to produce the picture of a woman perfect in mind and body and to show her character ripening and growing spiritual under the pressure of various afflictions." The outcome of it was his first book, "Dawn." Encouraged by the reception accorded this story, he applied himself to fiction, the result of which has been the development of one of the most extraordinary imaginations in fiction.

As a writer of sea stories W. Clarke Russell stands without an equal; yet his object in writing his first story was not to merely produce an interesting tale, but to so expose the sufferings of sailors from impure and insufficient food as to bring about a reformation in this quarter. Mr. Russell followed the sea for eight years, and knew from sad experience how loathsome was the food for sailors' use, and realized that mutinies were incessantly happening in consequence, and that many disasters attended these outbreaks. Encouraged by the success attending Samuel Plimsoll's efforts to reduce the danger of disaster by the adoption of the Plimsoll mark, he set about writing a story founded upon a mutiny at sea, occasioned entirely by the shipment of bad provisions for the crew. His best known book, "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," grew out of this venture. This book gave rise to such a demand for sea stories as to have been the means of keeping his pen busy in this direction ever since.

It is interesting to note the finger of predestination in the circumstances leading to the conception of Robert Louis Stevenson's first book. In an idle moment he made a highly-colored map of an imaginary island which he aimlessly called "Treasure Island." The peculiar shape of this island proved very fascinating to Mr. Stevenson, while its name suggested adventure. The more he studied this map the more difficult it became to persuade himself that it had no real existence. Finally his vivid imagination began to picture it covered with hills and mountains, with roads winding among the trees, and rivers flow-

ing through its valleys, while in his mind's fancy he began to populate it with a strange race of people. Thus scenes and incidents grouped themselves together, and the future character of a book began to appear to him. His imagination once aroused, his great love of romance soon led him to transcribe these imaginings to paper, and in two bursts of fifteen days each "Treasure Island" was finished. The publication of this book proved a veritable treasure island to Mr. Stevenson; it awoke his dormant literary powers to activity and gave the world the benefit of that wonderful enchantment of creative ability with which he was so abundantly endowed.

How much more real literature would be found in novels if the literary aspirations of more of their makers sprang from motives as laudable as those that aroused Maurice Francis Egan's ambition to write. The idea of authorship came to Mr. Egan while he was yet a boy. Being debarred by ill-health from the rougher, out-door sports of childhood, he instinctively turned to books and found more compensating joys in their companionship. His love of reading was encouraged by his mother—another great lover of books—who guarded his literary aspirations with such jealous care that nothing but the world's best books were allowed to fall into his hands. In those days catering to the child mind had not yet become the mine of such rich productions as it is today. Juvenile books were somewhat of a rarity. Such as did exist were so painfully the embodiment of a moral, as to be more moral than story. This dearth of suitable reading for children, especially of Catholic books for the young, soon impressed itself upon Dr. Egan, and inspired him with a desire to espouse the children's cause in literature. In pursuance of this object he read and studied unceasingly, hoping as he expressed it, "that he might some day write books that should combine the spirit of Keon, and the grace of Mrs. Dorsey and Mrs. Sadlier, with something entirely new." How he has succeeded is well known. His first stories gave ample promise of the good things that were to follow from his pen, and resulted in his receiving such a tempting offer for all the manuscript he could produce, that he abandoned the study of law, and devoted his time to literature. With unswerving fidelity he has confined himself strictly to the noble impulse which first led him to write, devoting himself unreservedly to that sphere which he chose so deliberately, of serving his fellow Catholics and the Catholic cause.

Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston's success as a novelist was attained at rather a late period in life, and occasioned no one greater surprise than it did the genial author himself. The idea that his stories possessed a monetary value seemed incredible to him. He wrote stories and sent them to various newspapers, but placed no value upon them, neither asking nor expecting any remuneration. It was only a few years ago that Mr. Johnston awoke to the fact of his having any marked aptitude for fiction, and then in a way altogether accidental. While professor of English literature in the University of Georgia, he had written three volumes on English Literature. Also in conjunction with a friend, had written a life of Alexander Stephens, and a book on American and European Literature. But he had no idea of story writing for money. During the war he removed to Baltimore, where he established a school for boys. It was at this juncture that Sidney Lanier, who was a close friend of the Colonel's, began urging him to write, promising if he would

do so to see that the matter got into print. Mr. Johnston, however, had no great confidence in his own powers. Nevertheless he wrote "Neelus Peeler's Conditions," and Mr. Lanier sent it to the Century Magazine. It was readily accepted, and published under the pseudonym of "Philemon Perch." For this story he received eighty dollars. This was a great surprise to the Colonel, as to use his expression "I never considered the stuff I had written worth anything."

Shortly after this he withdrew from teaching, and since then has devoted his whole time to authorship.

Stanley J. Weyman's success as a novelist is an instructive illustration of what patience and perseverance will accomplish, while his experience aptly exemplifies man's proneness to miss his calling while engaging in the battle of life. His first vocation was teaching in a provincial college. He next essayed law and made a complete failure of it. Literature then began to present itself to him, and he commenced writing on general themes, but without success. He next tried repertorial work, with no better results. At this juncture the idea of fiction came to him as an inspiration. "I have missed my forte completely thus far," he said. "Perhaps fiction is my hold. I'll try it, anyway." He then applied himself to writing short stories. These were repudiated by the public as fast as they were produced. This series of disappointments nearly discouraged Mr. Weyman, but with admirable patience he persisted, and finally conceived the idea of writing an historical novel. Acting upon the inspiration received from reading Baird's "Rise of the Huguenots," he wrote "The House of the Wolf." This was a brilliant success. To-day he is the acknowledged leader of oldtime romance.

Mrs. Amelia E. Barr is another graduate of necessity's harsh training-school. When Mrs. Barr's husband and four sons were carried away with the yellow fever she was thrown upon her own resources for the maintenance of herself and three daughters. She went to New York with a letter of introduction to a merchant, who directly engaged her to prepare his three sons for college. When this had been accomplished Mrs. Barr sought advice from Henry Ward Beecher, then editor of "The Christian Union." He suggested writing on general themes for the papers, and expressed a willingness to consider her work. Thereupon she began contributing articles to that paper and other periodicals. Up to this time she had never even considered fiction as a possible bread-winner. Yet with these crude literary efforts the seed destined to yield so prolificly had been sown and merely awaited the natural sequence of events to bring forth fruit. In 1884 Mrs. Barr was confined to her chair by an accident, which proved a fortunate one, however, as during this confinement the consciousness of her nascent powers burst upon her. To an active, tireless nature like Mrs. Barr's this enforced idleness was very trying. In commenting upon it one day, a friend asked, "Why don't you write a novel? That would engage your time both pleasantly and profitably." This remark set her to thinking, and was the incentive which led her to the elaboration of "Jan Vedder's Wife." Since that time the fruits of her pen represent a good round fortune.

From early childhood Lady Georgiana Charlotte Fullerton secretly cherished the idea that she might some day write stories; yet it was not until eleven years after her marriage that she made her initial effort, simply because her husband would give her no peace of mind until she did so. She began elaborating one of the many day dreams she had revelled in so long. This concentration

of her mind in the right direction was all that was needed to release from their long imprisonment those rich creative powers she so abundantly possessed. With an interest unknown before she applied herself to writing, and produced "Ellen Middleton," a novel which speedily made its way in public favor. "Grantley Manor," her second novel, achieved a still wider popularity, and from that time her success as a novelist was an assured fact. But destiny held yet higher honors for her. She was to win still another place in literature. When thirty-four years of age she embraced the Catholic religion. This naturally turned her pen to more serious work, and she won a second reputation as a champion of the faith she had adopted. Upon the death of her only son, in 1854, she gave herself up entirely to religious and benevolent work, devoting the money gained by her books to philanthropic purposes.

Some writers have possessed to an unusual degree the faculty of telling a story long before essaying fiction, but failed to recognize its value until urged by friends to turn it to account. Such was Miss Grace King's experience. For several years she told her stories for amusement. In the course of time Miss King and Charles Dudley Warner happened to be guests at the same dinner party. During the meal Miss King sat near Mr. Warner, and in course of conversation she related a touching story of an old negress' devotion to a white child. This tale, told so charmingly, delighted the editor of "Back-Log Studies," and aroused his interest in its author. Upon learning that Miss King had never even thought of writing for publication he kindly consented to have the story printed if she would write it out just as she had told it. This she did. To-day she takes high rank with America's story-tellers.

In speaking of the causes which led her to writing, Molly Elliot Seawell repudiates the idea of a literary person taking up the work as a profession. "Amateurs," she says, "are always talking about adopting literature; but the fact is, literature has to adopt her children." Her own experience in entering the domains of literature certainly verifies this assertion. As a child she was not allowed to read novels, and it was not until after she was seventeen years of age that this restriction was removed. This long restraint naturally invested her subsequent reading with the keenest delight. She read omnivorously, unconsciously feeding that dormant literary instinct which even then was striving for supremacy. Her debut into the world of letters is best told in her own words: "It never entered my head that I was seriously entering a grave profession when I began to send sketches to the magazines and newspapers, and I was a professional writer long before I realized I was one. My first stories were Russian ones, published under a Russian name, in Lippincott's Magazine. I visited some relations in London where I grew up, who had lived many years in St. Petersburg. They often talked to me of their life there, and that put the idea of writing Russian stories in my mind. They are full of anachronisms, but they were generally accepted as being genuine. From that I went on writing all sorts of things." In 1866 "Maid Marian" appeared in Lippincott's, and was a great success, necessitating an extra edition of the magazine, and she was asked by the editor to write a complete novel. "Hale Weston" was the result.

BETWEEN THE RIVER AND THE DEEP SEA.

BY THEODORE ROBERTS.

To Maurice the city of his adoption had become too dusty and too narrow. His heart and eyes ached for the buffeting of unresisted winds and the shadows of the hills.

He corked his ink bottle and then sat down and tried to decide between the River and the Deep Sea.

Letters came to him and he was like the unfortunate gentleman of early days, whose company was so much sought that one person took him driving due east, while another started with him toward the setting sun. The natural outcome of this was that the poor fellow was torn into two pieces. Maurice wondered if his fate was to be a similar one.

Here are some of the letters he received and one which he wrote:

1

The River, July 1, 1897.

Dear Boy: It is time for you to be home. We are having such lovely weather here and I am sure it will be as cool all through the summer. It must be horribly hot in the city. You will be sunstruck if you do not come home.

Are your poor eyes hurting you again? I have made a black shade for you to wear when you work at night, but I will not send it on, for you will be home so soon.

Jack says that the two canoes are in good repair, and has had new cushions made for both. He bought some new paddles at the Indian village.

Be careful of the trolley cars. I know you will be home in a few days.

Your loving Mother,

———.

2

Sandy-Cove Cottage,
July 1, 1897.

Dear Maurice: We have just finished unpacking—Mamma, Smith and I, and have not begun to enjoy life yet. Bob, who did not do any work after getting here, is out in his new catboat. He really cannot handle one as well as I, but will never believe so until he drowns himself some day.

The cove looks prettier than ever this year.

The Arnolds have built a cottage quite near us. Fred Arnold is a great chum of Bob's, but Bob says that when it comes to a pinch he prefers you. Other members of the family do, too, I think. I do not mean that as a joke—it would be too horribly vulgar.

We are looking for you every day —do come. Bess.

3

The River, July 2, 1897.

Dear Old Man: What the divel are you doing in that red-hot, brick-paved city, when you should be home? The fellows are all looking for you. We want to make up a crowd for two weeks on Snider Lake; so come along—bow-man in my canoe.

Don't try to make me believe, you old chump, that you have to stay and write, for no paper would publish stuff written by a fat man like you in the dog days. Who is the maiden you spout about in your last letter (which I got shortly after Xmas)

and why in thunder did she dance with you? You do that sort of thing so beautifully, I suppose.

Had a day on the Dunbar last week, and landed an even dozen. One went three-quarters of a pound —which is large for the stream.

I used your flies—many thanks. Show up to-morrow. Jack.

4

The River, July 4, 1897.

We expected you last night, dear boy, and all went up to the station. Do you need some money? Literary people usually do.

Do not smoke so much, Boy, for I am sure it hurts your eyes nearly as much as writing at night does.

Where is this "Cove" which you mention in your last *note?*

Come home! even the old house looks as if it were expecting you; and the fishing, I think, is nearly finished.

Please—Dear Boy.

Your loving mother.

5

The River, July 5, 1897.

You had better hurry and pack your trunk, for Jack and his friends are going to start for Snider Lake on the day after to-morrow. Jack has borrowed all your fishing things. He says your rod is lighter than his. Harry Grey is going to take your shotgun.

We are all well except old Racer. I think he needs your treatment—you were always so lucky with horses.

Your loving mother.

M.'s letter home:

City, July 6, 1897.

Dearest Mater: I start to-night. Tell the fellows to wait for me. Also tell Jack that my rod is weak at the tip, and Grey that my gun is very dirty and needs a thorough cleaning, which he had better administer right off. I will cure old Racer if riding will do it.

Your loving son M.

6

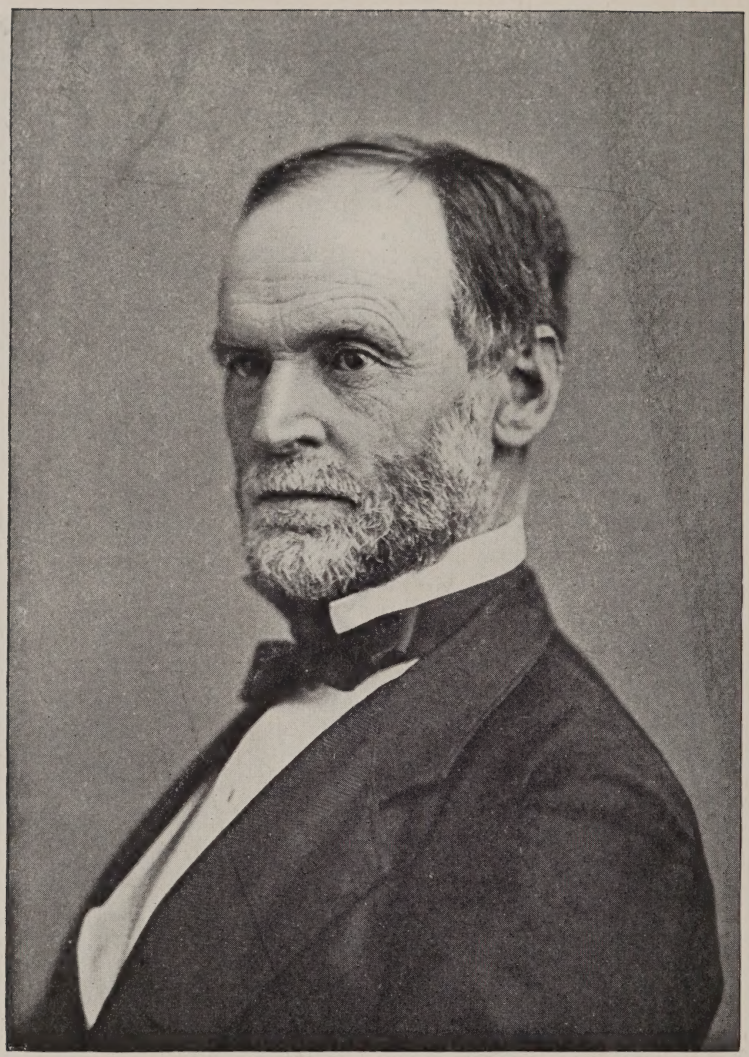
Sandy-Cove Cottage,
July 8, 1897.

Dear Maurice: I think it is awfully mean of you, but will forgive this time. I suppose you consider it your duty.

Fred Arnold is a Harvard man and rows beautifully. Strange! don't you think.

I hope we will see you in town this fall. Elizabeth.

THE FINAL VICTORY.



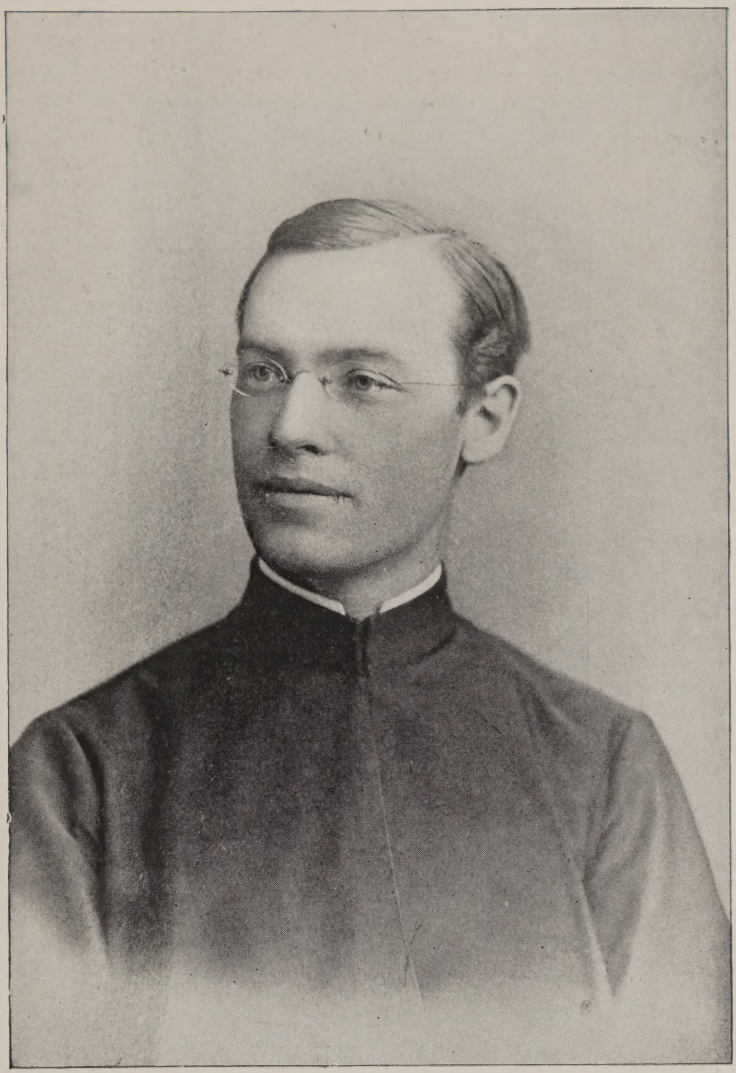
THE LATE GEN. WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.

TWO APPOINTMENTS.

"Washington, June 20, 1861.

"Dear Brother: At last the order is out, and I am Colonel 13th Infantry. I have been asking for orders, and am this moment informed for the present, that inasmuch as Lt.-Col. Burbank may enlist my regiment, and as my personal services here are needed, I will forthwith consider myself on duty here, attached to Gen. Scott's staff as inspector-general. I did not dream of this, but it really does well accord with my inclinations and peculiar nature. . . ."

Such were the words in which William Tecumseh Sherman expressed his satisfaction at the part assigned him. His subsequent career elicited the admiration of the country, and has made the name of



Rev. Thomas Ewing Sherman, S. J.

General Sherman a precious memory wherever deeds of bravery cause hearts to throb in response to the awakening of noble emotions.

What wonder then that the recent appointment of the Rev. Thomas Ewing Sherman, S. J., the late general's son, has created such widespread interest and aroused so much enthusiastic approval.

It is interesting to note the resemblance between the father's contentment with his commission for active service and the son's desire to serve his country as a chaplain in the army.

"I anticipate with delight," says Father Sherman, "the prospect of going with the troops. I know what camp life is, having been with my father when he crossed the continent. I will have no military duty to perform. A chaplain's office is purely spiritual. Neither will I have to wear a uniform, but, being a staff officer, ranking as captain, I will be entitled to a horse. Col. Corby is a personal friend of mine, and he was anxious that I consent to be his chaplain."

MONSEIGNEUR L. N. BÉGIN.
Archbishop of Quebec.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Never, since the time the beretta was conferred upon His Eminence, the late Cardinal Taschereau, has the venerable Bascilica of Quebec witnessed so grand a religious function as that which occurred when Mgr. Bégin was enthroned, and clothed with full Metropolitan jurisdiction in succession to the lamented Cardinal, whose body was placed in the tomb the day before, The solemn majesty of the Catholic Church was brought out with striking emphasis. Most of the Church dignitaries who had gathered for the Cardinal's funeral remained over and were present in the sanctuary. Mgr. Marois, V. G., read the address of the clergy of Quebec to their new Archbishop, expressive of devotion and loyalty. In returning thanks for the heartfelt outpourings of his devoted people, both French-Canadian and Irish, His Grace was deeply moved.

To his faithful Irish Catholics he said their address was very dear to him, and their expression of faith and loyalty did not surprise him, for they were known throughout the Christian world. They were the more gratifying in that they testify to a gratitude to the Canadian clergy for what they had done in the past for their afflicted fellow-countrymen, of which testimony had been rendered by one of their own historians—in his book, "The Irish in America." This writer, John Francis Maguire, had paid a noble tribute to the devotion of the Canadian clergy to their plague-stricken countrymen, and in may a homestead their orphan children had been adopted and trained often for

prominent positions in Church and State. He rejoiced at the remembrance of what his lamented predecessor had done for the Irish sufferers. Truly, "greater love had no man shown than to give his life for others." He hoped that the necessity would not arise to require similar labor at his hand, but should the contrary prove the case he would remember the duty of spending and being spent for others. He appreciated what the Irish of Quebec had done for the embellishment of their Church, which was the House of God, as also their devotion to their clergy, the good sons of St. Alphonsus, and reminded them that in obeying their clergy they obeyed their bishop and thus stood firmly united to the great Head of the Church.

Rev. James J. Dougherty.

The admirable work begun by Father Drumgoole for the homeless children of New York is reaching noble proportions under the energetic administration of the present Superior, Rev. James J. Dougherty. The consecration of the costly church of St. Joachim and St. Ann at the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, Mount Loretto, Staten Island, marks another step in the onward progress of this great charity.

Archbishop Corrigan performed the ceremonies of consecration, Bishop Farley celebrated the Mass, and Mgr. Mooney, V. G., delivered the sermon. A touching feature of the occasion was the presentation of an address by two little children representing the institution. His Grace responded feelingly to the little ones' congratulations on his jubilee.

More wonderful even than the progress marked in buildings of brick and stone is the advancement made by those friendless ones given into the care of the good Sisters of St. Francis. The specimens of the work executed by the children and the evidence of careful teaching impress one with the immensity of the labor put forth in their behalf. A particularly fine feature of the Mission is the trade school

for boys, and a feature that appeals to every visitor to the Mission is the home for blind girls.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN J. COPPINGER.

The new church is of brick, with a granite front and granite trimmings. Its general style is that of a Roman basilica, with Gothic decorations. The church seats 1,400 persons. The interior is finished in natural woods, and there are twelve stained glass windows, one of which shows Father Drumgoole, the founder of the Mission, leading to Christ the children of the Mission. The altar is of handsome design, and is built of Italian marble.

Brave John Joseph Coppinger, after having been honored by President Cleveland, who made him a brigadier-general, has been raised to the rank of a major-general by President McKinley.

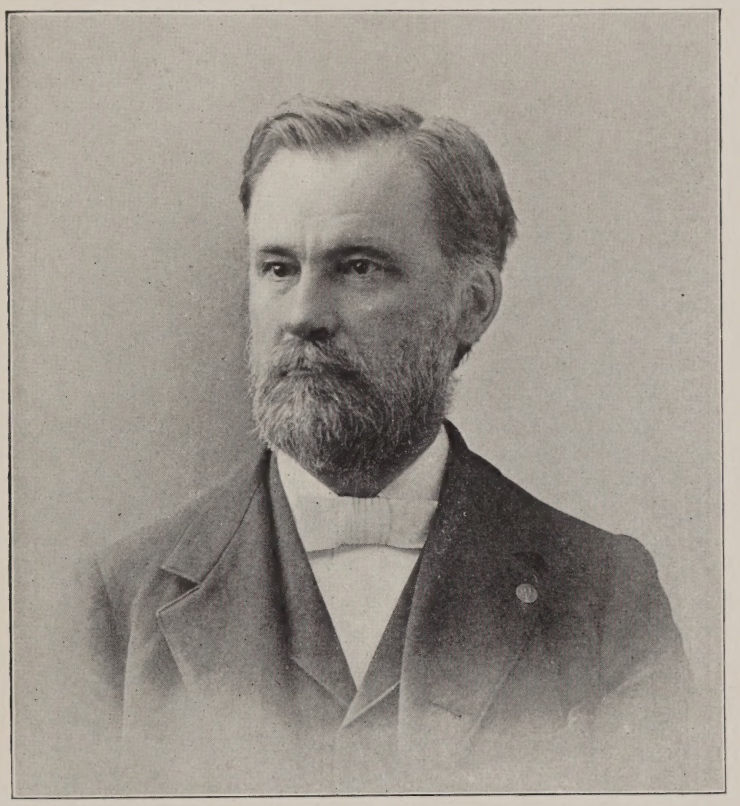
He is a typical soldier, tall, muscular, of fine physique and excellent military bearing. He was born in County Cork, Ireland, October 11, 1835, and comes from an old and distinguished Irish Catholic family. He is the son of William J. and Margaret Coppinger (born O'Brien) of Glen-More, on the Island of Cove.

Imbued with loyalty to the Church, General Coppinger in his youth joined the Roman army, and fought for the right of Pope Pius IX. For gallantry at La Rocca gateway in 1860 he was made a chevalier. The young officer came honestly by his military ambition and his personal bravery. His ancestors, when driven from Ireland by the harsh laws of Cromwell, had fought in the armies of France and Spain. Another relative had fought under Bolivar for the freedom of the South American republics. Others had served in the English army and navy.

General Coppinger married a daughter of James G. Blaine.

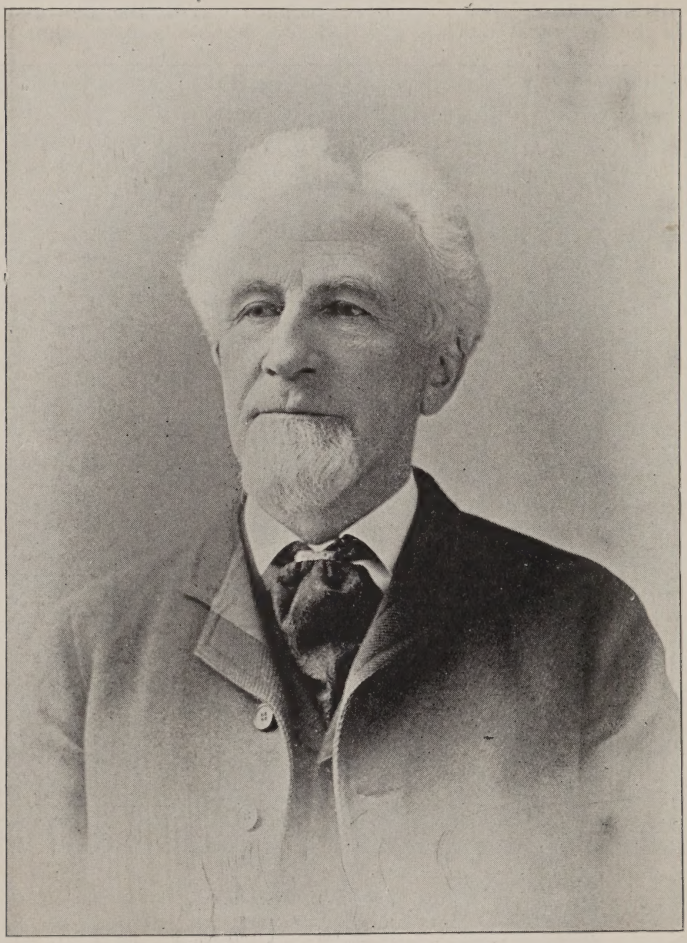
This year the Laetare medal was bestowed on Hon. Timothy E. Howard, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Indinana.

It is fully realized that, in thus honoring Judge Howard, the University of Notre Dame honors a man who, in constancy to faith and services to country, fittingly and creditably exemplified her teachings. As a student, earnest and industrious in her halls; as a patriotic volunteer, prompt in response to the call of duty when sectional discord and civil strife threatened the life of the nation; as a soldier, noted for bravery in battle, and honorably bearing on his person the scars of war; as a Christian, exemplary and unwavering in fidelity to truth and the doctrines of our Holy Church; as a man, upright in character and uncompromising in honor and integrity; as a professor, respected for efficiency and popular for gentle manners and kindly traits in the



Hon. Timothy E. Howard.

class room; as a scholar, patient and persevering in research; as a writer, pure in thought, choice in diction and felicitous in expression Judge Howard has deserved well of his alma mater and fellow citizens, and she has responded by conferring on him this high token of her appreciation and confidence.



EDMUND REARDON.

Edmund Reardon, who in his career has shown what triumphs can be achieved in the business world by industry and enterprise, was born in Queenstown, Ire., Feb. 14, 1837. His parents were John and Mary (Drummond) Reardon, who came to Cambridge when Mr. Reardon was a child.

He was educated in the Cambridge schools, and first entered into business in 1856. He began the manufacture of soap in Cambridgeport and built up one of the largest businesses of its kind in New England.

For the last fifteen years Mr. Reardon interested himself extensively in the flour and produce jobbing business, still keeping up his large soap manufacturing plant.

He served two years each in the Common Council and the Board of Aldermen, and has been always active in affairs of his home city.

He is a member of the Cambridge and Colonial Clubs, the Union Club, and was first president of the Catholic Union of Cambridge. He is also a member of the Boston Catholic Union.

He was married in 1863 to Ellen M. Kingsley.

Mr. Reardon has just been appointed to the Park Commission of his home city.

THE LIGHT THAT COMES.

A PASTEL.

BY FRANK EARLE HERING.

Softly the pinnacled clouds were splashed with purple and orange. The swart shadows of twilight dimmed the woods; the slant evening light sifted through the vine-girt trees and stained the autumn leaves. Slowly they walked the silent aisles, treading on many an unexpanded bud. Tenderly she pleaded; for her soul was fettered to his by the gyves of love. The solemnity of nature brooded everywhere. The nightingale poured forth its music-panting soul, and the unpremeditated notes filled the wood cloisters and wrought far-off echoes.

The chaliced jonquils swayed their slender cups in rhythmic undulations, and the tranquility of Truth, immeasurable as God, crept into his soul. She understood, intuitively, and prayed. The orbed moon shone faintly through a cloud-veil, and the last arrows of the sun shot from the horizon's bow. At the foot of a gnarled oak she stopped, for she had read his heart.

"These mouldering leaves"—she touched them with her little foot—"were sea and sky and earth, which God with divine alchemy transmuted into leaves. They filled their part in the life of the tree, and now return to sea, and sky and earth. You came from the Eternal Spirit, who gave you to perform your part toward eternal Perfectness. When that is done you, too, will pass and be absorbed into the Heart of God. As the elemental trinity, water, sun and earth, is necessary to the perfect leaf, so the Divine trinity, Love, and Faith, and Hope, is necessary to perfect Love. Without love we are tempest-tossed, drifting on the vastness of Time; with it we are of God and slip into His charity like snowflakes into the sea."

Quietly they walked the silent aisles and listened to the nightingale. A few bold stars gleamed hyacinthine in the woof of coming night. The moon threw its sheet of shifting light in strange webbed fancies on the heedless brook. Happily they climbed a knoll, hand in hand, fearless of the pall of gloom. A star darted through the night into the immensity of space: only God followed it.

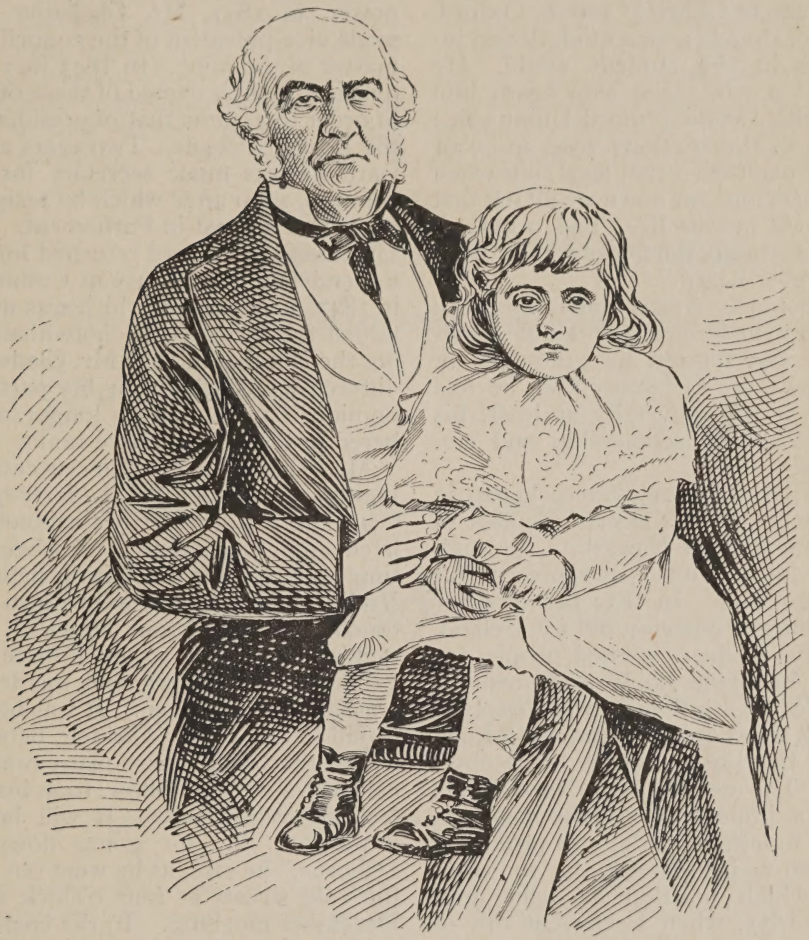
GLADSTONE—MAN AND STATESMAN.

"Gladstone is dead." The message comes as we go to press. A few brief hours since the end, and already columns and columns of printed matter tell the story of his birth, the achievements of his life, the close of his career. Through all the verbiage of the press one notices a similarity of thought, a harmony of opinion. Not one dissonant voice arraigns the intentions or the deeds of him who was one of the world's great men. He is dead, and all do him reverence.

Yet in the wealth of eulogy there is not one nobler tribute to human worth, one more consoling message to the bereft, than that couched in the words "Beyond this what can one say but that a Christian has gone home?" Such was Gladstone's message of condolence to a sorrowing friend. Could words more applicable describe his own release from the fetters of mortality? What matters it now that he was a statesman—that he swayed men? The lesson of his life lies in his unswerving adherence to principle, and in his abiding faith through nearly a century of existence. When asked what he regarded as the greatest hope for the future, he answered, with reverent gravity, and in tones of deep conviction, "I should say we must look for that to the maintenance of faith in the invisible. This is the great hope of the future; it is the mainstay of civilization. And by that I mean a living faith in a personal God. I do not hold with streams of tendency. After 60 years of public life I hold more strongly than ever this conviction, deepened and strengthened by long experience of the reality of the nearness of the personality of God."

In this reverent recognition of divine control of human destinies, and in his acknowledgment of personal dependence and trust, we see the greatness of a nature unspoiled by worldly triumphs.

His life presented aspects of greatness to all minds. He was not only pre-eminent as a statesman, but also a scholar and a financial genius. In his private life, with its simple human graciousness, he won all hearts.



GLADSTONE AND GRANDDAUGHTER.

STORY OF HIS LIFE.

William Ewart Gladstone, the son of Sir John Gladstone, a merchant prince of Liverpool, was born Dec. 29, 1809. In his childhood he had Dean Stanley for his fellow pupil under the tuition of the Vicar of Seaforth, and until the age of 11 he continued to live in the city of Liverpool, where he was born and where his father's ample fortune had been made.

As an Eton pupil, he took part in schoolboy debates, and for the six

months of its life conducted the Eton Miscellany, whose ancient files still twinkle with the gems of his boyish eloquence.

He entered Christ Church, Oxford, in 1829, already a man of mark and influence in the student world. He studied much. One who heard him in a debate at the Oxford Union said: "Most of the speakers rose, more or less, above their usual level, but when Mr. Gladstone sat down we all felt that an epoch in our lives had occurred. It was certainly the finest speech of his that I ever heard."

Gladstone's steady and able work was crowned with a "double first-class," and though he graduated at the early age of twenty-two, he had made, at the university at least, his mark for both scholarship and eloquence.

His parliamentary career began in 1832, when he was elected member of Parliament from Newark, a borough which he continued to represent for thirteen years. In 1833 he voted for the stringent coercion bill for Ireland, a wrong to an oppressed people, for which he made noble atonement in after years. Parliament was dissolved in 1834 and a new government formed under the leadership of Sir Robert Peel. The member from Newark was made a junior lord of the treasury. Three months later he was promoted to be an under-secretary for the colonies, which position he held until April, 1835, when Peel went out of office.

In the winter of 1839 he became engaged to Miss Catherine Glynn, daughter of Sir Stephen Richard Glynn of Hawarden castle, Flintshire. The engagment took place at Rome. He was married July 25 of the same year.

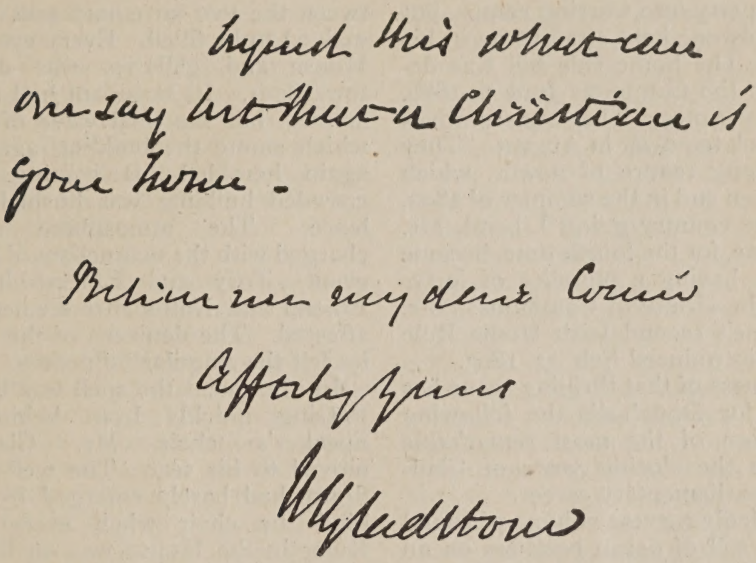
During the early part of their married life the Gladstones lived in London, and during the parliamentary recess divided their time between the homes of their respective families, until by the death of Mrs. Gladstone's father and brother Hawarden castle passed into their sole possession.

Upon the return of Sir Robert to power, in 1841, Mr. Gladstone was made vice-president of the council and master of the mint. In 1843 he relinquished the first named of these offices in order to assume that of president of the Board of Trade. Two years afterward he was made secretary for the colonies, soon after which he resigned office and his seat in Parliament. The University of Oxford returned him as a member of the House of Commons in 1847, a connection which was maintained for many years, notwithstanding the fact that in 1851 Mr. Gladstone differed so widely from his party in opinion that he was no longer numbered in the Conservative ranks.

Mr. Gladstone's great success in politics came when he was forty-three years old. Lord Derby's cabinet existed upon sufferance; and when the time was ripe for a coalition between Peelites and Whigs it went down at a touch. Mr. Gladstone attacked Disraeli's budget with so much force and point that the Government was left in a minority of nineteen. It was bound to fall in any case. Disraeli, between whom and Gladstone so many oratorical battles were to follow, took his defeat philosophically. "It will be an unpleasant day for going down to Osborne," he said, as he went out into the cold streets at four o'clock on a December morning. In the coalition cabinet of Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Gladstone held the high office of chancellor of the exchequer, and made his high reputation higher by his skill as a finance minister. The coalition was not a success, and Mr. Gladstone resigned in 1855. Though Mr. Gladstone held other offices in the interval, among them that of commissioner of the Ionian Islands, and was chancellor of the exchequer again under the second Palmerston Government, it was not until 1868, when he was fifty-nine

years old, that he obtained the premiership. That office he held for six years.

In his record as a statesman the point which will, to most Americans, seem peculiarly open to criticism is his attitude in regard to our own civil war. His expression of opinion at that time created an immense sensation, but he was equally decided in his apology and retraction. In 1867 he said: "I must confess that I was wrong; that I took too much upon myself in expressing such an opinion. Yet the motive was not bad. My sympathies were then—where they had long before been, where they are now—with the whole American people. I, probably, like many Europeans, did not understand the nature and working of the American Union. I had imbibed conscientiously, if erroneously, an opinion that twenty or twenty-five millions of the North would be happier, and would be stronger (of course, assuming that they could hold together) without the South than with it, and, also, that the negroes would be much nearer to emancipation under a Southern government than under the old system of the Union, which had not at that time (August, 1862,) been abandoned, and which always appeared to me to place the whole power of the North at the command of the slaveholding interests of the South. As far as regards the special or separate interests of England in the matter, I, differing from many others, had always contended that it was best for our interest that the Union should be kept entire."



MESSAGE OF CONDOLENCE SENT BY WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, OCT. 10, 1888.

Mr. Gladstone dissolved Parliament in 1874. Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, became premier, and for the next six years Gladstone resumed his familiar duties as leader of the opposition. In 1880 the Liberals came back into power, and Mr. Gladstone was once more premier.

The year of 1884 was one of the busiest and most notable in his re-

markable career. He had his hands full, both at home and abroad, and despite his weight of years, he rose equal to every emergency. In June, 1885, the bitter struggle caused by the foreign policy led to the downfall of the Gladstone ministry, but in February, 1886, the Liberals were restored to power, and once more Mr. Gladstone became premier. Soon after Mr. Gladstone brought forward his first Home Rule bill for Ireland. This divided the Liberal party into warring camps, but Mr. Gladstone kept straight on in his course. The home rule bill was defeated in the Commons June 9, 1886, by thirty votes. The Conservatives came back to power in August. They had a long tenure of power, which came to an end in the summer of 1892, when the country going Liberal, Mr. Gladstone, for the fourth time, became premier, having a plurality of forty-two in the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone's second Irish Home Rule bill was introduced Feb. 13, 1893.

A witness of that thrilling scene has written for Donahoe's the following description of the most remarkable effort in the closing years of Gladstone's parliamentary career.

"Suddenly a great volume of sound like the roll of ocean breakers on an unseen shore enveloped and filled the chamber, instantly arresting the attention of every legislator and onlooker. That deep diapason of sound came from outside. It continued to grow louder and deeper for the space of some minutes until it finally burst forth in the palace yard just outside the building. It was a mighty, continuous roar from the tens of thousands assembled there and along the streets, proclaiming their love, veneration and admiration for the grand old statesman who was on his way to the House to present the international treaty of amity and peace between Ireland and Great Britain—the Home Rule bill. His tedious way to the House through the almost impassible crowd which filled the streets to do him honor all the way from the official quarters in Downing street to the palace yard was a gigantic ovation, earnest and deep, which no other man in England would be given.

At 3.35 the Irish Chief Secretary, John Morley, entered the House, receiving a warm recognition. He took his usual seat on the second bench from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Willim Vernon Harcourt. Between the two an empty seat yet remained to be filled. Every eye in the House and galleries was directed towards it. Its occupant had not yet arrived, but the tidal wave of sound which smote the building again and again heralded his coming. The crowded building was hushed to silence. The atmosphere seemed charged with the magnetism of a great event. Tory and Liberal-Unionist, Liberal and Nationalist seemed alike affected. The denizens of the galleries felt the singular influences.

In a moment the spell was broken. Passing quickly from behind the Speaker's chair Mr. Gladstone moved to his seat. The well-known figure had barely emerged from behind the chair when every Home Ruler in the House was on his feet. Ringing cheers pealed out again and again until the men sank back in their seats exhausted. Mrs. Gladstone from the front row of the ladies' gallery, smiled graciously, keeping her eyes fixed upon her husband. She looked as though, communing with herself, she was saying, "All this honor is for my William down there and the cause he is going to present."

At 3.45 o'clock the Speaker in a clear voice heard distinctly even to the galleries called Mr. Gladstone, who immediately arose. Again the cheering was renewed and kept up as long as his supporters could cheer. The last to succumb were the Irish Nationalists. The hour for their country had come, and her British champion was

there to present her case—her demand.

Then the grand old man began. In low, measured and solemn tones, somewhat husky for a few minutes, he opened; he referred to the Home Rule bill which he had introduced in 1886 as an effort to do what in his opinion was justice to the Irish people.

"We said at that time," said Mr. Gladstone, "we had arrived at a point in our transactions with Ireland where two roads parted; you have to choose between the one and the other. One of them is the way of Irish autonomy; the other way that of coercion."

Slowly and impressively the speaker unfolded the history of coercion in Ireland since the act of the legislative union between both countries in 1800, and concluding that chapter of his subject he turned so as to bring the whole membership of the House within range of vision, and said in low but clear tones of profound pathos: "Equal laws, rightly or wrongly, you have not extended to Ireland. The pledge of the union has not been fulfilled. The consideration which helped to purchase or to extort the union from Ireland has never been paid, and the broken promise is written, indelibly written, in the history of your country."

As he proceeded delineating the wrongs perpetrated upon the Irish people in the name of law—law which was forced upon them by the superior might of England—the subject seemed to have taken complete possession of him; the voice grew flexible, warm and indignant, or pathetic, and at times dropped down to a low, pleading whisper of infinite plaintiveness distinctly heard by every auditor in the building, and listened to with rapt attention. And the kindly-looking face of the gray-haired old lady, his wife, in the front of the gallery, followed him through all. His wife was one of his most interested listeners.

Referring to the boast of the opposition that the great majority of the members representing English constituencies were opposed to granting Ireland Home Rule, he drew himself up to his full height and asked, as if questioning England at the bar of the world, "What I want to know is whether England is resolved to be permanent in that sentiment of denying to Ireland that full equality we request on her behalf?"

Then he called attention to the fact that the majority against Home Rule returned in England alone in the election of 1866 was two hundred and eleven, while the majority returned against it from England in 1892 was but seventy-one. And then, looking across directly at Mr. Balfour, the Tory leader, with an air of triumph, he exclaimed "Two-thirds of your majority have vanished. I want to know what will be an effective guarantee for the permanence of the remainder."

When he closed with that magnificent and feeling peroration which those who heard can never forget, his venerable, mobile features became placid and fixed, and a strange, far-away look seemed to come into the eyes as if he were speaking to an audience outside the House of Commons, outside of England, beyond the present generation as he said: "On my own part I never will and I never can be a party to bequeathing to my country a continuance of this heritage of discord which has been handed down from generation to generation, with hardly a momentary interruption, for seven centuries—this heritage of discord and all the evils that have followed in its train. To these nations I say, let me entreat you—if it was with my last breath I would entreat you—to let the dead bury the dead; to cast behind you every recollection of by-gone evils, and to cherish, to love, to sustain one another through all the vicissitudes of human affairs in the times that are to come."

The second reading of the bill was

carried—347 to 304—April 29. It was not until August that the bill, having passed through all its stages, was sent by the Commons up to the Lords, who, Sept. 8, promptly rejected it—419 to 41. With the defeat of the cause of Irish Home Rule, one of the last links, as Mr. Gladstone described it, that held him to public life, his career as a statesman was almost at its close. Old age, the impairment of his eyesight, the ills that are the burdens of years, growing dissensions in the cabinet, conspired to render his responsibilities too much to be borne, and on March 3, 1894, he tendered his resignation. Lord Rosebery succeeded him as prime minister. Nor did the Liberal ascendency long survive Mr. Gladstone's retirement. The latter continued to hold his seat in Parliament, but took little or no part in the proceedings. The Liberals went out of office within fifteen months of Mr. Gladstone's retirement from the premiership. What remained of Mr. Gladstone's life was passed at Hawarden, his country seat near Chester.

The four sons of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone grew to manhood and distinction. The eldest, Mr. William H. Gladstone, sat in the House of Commons for twenty years, representing Chester, Whitty and East Worcestershire in succession, and died in July, 1891; the second son, Rev. Stephen Gladstone, is rector of Hawarden, which is said to be the richest private living in England; the third is engaged in commercial pursuits in Calcutta, and the youngest, Mr. Herbert Gladstone, sits in the House of Commons for Leeds, and has served successively as private secretary to his father, junior lord of the treasury, deputy commissioner of works, financial secretary of the war office, under home secretary and first commissioner of works. Of the four daughters born to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, one died in 1850, two are married to clergymen, and Helen, the only single one, is one of the best educated women in England.

Mr. Gladstone's death occurred at five o'clock May 19th.
The family was summoned at 2 A. M., owing to the perceptible sinking noticed by the medical watchers. From that time until Mr. Gladstone peacefully passed away no one left the death chamber. The only absentee was little Dorothy Drew, who had tearfully complained that her grandfather did not recognize her.

There was no sign of pain or distress from the dying man. Mrs. Gladstone clasped her husband's hand and occasionally kissed it while Rev. Stephen Gladstone read prayers and repeated hymns. The nurse in the meanwhile bathed the brow of the patient, who showed gratitude, murmuring, "How nice." Then came the general, almost perceptible, cessation of life in the midst of his son's prayer, and the weeping family slowly filed from the room, taking Mrs. Gladstone, who was induced to lie down, and who soon slept quietly.

Even in the hour of agony kindly thoughts for others were not wanting. The old coachman, who had been unable to be present when the servants bid farewell to the dying man, was summoned and remained to the end with his master.

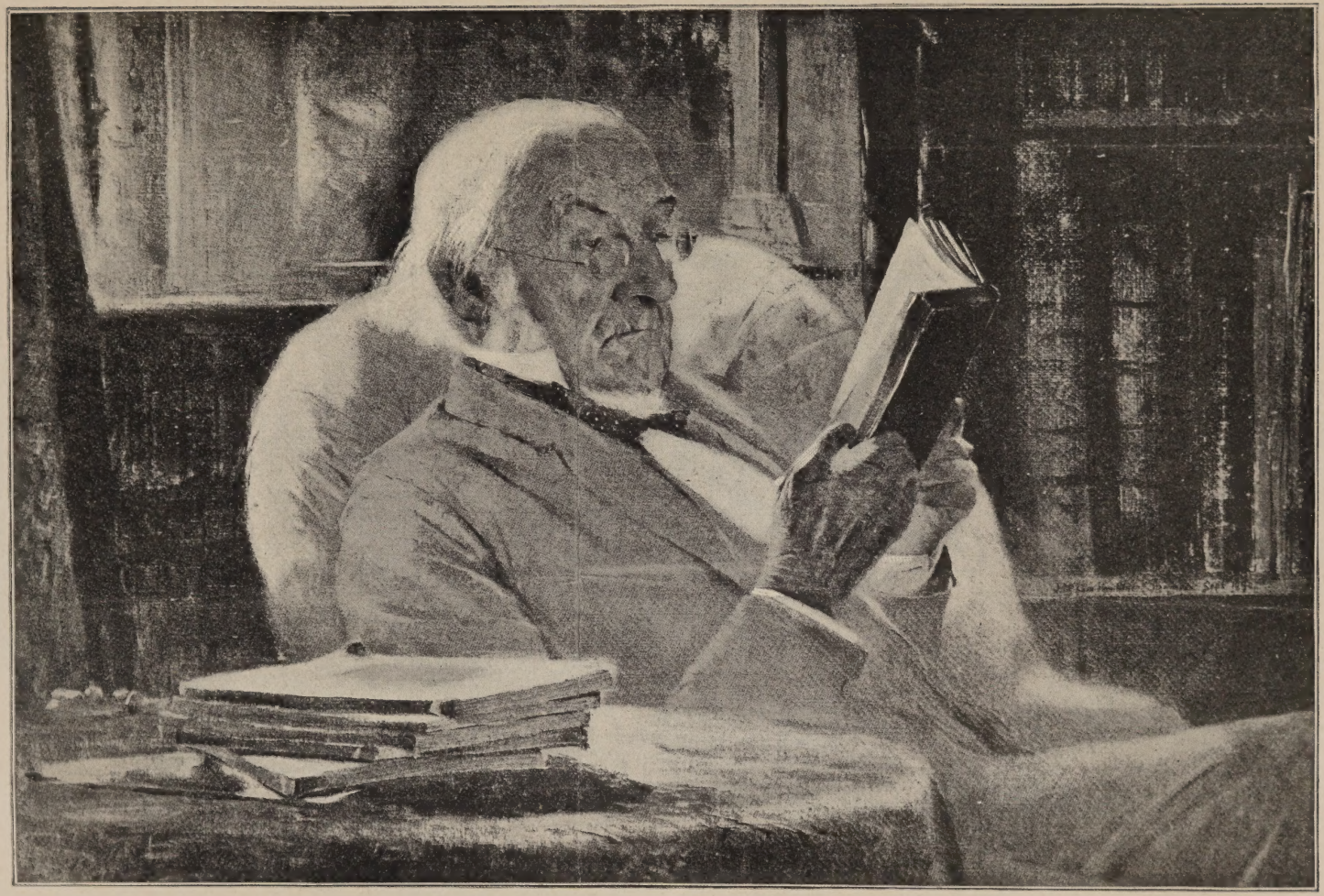
Gladstone's last word was "Amen."

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE.

GLADSTONE FAMILY GROUP.

GLADSTONE INTRODUCING THE HOME RULE BILL, FEB. 13, 1893.

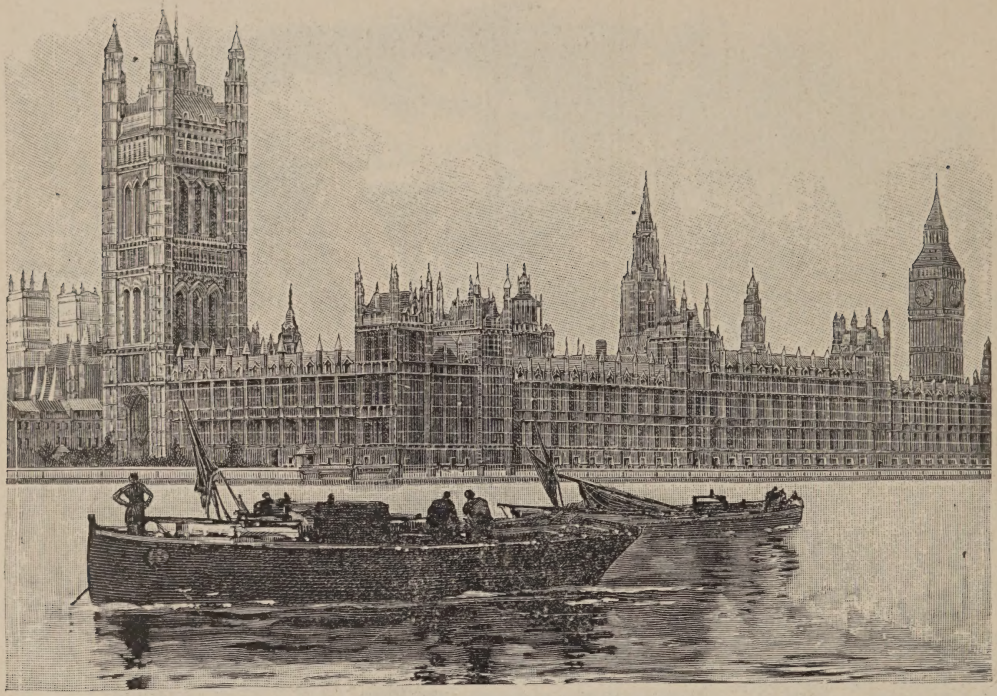
THE LIBRARY, HAWARDEN.



THE RT. HON. WM. EWART GLADSTONE.
From the painting by John McClure Hamilton, in the Luxembourg Palace.

TESTIMONIAL
PRESENTED TO WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE
By his American Home Rule Admirers,
July 9, 1887.

MR. GLADSTONE AT HIS FAVORITE PASTIME.



British Parliament House,
The Scene of the Great Commoner's Parliamentary Career.

THE CARE OF CHILDREN.

BY MARGARET HARKINS.

A writer in a recent number of Donahoe's Magazine embodied a great thought in the words: "Of all the works of spiritual mercy, the most precious in the sight of God is the care of children." He might justly have added that the most precious worker in the sight of God is the teacher of children, whether this teacher be parent, priest, religious or layman. A most important work is the education of children, the directing, leading and guiding them so that they may attain that full and complete manhood or womanhood for which they were created.

The claims of childhood, the rights of children, can never receive a greater degree of attention than their importance demands. When we look over our land, out on the world, and see wrong rampant, fraud invading high places, sin in all forms in all parts of society, we know, so surely as certain results follow certain causes, that the training and the education of the children have been, in a great measure, defective.

The phrase "method of education" has a different signification to-day from the one given to it twenty years ago by the majority of teachers. Then it had reference to the ways and means of presenting a subject; now it deals with the manner and matter of supplying proper conditions for the development of the child, physically, mentally and spiritually, in accordance with laws of growth established by the Creator. By patient research, intelligent observation and untiring perseverance, men and women of to-day, devoting their lives to the training of the young, have learned the secret of influence over them. They win the child because they respect him. Their labor is hard, their energy untiring, their reward the betterment of the race through the highest development of child nature.

It is pleasant to think of enthusiasm so happily directed, looking into the hearts and souls of children, trying to put their feet in the proper paths, to turn their minds towards right things, to aid in every way in making them grow nearer to the standard of perfection. The children are the thought of the hour. Every day we read of educational movements instituted for their benefit, assemblies where skilled instructors make known their methods, compare results, and discuss the difficulties that beset all teachers. This institute work is of incalculable value to members of the teaching profession, and indirectly to society in general. It is a potent factor in arousing enthusiasm and inspiring confidence.

An educational organization of peculiar interest to Catholic educators is the "National Catholic Institute," which owes its inception to the zeal and energy of Mrs. B. Ellen Burke, 91 Fifth Avenue, New York, whose noble efforts for the mental and spiritual development of the young have won warm commendation. The sessions this year promise to be even more interesting and instructive than any previously held. The Sisters of different orders and communities, teaching in our parochial schools and academies, gladly avail themselves of this means of comparing notes and discussing the various methods in use in different parts of the country. The Diocesan Institute is growing in the esteem of educators, and this year Springfield, St. Louis, Alton, Chicago, St. Paul and several other places will have Diocesan Institutes.

Although the work has had a mar-

velous growth during the three years of its existence, yet it has only begun to develop its possibilities. In the educational world there should be no "patent" on methods of teaching or on anything that will assist the great work of "the care of children." In this profession, as in every other, the great leaders are the great givers from their store of knowledge. The ones who derive most benefit from institutes, associations or conventions, are the ones who give most from their own wealth of experience.

This Catholic Institute movement is an important one; it has proved its worth; it deserves universal esteem and hearty co-operation. All interested in Catholic education should unite in making permanent a work nobly striving to lighten the burden borne by teachers, strengthening and encouraging them in the performance of what Bishop Dupanloup calls a "divine task." He says: "Intellectual, moral and religious education is the highest human work that can be performed. It is a continuation of the divine work in that which is most noble and elevated—the creation of minds."

COLISEUM.

BY P. T. O'REILLY.

One April eve while glittering moonbeams shed
Their piercing light, and heavenly scintillations
Like the glare of some thick forest fire,
Illumed and spread aside the veil of night,
I walked within the Coliseum grand
The greatest relic of Imperial Rome.
The moss that clung like ivy to those arches old
Transparent seemed; beneath, the sprigs of ilex
And aliternus a fitting fringe
For this gigantic wall of beauty made.
No murmuring breeze arose to interrupt
The scene; and all was still save from afar
The owl's sad cry that bade the morning haste
And kiss with dewy lips the stately pines
That overlook the palace where the Caesars dwelt.
And thou! great ruling light and guide of eve,
Attended by the countless jewels hung
Upon the canopy of heaven fair,
Throughout this sepulchre of grandeur cast
Thy changeless beams of silver tinged with gold.
Methought I saw the gladiators stand
With folded arms awaiting that dread combat,
Within the bloody circus grounds where oft
The thirsty sands have drunk the blood of life;
And even now imagination paints
That evening past; and lovingly I turn
To view again in memory that scene
Of long ago; and stand once more within
That barricade of splendor, that monument
Of Rome, great Rome, immortal Rome.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Roman Breviary, with its rich collection of Scriptural excerpts, beautiful hymns and interesting historical data, possesses unbounded interest for the student. Catholics are not alone in their admiration for the wonderful arrangement of its different parts, but even those outside the fold have been ready to give cordial approval to this unrivaled book of prayer. In the "History of the Roman Breviary," by Pierre Batiffol, Litt. D., translated by Atwell M. Y. Baylay, M. A., we may learn much of the origin and development of this manual of prayer. The book considers the Breviary from an archaeological and critical standpoint, and while detailing the history of this comprehensive collection of prayers and canticles, brings before the reader much patristic and historical matter which is at once instructive and interesting. The author has made use of the results reached by the great Italian and German liturgical writers, to which are added his own researches into this interesting field of human knowledge. We fear, however, that the author's unbounded admiration for the old form of Roman liturgical service, which had full sway in the Catholic Church during the mediaeval period, has somewhat blinded him to the excellencies of the shorter form, as found in the Breviary of to-day. The translator has performed a real service for English readers in bringing before them the results of Batiffol's studies and in helping them to realize the grandeur of this greatest of all liturgical books. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, London, Bombay. $2.50.

"The Reaction from Science," by W. J. Madden, is a succinct review of the struggle between Religion and Naturalism, as it appears to present observers. The author, already well known from his bright book of last year, entitled "Disunion and Reunion," displays in his present volume the same keen, searching analysis and mastery of clear, concise statement. The author dedicates his work "to those whose hearts are troubled by the burden and mystery of life, and to those who say they cannot believe." And to these and to all who feel an interest in the progress of modern thinking we recommend this volume as an able presentation of the Christian side of the controversy. This book may be had by addressing The Sanitarium and Home, Sisters of Charity, San Jose, California. Price $1.00

"Sister Anne Katherine Emmerich," written originally in German by Rev. Thomas Wagener, O. S A., has been translated from the French edition by Rev. Francis X. McGowan, O. S. A. This account of the Augustinian nun, who bore the stigmata of our Lord's Passion for upwards of eleven years, produced a wonderful effect throughout Germany, and will, no doubt, receive a cordial reception from English and American readers. The record of the marvelous interior and exterior life of this celebrated servant of God charms us by the simplicity of its narrative and the evident sincerity which breathes forth from its every page. The reading of this wonderful life, with its strange tale of suffering and its triumphant vindication, fills the reader with a sense of faith, and opens out before his view a glimpse of the supernatural that is as convincing as it is wonderful. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, Benziger Bros. $1.50.

The thanks of the Catholic public are due to Rev. John F. Mullany, LL. D., who has translated from the Italian of Rev. Augustine Ferran his admirable handbook for the month of May, entitled "The Month of Our Lady." This manual is replete with solid instruction and elevating thought, and brings out in a logical and forceful manner the position of the Mother of God in the divine economy of the Redemption. Quotations from the Sacred Scriptures and from the writings of the Fathers are freely given, and their application to the point in discussion gracefully made. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, Benziger Bros. 75 cents.

Beautifully bound in green and gold, the volume of poems by Rev. Edmund Hill, C. P., entitled "Passion Flowers" presents a most attractive appearance. These poems represent the results of many years' literary labors, and many of them have been published from time to time in the leading Catholic magazines. They are deeply religious in tone the present volume being a collection of lyrics and sonnets in honor of Our Divine Lord's Passion and subjects connected with it, from whence it takes its name. The author is a true poet, and has studied to some purpose the best models. There is an absence of that vagueness which is so often found in poetic expression, and yet in the author's grasp the

deepest religious sentiments are beautifully clothed in poetic raiment, while losing none of the force which belongs to them. Especially admirable is the series of sonnets on the Stations of the Cross, but so many gems abound in this volume that selection becomes difficult. A noble simplicity united with artistic beauty of expression give a peculiar charm to these truly exquisite poems. They are indeed "Passion Flowers." A portrait of the reverend author adorns the frontispiece. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, Benziger Bros. $1.25.

The "New Rubáiyát," by Condé Benoist Pallen, is an antidóte to the sensistic verses of the Oriental Omar Khayyám, translated into English by Edward Fitzgerald. In graceful verse the author discloses the true meaning of life according to the Christian ideal, and reprehends with philosophic acumen, guided by the principles of the Christian faith, the sceptical and sensual tenets of the Oriental imagination. St. Louis, B. Herder & Co. 50 cents.

"A Practical Guide to Indulgences" was originally written in French by Rev. P. M. Bernard, O. M. I., and was honored with the approbation of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. It has been translated and adapted to the use of English readers by Rev. Daniel Murray. The introductory chapter is an essay on indulgences in general and discusses in an interesting way the conditions required for gaining an indulgence. The rest of the manual is devoted to recapitulations of the different kinds of indulgences granted to confraternities or attached to special devotions and stated times and seasons throughout the year. There is also a complete list of the plenary and partial indulgences, which may be gained by the faithful during the day and throughout the year. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.: 75 cents.

"Spiritual Exercises for a Ten Days' Retreat" is a series of meditations for the use of Religious Congregations, by V. Rev. Rudolph v. Smetna, C. SS. R. All these meditations refer to the eternal truths embraced within the Four Last Things, supplemented by meditations on the service of Christ, as illustrated by the principal events of His life. They are written in argumentative, persuasive style, calculated to arouse the soul from spiritual torpor, and though designed for religious communities, will be found helpful and profitable by the general reader. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros.; $1.00.

A small brochure giving a concise history of the "Shrine of Our Lady of Perpetual Help" in the Mission Church, Roxbury, Mass., has been issued. The history of the original picture is preceded by a brief description of the Mission Church, while a novena and prayers suitable for those who wish to practice the devotion to the shrine of Our Lady under this endearing title are added. This interesting little book may be had by application to the Fathers of the Mission Church, and every purchaser of six copies will receive also the Purgatorian Manual, containing over two hundred pages of instructive reading.

"Social Letters" is a collection of beautiful letters which may serve as models for use in the higher grades of Catholic schools. We have in this small volume letters of sympathy, of congratulation, of description, of occasion, in fact, letters suitable for almost every contingency which may arise and prompt a correspondence. An admirable text-book for Catholic schools and entirely suited to the purpose for which it is intended. Boston School Supply Co.

The Catholic Art and Book Co., San Francisco, has issued as supplementary readings and an aid to memory a number of quotations from the best American and English writers, under the title, "Quotations Catholic, Patriotic and Miscellaneous." The idea is an excellent one, and we are sure that not only will the scholar's memory be strengthened, but a taste for what is best and noblest in literature will be stimulated and encouraged.

Benziger Brothers have issued a pretty prayer book entitled "The Little Altar Boy's Manual," containing instructions for serving at Mass, Vespers, Benediction, etc., with the proper responses. The price is twenty-five cents, size 32 mo. cloth. This is a serviceable and instructive book in every way, and well illustrated. No altar boy should be without it.

The fifth revised edition of "Devotion to St. Anthony of Padua," is just from press. St. Anthony has been styled by Leo XIII. the "Saint of the Universe." This little book of over two hundred pages, neatly bound and printed, with a picture of the Saint, gives a short sketch of the "Wonder-Worker's" life, the exercises of the Thirteen Tuesdays, prayers, etc., concluding with the popular devotion known under the title of "St. Anthony's Bread." For copies apply to the author, Rev. J. B. Manley, St. Anthony's Shrine, Emmits-

burg, Md. Bound in paper, postage prepaid, twenty-five cents; cloth, per copy, postage prepaid, forty cents.

One of the most artistic press productions of the season is "Dante's Vision of God," a critical analysis by Caroline K. Sherman, evidently an earnest, sympathetic student of the poet.

Miss Sherman makes an admirably clear exposition of the vision, displaying throughout fine discrimination and broad mental culture.

Dwelling on Dante's reverence for the Virgin Mother, Miss Sherman, who is not a Catholic, pays this tribute to the model of Catholic womanhood: "No picture in our art galleries or in our homes finds greater favor than the Madonna and Child. Whatever may be our creed, or want of creed, no one of us questions the benign influence of this ideal of all that is pure and noble in motherhood and womanhood."

Publishers, Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago.

"Christian Carols of Love and Life," by Eleanor C. Donnelly, breathes the spirit of Easter with its message of gladness and hope for all the year. The sweetness and melody characteristic of Miss Donnelly's poetry find expression in these exquisite carols, and the spiritual thought engendered makes the little collection almost a work of devotion. "The Vision of the Flowers," "When the Lily Bloomed" and "The Alla-luia of the Pasch," are a few of the beautiful poems found in the little volume so fittingly illustrated, and daintily bound in blue and gold.

A later book by the same author is "The Rhyme of Friar Stephen."

"The legend of the blessed martyr Stephen
Is full of solemn truth to all who read:
Attend, ye self-reliant ones! for even
The best and wisest may its warning heed.

It is needless to say that the legend loses nothing in the telling. The narrator holds the interest of her readers through the varied scenes descriptive of the childhood of Stephen, his life among the Franciscans, his apostolic work, his fall and sublime atonement.

These books should find a place in every home and be within easy reach on shelf or table. The refining influence of such literature as Miss Donnelly produces is needed to counteract the effect of the vapid (and worse) reading matter that too often enters the family circle, to the moral detriment of its members. H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia.

"The Hop Blossoms," "Godfrey," "The Rose Bush," "The Overseer of Mahlbourg," "The Dumb Child" and "The Black Lady" are six interesting tales by Canon Schmid. They are a desirable addition to our far too small stock of good light literature of this class. Price 25 cents each. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

"Pickle and Pepper," by Ella Loraine Dorsey, is a tale for the entertainment of all little folks and many grown ones. The dialogue is very bright, the scrapes very amusing, and many useful lessons are pleasantly taught. The introduction of the witch gives a touch of the improbable to the story, but perhaps this is an added charm. Benziger Brothers, New York. Price 85 cents.

To Catholic Authors.

Catholic authors of either sex, who, in any form (book, brochure, pamphlet, periodical publications, etc.) have contributed to religious or secular English literature are kindly requested, for bibliographical purposes, to send in their name and full address to William Bellinghausen, Freiburg (Baden), Germany.

Summer Guests.

Special improvements are being made in the New Mount Pleasant House, White Mountains, which Anderson and Price of Hotel Ormond, Florida, will again manage the coming season. The entrance of the house will be improved by the addition of large windows, and the office will be enlarged to a great extent. A new billiard room is being built. The golf links will be in the best condition for the opening.

Many improvements will be made in the Senter House at Centre Harbor, Lake Winnepesaukee, which will this season be under the direction of Oscar G. Barron of the Quincy House. Mr. W. C. Bradley, who will act as manager of the Senter House, may be seen daily at the Quincy House in regard to rates, etc. The house opens June 11.

The Fabyan House, White Mountains, will open for the season as early as June 1. This house is always the first of the large houses to open its doors for the season, and the last to close. The other hotels in the Barron, Merrill & Barron system, the Crawford, Twin Mountain and Summit Houses, will open the latter part of June.

CATHOLIC QUESTION BOX.

Fidelis asks: Why does the Church use the Latin language? We subjoin the following answer, which was once kindly put in our way:—

1. Because a universal community requires a universal language. The Church of Christ is universal.

2. Because it does not change. If, for example, the Church should use French in one of her formulas alone, that of baptism, she would have been obliged to change it over sixty times. In the so-called Anglo-Saxon of one thousand years ago she could not be understood now except by experts.

3. Because nothing can equal the dignity of the Latin language, its clearness or its beauty. It is the language of science and civilization, and deserves to be the language of an unchangeable religion.

4. Because it lifts the liturgy of the Church above that every-day usage of words, which alters their senses and debases it by licentiousness. This misfortune has actually befallen the English liturgy of the Anglo-American Episcopalians.

5. Finally, a universal language speaks of a universal brotherhood, and makes a Catholic at home in all the Latin speaking churches of the world. Besides, he understands the language, though unlearned, by ceremonies of the Church or from his prayer-book, which contains its entire meaning in his own tongue.

E. McD. writes: 1. Is a person once excommunicated ever received into the church again? 2. Why is Spy Wednesday so called? 3. Can a priest as chaplain of a vessel hold any other office, as that of Lieutenant?

1. Next to God's glory, the church desires nothing so much as the good of her children. If she punishes by such severe measure as excommunication, it is only that the conscience of the guilty one may be aroused, and that others may be deterred from following his bad example. When one who has been so punished shows an inclination to return, the Church rejoices, and is glad to receive him to the bosom of Her Mercy. The Church has the spirit of the God of mercy who says: "I will not the death of the sinner, but rather that he be converted and live."

2. Spy Wednesday, the Wednesday of the Holy Week, is so called from the fact that Judas bargained with the Sanhedrim to betray Jesus to them. "What will you give me, and I will deliver him to you? But they appointed him thirty pieces of silver."

3. The Chaplain of a vessel is ranked as one of the officers, while as Chaplain he administers to the spiritual wants of the men. In the naval service, all must be done according to rules of discipline, and each man has his position and duties carefully assigned.

Student inquires: 1. For what was the Oecumenical Council at Nice called? 2. Who was Athanasius? 3. What was the result of the council? 4. Is the statement of our Divine Lord that not a stone should remain upon a stone of the Temple of Jerusalem to be taken figuratively or literally? 5. Is it tradition that the cross appeared to Constantine on the battlefield? 6. Was Constantine a thorough Christian, or did he just take that position, on account of the number of Christians in the army?

1, 2 and 3. The Council of Nice, in Bithynia, was called in the year 325 to consider the novelties and doctrines of Arius, a priest of Alexandria, who denied that our Lord is really the eternal Son of God, and equal in all things to the Father. Three hundred and eighteen bishops were present. Alexander, Bishop of Alexandria, was attended by a deacon, Athanasius, who took a prominent part in the deliberations of the Council. This Athanasius afterwards became Bishop of Alexandria, and because of his zeal and learning, he was greatly dreaded and greatly persecuted by the Arians. The Council of Nice condemned the heresy of Arius, and formulated its belief in the Divinity of Jesus Christ, in what is called the Nicene Creed.

4. The prediction of our Divine Lord has received a literal and absolute fulfilment. History attests that the Temple of Jerusalem was burned by the soldiers of Titus in the taking of the city, (A. D. 70). The foundations of the Temple alone remained, when Julian, the Apostate, determined to set at naught the prophecy of Christ. He prepared to rebuild the Temple, and furnished for the purpose the funds required. The Jews flocked to his aid. The work progressed to the removal of the foundations, until in reality not a stone remained upon a stone. Then an earthquake filled up the excavations, scattered the building materials, killed or maimed the workmen. When Julian sought anew to prosecute his attempt, flaming balls issued from the ground, melt-

ing the very tools in the hands of the workmen, and burying the poor, unbelieving men in the ruins. So marvelous was the intervention of Divine Providence that many Jews and Pagans sought admission to the Church. Heathen as well as Christian writers attest these facts. St. Chrysostom and St. Gregory Nazianzum mentioned these occurrences when preaching to those who must have been living in the days of Julian the Apostate. And the hearers of those saintly preachers never contradicted the statements, being as they were to them familiar and attested truths. Julian became Emperor in A. D. 361.

5. The appearance of the cross to Constantine is as well attested as any fact of history. Men who deny that should be consistent, and believe nothing, no matter what the weight of testimony or authority to prove an event.

6. Constantine appears to have been sincerely devoted to the promotion of Christianity. He made mistakes, and did not always act wisely. He deferred baptism until his deathbed. At his time, this was not extraordinay, as many did so, to receive the pardon of their sins in baptism when on the threshold of eternity.

N. B. asks: On what condition can a Catholic be received back into the Church, who has been married by the priest, granted a divorce by the court, and then marries a Protestant before a Protestant minister?

Here is a case to be investigated by the pastor of the Catholic in question. If he finds the first marriage valid, and that both parties are still living, he will require an absolute separation of the Catholic from the second party, with whom he has attempted marriage. Of course, any Catholic knows that divorce does not annul a marriage, or give any right in the eyes of God and of His Church to a new marriage. In addition to the fact of not being married to the second party, the Catholic by attempting marriage before a Protestant minister has incurred excommunication. This must be removed, and the pastor will decide as to whether a public reparation is required or not.

You may say that it is strange to suppose that a marriage performed by the priest may not be valid. But sometimes, you know, people deceive the priest, as when a person already married conceals that fact and pretends to the priest that it is his first marriage. Then, too, it may happen that a marriage is rendered invalid by reason of some impediment of which the parties were not conscious at the time of the marriage, but which later on comes to their knowledge, a relationship, for example. So, you can understand, that the priest in his investigation may discover something, whereby the first marriage was not valid. This is, indeed, most unlikely, but because it may happen, all the sides of the question have to be studied.

One other point may be touched upon. The Catholic who returns to the Church, either with or without public penance, who goes to confession, and promises to remain away from the party of his attempted second marriage, may relapse into sin, for human nature acts that way, and may even try to impress upon his neighbors that the priest has recognized his present mode of living. You should be alive to be not deceived by such falsehood.

Catholic inquires: 1. Why is salt added to holy water? 2. For how many persons are beads indulgenced? 3. If I lend my beads to another, do I lose the indulgence, and does he gain it? 4. Is the chain blessed as well as the beads?

1. Salt is added to holy water to remind us that as the followers and disciples of Christ, we should be the "salt of the earth," preserving ourselves and others from spiritual corruption, just as the water signifies the purifying from spiritual uncleanness. The Church wishes her children in the use of holy water to possess certain dispositions, and hopes they will merit certain blessings, "so that wherever it (the water) shall be sprinkled, by the invocation of Thy Holy Name, all infesting of the unclean spirit may be driven off."

2. For one person only. Should the beads become the property of a second person, this one can gain indulgence only by having them blessed for himself. Sometimes a large number of beads are blessed that they may be distributed to different persons. Then the one to whom the Rosary is given gratuituously, and who is the first to use it with the intention of gaining the Rosary indulgences, is the one for whom the blessing was intended.

3. If you lent your beads simply that another might say the Our Fathers and Hail Marys, without the intention of gaining the indulgence, the beads do not lose the indulgence. If, however, you lent them or gave them with the intention of having the second party gain the indulgence, they cease to be indulgenced, so that the borrower gains no indulgence, nor can you until you have them blessed anew. But if the beads were taken and used without your knowledge or consent, it is not supposed that they lose their indulgence. No, the chain is not blessed, and you may take off the beads and place them on another chain, and still they are blessed. So, in case of blessed or indulgenced crucifixes, the blessing is attached only to the figure of Christ.

Willing and Capable.

There is a big mistake somewhere about being willing and capable. I don't know just where it is, but I never hear the words applied to anyone without wanting to whisper to the capable, willing one, "Take a friend's advice, and temper your willingness and capability with a little sensible selfishness. If you don't——" Well, we all know that the lion's share of this world's work falls to the lot of the unfortunate capables. The boy or girl who shows special aptitude and exercises judgment is generally set apart in the family to do all the errands, transact a good part of the business and assume responsibilities far beyond his or her tender years. "It's good training," says the father or mother, completely forgetful that a good thing ought to go round, and that the slower children might be benefited by a show in the general utility course.

The other morning a little girl was going up the steps of a church to join her class at the Christmas Mass, and I heard her say to her companion: "I'll never get my boots on first again. I'm always ready before the others and mamma makes me do all their errands before school."

The tot felt the injustice, and I mentally applauded her determination to take a stand against imposition. There will be laggards to the end of time, shirkers who do not care to work at all, or perform their part so badly that a second demand for their services is rare indeed. And yet they get along; they flourish while the workers pine and die, worn out before their time.

No, this talk about being willing and capable must not be taken at its surface value. My advice would be, "Do your share, honestly, fully, thoroughly; help others when they deserve it, but don't be imposed upon. If you start out in life ready to do your own work and to shield others by aiding and abetting their selfish shirking, the chances are you will never rest until the coffin lid closes out the world and its cares. —J. T.

Where Hospitality is a Consecrated Work.

By Margaret E. Jordan.

When the religious life reached out from its sacred solitude to help mankind on the Heaven-bound way, one of the earliest forms of active, practical charity it assumed was that of extending hospitality, not only to pilgrims visiting hallowed places, but to travelers likewise. We read in a sketch of early monasteries that "hospitality was strenuously enjoined on the Abbot. Guests were to be received by him with holy greeting and kindly welcome." Through the past centuries how many a seed of grace has been sown in souls of the worldly by brief sojourns in abodes of contemplative and choral prayer! In Europe and in Canada the good old custom still exists as a legitimate work of several religious institutes.

Here in the United States we see a different spirit of religious life. Outside the contact with the world, occasioned by the work of teaching, nursing, caring for the helpless—old or young—or for the unfortunate, we find our nuns shrinking from intercourse with people of the world. A brief sojourn beneath the convent roof may be permitted to an intimate friend, a former pupil, a soul needing and seeking the benefits of a spiritual retreat. So rarely, however, is the privilege extended to women of the world in general that it was indeed a pleasant surprise to the writer, upon first meeting with the Dominican nuns of Albany, several years ago, to find that the extending of hospitality not only to retreatants, but to travelers also, is looked upon as it was in olden days, and practised accordingly.

Contemplation wholly, a contemplation and activity blended, in the work of schools, hospitals, home nursing, refuges for the poor, the aged, the unfortunate; and, of late, the consecrated work of the press,—all these labors we find carried on somewhere in the world by Dominican nuns. And there is no confusion from this multiplicity of works, for different congregations have arisen for the doing of these different things. Other organizations of

religious women have also done these works. But that of Albany stood for years alone, here in America, so far as we can learn, in its real, earnest devotion to the souls of women of the world, who are not in need of the ministration of nuns engaged in the more familiar works of religious life.

It was in 1892 that the Nuns of Our Lady of the Cenacle, whose mother-house is in Lyons, France, made their first American foundation, in New York city. They were specially founded, during the present century, for the work of Spiritual Retreats for women of the world. It had always been customary in many teaching orders to hold a retreat for pupils or sodalists once a year within their convent walls, but rarely extending hospitality over night. Retreat houses hold the opportunity open at all times, and desire retreatants to stay day and night at the convent during the entire time of the spiritual exercise, which usually lasts three, five or eight days.

A word of recommendation from one's pastor or from a mutual friend; a brief correspondence with the convent, in which the applicant presents successfully her own credentials; a personal interview; all these are ways which have opened the doors of Albany or Saratoga convents to women who would go apart from the world for a few days' retreat, or who, in passing, would prefer the hallowed atmosphere of a convent, homelike in its appointments, to the colder, more worldly atmosphere of a hotel.

The chapel always open to convent guests; daily Mass and frequent benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; the varied and carefully selected books on the library shelves; the brief but helpful interviews with the nuns assigned to duty on the guest floor; the spiritual reading at noon and evening meal—all combine to refresh minds world-weary, or to turn gently Heavenward those that find earth an all absorbing place of delight.

To spiritualize the lives of women of the world is the real work of these Daughters of St. Dominic. In this article the work of hospitality has been alone dwelt upon, as it appealed to the writer most forcibly, because of its being a return to early customs of the Church, and because it supplies a need so apparent in our country to-day. As to the full work of the congregation, it embraces private retreats and retreats in bands; Christian Doctrine and Catechism classes; Bible circles, reading circles, meetings of sodalists, Sunday school teachers and of Christian wives and mothers; private instructions in the faith to Catholics, adults and children, and to non-Catholics seeking the truth. In fine, under the general name of Retreat Work is embraced all means by which women consecrated to God in conventual life may instil and strengthen the faith in the minds and souls of children, without, however, entering upon the work of the schoolroom; and in the minds and souls of women of the outer world, leading them to attain to the "higher life" by spiritualizing the ordinary duties, trials and pleasures of their state

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The Cladagh is the subject of a pretty sketch in the Shan Van Vocht, one of a series running through that bright publication. Describing the customs of the people, "Mona" says:—

"There can scarcely be imagined a more surpassingly lovely sight than that of the boats sailing away to sea, like a flight of birds, in regular order. We have watched them while the purple flush of evening began to gather upon the waves, and as they glided by like phantoms one could hear the throbbing of the sea's great, sad heart, regretting, mayhap, all the young and brave whose bones lay tossing amid wrecks and tangled weeds far below in the sandy hollows.

"A beautiful ceremony takes place every year in this strange community, a ceremony which reminds one of the wedding of the Adriatic. We mean "the blessing of the bay," without which the Cladagh fishermen never venture to commence the business of the year. At the proper season you may behold in the blue waters of Galway Bay a ceremonial, which the simple, earnest faith of these poor fishermen makes sublime. They conjure up a mental picture of those who cast out their nets upon the sea of Galilee, as they reverently follow the lowly hooker with its brown sail swelling in the breeze, in the prow of which stands the venerated prior of the white-robed Dominicans with book and stole, who murmurs over the glad waters the holy words of benediction.

These strange people marry young, and their wedding ring is unique—a plain thick hoop of gold, with two hands clasping a heart. When storm or wreck carries off the bread-winner the survivors keep the wake of the absent, and deep and earnest is the sympathy and help they give to the widows of the sea. They speak the old tongue, and cling to the old faith, and even those who have emigrated to America still adhere to the customs and usages of their beloved Cladagh in the far West.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

The Blessing of the Flag.

Glowing and red, as the blood that was shed
On many a battle-field;
Spotless and bright, as the lives chaste-white
In noblest of struggles sealed;
Heaven's own azure, with red and white blent,
Star-gemmed e'en as the firmament;
Tri-colored standard, starred and barred,
Never by stain of dishonor marred.
Silken thy folds, and thy staff secure,
Lifted aloft by the young and pure!
Fearlessly keep they their altar tryst,
Bearing thee e'en to the feet of Christ!
Oh, in the light of His Cross alway,
Flag of our Country! wave e'en as to-day!

Do we defy those who fain would deny
That sons of Christ's Church can be
True to her laws, yet staunch to the cause
Of a Country from bondage free?
Nay! Let no word of defiance ring,
But from the archives of glory bring
Records preserved from oblivion's mist
By truth, the unerring annalist!
Read of the son of the Church who unfurled
Her standard, and 'neath it discovered a world;
Read in the names of its rivers and seas
What was their faith who discovered these;
Read in the names on the tombstones white
Their faith who died for freedom and right!
Oh, fearlessly keep ye your altar trvst—
Your Country's Flag bears the blessing of Christ.

— From "Happy Hearts and Pleasant Faces," by Margaret E. Jordan.

The Dream Boat.

"Little maid, with the deep brown eyes,
Tell me where your dreamland lies."

"Far across the Mystiful Sea
The shadowy dream-boats sail to me."

"Laden with what, my pretty one, say,
These ships that sail from Dreamland Bay?"

"With toys and songs and sugar plums sweet,
Sold in the shops on Hushaby Street."

"And who is it sends these gifts to you,
From the far off Land of the Morning Dew?"

"God loves me so, He sends them to me,
From where he lives, 'cross the Mystiful Sea."

— James Truslow Adams.

The Rock.—Translation from Truth.

There was at one time on the slope of a high mountain, a rock which looked very much like the head of a giant warrior. The retreating base was the neck, above which rose the massive head. Some whitened mosses that spread over the top were the grizzly hairs, and the waving heather the nodding plume of the warrior.

The rock had been there for thousands of years, so many, indeed, that it at length grew weary of resting always in the same place, while all about him moved, and, in the valley below, the trees changed the color of their garments, as the seasons came and went.

One day a fox happened to pass that way, and the rock cried out to him: "Hello, there, Father Reynard, thou that art so cunning, can you not help me to get away from this?"

The fox walked several times around it, shook his head, and replied: "However cunning I may be, I cannot in this case help you; you must remain where you are till the dawn of judgment day." Having spoken, Master Reynard went on his way.

One winter day, bleak and cold, the north wind was heard roaming along the mountain-top.

"Take me with you!" cried the rock.

"I am going to make you dance a merry measure," yelled the hurricane, as he hurled himself on the rock with all his force. The rock was not even shaken. In vain—the snow enveloped the rock with its whirlwinds to drag it from its base. "I can help you in no way; you must rest where you are till the dawn of judgment day," shrieked the tempest, and raced on to hurl himself on the tops of the firs in the valley.

Springtime quickly returned, cattle penetrated into the woods, and, pushing ever forward, arrived at length at the foot of the mountain to feed on the sweet herbage that covered it.

"Now, I shall surely be able to get away," thought the rock, and cried out to a large, black bull, the lord of the herd: "Thou that art so big and strong, will you not help me to get out of this?"

"If anyone can help you, it is certainly I," replied the bull; "I am stronger than a dozen men together. I am going to give you such a push that you will roll from the top to the bottom of the mountain without stopping."

He placed himself on the rock, and, putting his horns against it, pushed with all his might. In vain,—the rock did not budge a hair's-breadth. Then, growing furious, he struck the rock so rudely with repeated blows of his horns that he broke them from his head. As he went away with a bloody front, he bellowed: "No one can help you. You must remain where you are till the dawn of judgment day."

The herdsman had seen the bull mangle himself against the rock, and thought: "I should like to start that rock down the mountain-side, boom! What a crash it would make!"

The rock felt the blow which the herdsman gave it with his staff, and at the same moment heard the sound of a human voice, but it thought: "Since the fox, despite all his cunning has said it is impossible, and the Tempest of the North could do nothing, and the bull, which is stronger than a dozen men, has not succeeded, what have I to hope or expect from a miserable herdsman?"

The herdsman having found two strong branches, climbed up the slope of the mountain, and saw that the head of the giant did not touch the soil at all points on that side. He thrust the end of one of the branches into the vacant space between the head and the earth, then bore lightly on it, as on a lever. The rock felt a shiver run through it.

"He moves me, he moves me!" thought the rock, but could say nothing, for rocks are mute in the presence of man.

"Here we go, look out below!" cried the herdsman, at the same time thrusting the other branch into the enlarged opening, and bearing with all his might.

"Here is true force, intelligent force," thought the rock. Then the head of the giant glided, rolled, and, with a frightful noise, tumbled into the gaping abyss at the foot of the mountain. Broken into a thousand pieces by its fall, it plowed through several deep valleys. It rests in one of these, and recounts its history to each and every one understanding the mute language of nature. —T. A. Mack.

A Nineteenth Century Miracle.

(A True Story.)

By Elizabeth Lonergan.

Uncle Clarence sat one evening in the twilight gazing at the bright coals in the fireplace. His thoughts were evidently far away, and Will and Mary, noticing his reminiscent mood, asked for a story.

"I will tell you one which I know to be true," he said. "It is a tale of old Mexico and one of its inhabitants whose name I do not know, but whom we will call 'Mariana.' Do you think you will enjoy such a story?"

There was no need for a reply, for his niece and nephew were already seated on the rug at either side of the hearth and were gazing at him with close attention.

"Mariana had great faith in the Blessed Virgin," he began. "Even when her husband's sickness and other troubles came, she never complained, but clasped her beads tighter and said her Rosary once more. Every day she went in the burning sun to the little church and prayed that Our Lady would aid her in her trouble. At last, it seemed as if she could bear her cross no longer. Pedro was ill and their children were starving. With weary steps, she dragged herself to the church and prostrated herself before the Blessed Virgin's altar and said over and over again the Memorare. As she prayed, she thought of the morrow when her little ones would be homeless, and big tears rolled unheeded down her cheeks, and it seemed to her that the Blessed Virgin looked down at her, smiled, and said in a low sweet voice, "Have courage and faith, Mariana, and I will not fail you."

"As Mariana knelt at the altar two men entered the church. They had fallen away from the practice of their religion. Neither had entered a Catholic church for many years, but in passing, a strong impulse had made them enter. It was twilight, and it was not until they entered a front pew that they perceived Mariana. The rays of the sanctuary lamp fell upon her. They saw the tears rolling down her cheeks, the pale face with its sad, hopeless expression, and heard her say over and over again, 'Hear and answer my prayer.' The men looked at each other and then arose and quietly approached the poor woman. They dropped coin after coin into her lap, and then left the church before she could utter a word of thanks. Mariana never forgets to thank Our Lady for sending her aid, and declares that they were angels from Heaven."

He paused. All three were silent a moment. Then Mary said, "Surely it was a miracle. Did not Our Lady direct those men to the church to aid one of her children who had faith in her, and may she not, too, direct their footsteps to the right path and repay that little act of charity by an eternal reward?"

Uncle Clarence remained silent. He had no reply to make to her question—he was one of the men.

A desire to get away somewhere is strong on everyone at this season of the year, and those who can go abroad are fortunate indeed. Still traveling has its drawbacks and discomforts unless one goes thoroughly prepared, and has had the advantage of advice from some one qualified to give it. Half the bother of preliminary preparation and "seeing people" would be done away with if arrangements were made with a thoroughly informed reliable agent with every means of facilitating matters at his control. Such a man will supply all needed information, make valuable suggestions, and attend to exchange business, drafts, etc.

Among the many announcements for this season one of special interest to tourists is that of Charles V. Dasey, 7 Broad St., Boston, Mass., agent for all the best steamship lines. Mr. Dasey's long experience, and his wide acquaintance with conditions on the other side of the water qualify him to give all desired information on all points of travel. The circulars on Clark's most enjoyable Vacation Excursions and on the '98 tours are well worth careful reading, and people thinking of going abroad will do well to communicate with Mr. Dasey for terms, etc.

Prompt attention will be given to mail and express orders.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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